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# *GOLDEN LEAVES*

BY ELOISE A. SKIMINGS

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ELOISE A. SKIMINGS.

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BY

ELDER E. A. SKIMINGS

GODFRICH, ONTARIO.

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THE SIGNAL PRESS  
GODFRICH, ONT.

1964





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# POEMS

BY

ELOISE A. SKIMINGS.

---

## Isobel.

Tho' stricken with grief, dear Isobel,  
It was by God's unerring hand ;  
But well thou knowest, dear Isobel,  
Thy cruse of oil, at His command,  
Will overflow,  
And wipe out woe,  
And Faith and Hope thy heart expand.  
"From every eye," dear Isobel,  
He wipeth away sorrow's tear ;  
And thine will sparkle, dear Isobel,  
With the purest joy, never fear ;  
Like Noah's dove  
Thou'lt find thy love  
Will soothe sad hearts when thou art near.

---

To Hon. Dr. Borden,

MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

(PAX TECUM)

May the God of Peace  
Enter thy heart,  
And may He never  
From thee depart.

---

## Afterward.

TO MISS A. F. GRANT, OTTAWA.

We'll meet again—in other spheres,  
We'll meet again—in other years,  
Mayhap in sunshine, bath'd with tears—  
But like perfum'd carnation sweet  
Your tranquil face I love to greet,  
And lay my tribute at thy feet.

## To Mary.

Farewell, dear maid, thy souvenir  
But draws thee to my heart more dear ;  
Thou'rt true as steel—may Heav'n reward  
Thee for thy thought of Huron's bard.

Thy souvenir I hope will grace  
My table when kind Fate may place  
Beside it an urn, bright and clear,  
Of silver pure, my heart to cheer.

---

## Nettie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. CRABB ON THE DEATH OF HER  
DAUGHTER, NETTIE ELIZABETH, BELOVED WIFE OF  
J. J. M'MATH, ASSISTANT SURGEON FIELD  
HOSPITAL 33RD BATT.

There she lay, with the hyacinths white  
Upon her breast,  
Child of song, yet a mother and wife,  
Now lies at rest ;  
Her voice, so pure, now to the white throne  
Wings its glad way,  
The voice that ever on this fair earth  
Caroll'd so gay.

Oh ! weep not, fond mother, thy lov'd one  
Knows no more care,  
The songs of praise she sang upon earth  
Were echo'd there ;  
And God Himself will watch over thee,  
So do not weep,  
For holy writ doth say, "He giveth  
His belov'd sleep."

---

## Olive.

TO OLIVE SMITH.

Thy lips are like twin rubies  
From far Golconda's mine ;  
Thy cheeks are like twin roses  
That bloom in summer time,  
With their deep crimson blushes  
O'er which thy dark eyes shine.

Such eyes, what message have they  
To bring to friends on earth ?  
Angels must have guarded thee  
The morning of thy birth ;  
Thou art not made for sorrow,  
But modesty and mirth.  
Sweet little olive branch, be thou mine  
For my new century Valentine.

## Thou'rt Like a Rosebud.

TO MISS MACLEOD STEWART, OTTAWA.

Thou'rt like a rosebud, when the dew  
At early morn enchants the view,  
And drops pearls on its roseate hue.

Thou'rt good and true—I know thy heart,  
'Tis treasure trove for Cupid's dart ;  
The little god, he loves thy art.

And when thou'rt gone, forget me not,  
Keep from Cupid one little spot ;  
Well may he spare the love I sought.

## • Christopher Crabb McMath.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES J.  
M'MATH ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ELDEST SON,  
CHRISTOPHER CRABB M'MATH.

In thy lovely white casket, how lovely wert thou,  
With the angelic seal upon thy pure, white brow ;  
Happy art thou with the white lily on thy breast,  
Happy with "Our Father" in His eternal rest.

Thou didst love the birds and flow'rs—ah ! how well I know  
The pretty daffodils, in all their golden glow,  
And the pretty wild flowers thou didst love to see ;  
Now in the golden sunshine thou wilt happy be.

With thy darling grandpa, in life his only pride,  
Who dying told them thou wouldst soon lie by his side ;  
Thy little brother long will wait to hear thy voice,  
While thy parents' hearts are aching no more do they rejoice.

But in the lovely May-time, when flow'rs are in bloom,  
They'll know thou art safe in the land that knows no gloom ;  
Thou wilt hear the lovely hymns thy dear mother sings,  
Which angels will waft above on their heav'nly wings.

## Woman's Work.

TO MISS ARNOLDI.

And here we met by Huron's sea,  
Two strangers in "oor ain countrie,"  
But, Woman's Work, we owe to thee  
This friendship sincere.

And may it blossom in each heart,  
Yet only met—now sad to part,  
And may the flowers by thy art  
Make our friendship dear.



## To a Golden Water Lily.

LINES DEDICATED TO A JULY SABBATH MORN.

Pride of my heart, from Maitland's breast  
Who brought thee from thy home, to rest  
On my table of marble white  
This Sabbath morn, so fair and bright ?

On the pavement I walk'd along  
Unconscious of the siren's song ;  
A golden water lily lay,  
With message sweet, this Sabbath day.

"The Lord of all looks down on thee,  
He sees thy toil—He'll set thee free,  
To sing His praise and bless the day  
This lily on the pavement lay."

Wilt tell me what thy thoughts may be  
Thy folded petals hide from me ?  
Yet from thy heart the siren sings  
And Sabbath bells their echo rings.

---

## To W. S. H.

SOUVENIR.

It seems to me I saw one day,  
In this flowery month of May,  
A lily of the valley sweet,  
Which made a boutonniere complete.  
May it ever his emblem be  
Whose charms outshine his modesty.

---

## To a Mandolin.

DEDICATED TO E. P. HANNAFORD, MONTREAL.

Dost speak of fair Italia's shore ?  
Dost speak of a sunny clime ?  
Do thy heart strings gladden ?  
Do they oft-times sadden ?  
In our glorious summer time.

Does the hand that charms thee into life  
Make thee feel "Love's Golden Dream ?"  
Dost thou sigh for thy home  
O'er the blue ocean's foam,  
Where soft music rules supreme ?

Dost sigh for the voice of a siren ?  
Or touch of a seraph's wings ?  
Ah ! no, thou art content  
With inspiration lent  
By the hand that tunes thy strings.

## Baby William Bryan Swaffield,

JUBILEE SUNDAY, 1897, CLEVELAND, O., U. S.

Sweet little babe, thou didst come to greet  
And lay thy innocence at the feet  
    Of Canada's lov'd Empire Queen.  
May the heav'nly light from thy dark eyes  
Lead men to the throne all Christians prize,  
    The great white throne on which they lean.

---

## Canada's Welcome.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF YORK  
WHILE ON HIS VISIT TO CANADA—NOW PRINCE OF WALES.

Welcome, heir of Great Britain's crown,  
Welcome, Sir Knight of much renown,  
Welcome, Queen Victoria's heir,  
Welcome to our dear land so fair !

Our maples now in dress of gold  
Are most gorgeous to behold ;  
And crimson, too, of deepest dye,  
Painted by Master hand on high.

Our lake a message to thee sends  
By me, one of its constant friends,  
That on its banks no royal heir  
Has deign'd its grandeur e'er to share.

Some day we hope its banks you'll see,  
For they are fit for royalty ;  
Its sunsets, too, crimson and gold,  
Ever glorious to behold.

And now for thee I'll ever pray,  
And for thy Consort, Princess May ;  
That God will fill your hearts with peace  
Until your lives on earth do cease.

---

## To Baby Joseph Carrol Mahoney.

Baby—little heir of an Irish race,  
I admire thy fair Canadian face,  
    Yet thy heart beats with Irish love ;  
Thou'rt come to the home of an engineer  
Whose whistle will soon your baby heart cheer,  
    For you will be his treasure trove.

And soon, dear baby, you'll wander alone  
To wait at the gate, till papa comes home,  
    With outstretched arms like the wings of a dove ;  
And when years pass by your voice will be heard  
Preaching the truths of the heavenly word,  
    Leading men to the mansions above.

## To a Bouquet of Lilies of the Valley.

DEDICATED TO MISS SUSIE CAMPBELL (MRS. W. MURNEY) ON  
RECEIVING FROM HER A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF  
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Thou art so patient  
And sweet  
In thy cool, shady  
Retreat ;  
So long did'st thou wait  
To shed  
Thy rare perfume from  
Thy bed ;  
Thy stems with sweet grace  
And mien,  
So grand they might deck  
A queen ;  
But thy rare perfume,  
I know,  
Floats to heav'n from earth  
Below.

---

## Shadow and Sunshine.

TO MRS. R. THOMPSON, WIFE OF MAYOR THOMPSON.

Altho' through life thy path may be dreary,  
Yet for thee flowers bloom and birds sing ;  
If pain and sorrow have made thee weary  
Yet doth life to thee priz'd honor bring.

---

## Reminiscence of Early Days.

TO MRS. R. DONOGH ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A  
DOUBLE GOLDEN PETAELED TULIP.

Friend of my infancy, friend of my youth,  
Thou art just the same to me  
As when we roam'd adown the glassy slopes  
Of old Huron's rippling sea.

Thy lighthouse home sheds its light as of old,  
When we climb'd the oaken stair ;  
And the maple trees the pathway crown  
As when you and I roam'd there.

Many years have pass'd away since we met,  
And with them our dearest friends ;  
But Providence will find us work to do  
For the life that never ends.

May thy life be bright as this golden flow'r  
That you gave me yesterday ;  
May prosperity's sun around thee shine,  
Will be my prayer alway.

### Lottie McCreath.

Dear little bright Lottie,  
 May you enjoy  
 Many Happy New Year's,  
 As lovely and coy  
 As the pretty girl I send to you  
 With basket of flow'rs and heart so true.

### Poetic Faith.

TO BERTIE (THE "SIGNAL" CARRIER BOY.)

"Will you write a poem,"  
 The carrier boy said,  
 "On that lovely rosebud  
 Whose leaves such perfume shed?"

"Yes, my boy, to please you,  
 A line or two I'll write;  
 The bud is fair beyond compare,  
 Bewildering the sight.

"Alone it grew in beauty,  
 This fair October day;  
 A lady kind, with gen'rous mind,  
 Pluck'd it to give away

"To one who loves the flowers,  
 Painted by God's own hand;  
 No jewel rare she'd choose to wear  
 If buds grew at command.

"And as it grew alone,  
 Perfect and lovely too,  
 Let no delight e'er cast a blight,  
 Carrier boy, on you."

### To Helen.

TO MISS HELEN MILLER, ON ENTERING THE CIVIL SERVICE.

May love thro' the mail send you young Cupid  
 To the postoffice some day,  
 And throw round you his fetters golden  
 And stamp you "Mine Own" for aye.

### To Minnie Strachan.

Thy heart is true, Minnie,  
 Thy faith is pure;  
 Thy love is strong, Minnie,  
 Thy crown is sure.

## Moral.

INSCRIBED TO WILLIE M'PHERSON, EVERGREEN VILLA,  
MIDDLESEX.

Two pretty little boys  
Went up in a balloon,  
What do you think to see?  
The old man in the moon!

They seem'd to be afraid,  
He stared at them so,  
And they began to wish  
That they were down below.

And loudly they cried,  
And said they would never  
Want to see the old man  
If he liv'd forever.

Then they clos'd their eyes  
And soon they fell asleep,  
And then the balloon  
Fell on a mountain steep.

And when they awoke  
They wander'd around,  
But ne'er were those boys  
By their dear parents found.

They grew to be old men,  
And often did they pray  
That the angels would come  
And take them away.

So, boys, please be content  
To look at the full moon,  
And never leave the earth  
In any old balloon.

---

## Sweet Scented Sweet Briar Blossoms.

LINES INSCRIBED TO J. ADES FOWLER, ARTIST, ON PRESENTING  
THE WRITER WITH SWEET BRIER BLOSSOMS PAINTED  
BY HIS OWN HAND.

Thy lovely souvenir I will fondly prize,  
A truly sweet picture for my soul-lit eyes,  
Are those sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

On Huron's fam'd blue waters I love to gaze,  
Charm'd by them I've written some beautiful lays  
To the sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

May thy sweet brier blossom'd offering to me  
Be a guerdon of Faune's offering to thee,  
From the sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

## Pink and White Moss Roses.

TO MASTER JOHN TRETHEWAY, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HIM  
WITH A CLUSTER OF LOVELY PINK AND WHITE  
MOSS ROSES.

I thank thee, John, noble heir of a noble race,  
I thank thee for these roses, given me with grace ;  
Those lovely pink moss roses with their fragrance sweet,  
And those whose snowy petals made thy gift complete ;  
Without grandeur of pearls, or gems from Nature's mine,  
I could not wish prize more fair than this gift of thine.

## Mrs. Moon-Parker.

I bring thee bright flowers to deck thy room,  
Red geranium and sweet pea ;  
But if I could e'en have a garden fair  
England's rose would I bring to thee.

Could Shakespeare, gifted mortal, thee have heard,  
His pulse had quicken'd at thy voice,  
And fears and doubts would have taken their flight,  
Thoughts of thee would whisper, "Rejoice."

## Remembrance.

TO MISS MAY ELLIOTT.

Dost think I ever could forget  
The dark-ey'd, winsome, bright coquette ?  
Her equal yet I have not met—  
Sweet May.  
May Heaven bless thy smiling face,  
And ever let it shine with grace ;  
That Heaven thou'lt win in life's race,  
Brave May.

## My Birthday.

TO \* \* \* 1902.

The sun shineth not, but what matter  
When my flowers in thy vase are safe,  
Whispering for me  
Of my thoughts of thee,  
While on life's sea I am but a waif.

The thunders roll, but its roll tells me  
Of one who is as true as the sun ;  
If obscur'd by rain  
It shineth again,  
And its victory through life is won.

## "Busy Bee."

LINES TO PHOEBE BEATRICE WELLS (BUSY BEE) ON PRESENTING  
THE WRITER WITH A BOUQUET OF FLAME-COLORED  
NASTURTIUMS AND SWEET PEAS.

Thou'rt like a butterfly, "Busy Bee,"  
Playing in shadow of maple tree,  
Playing while all are thinking of thee.

We all love thee, thou bright "Busy Bee,"  
Praying that Heaven may prosper thee,  
And from life's trials ever be free.

---

## Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. LINDSAY WILLIAMS WITH A BOUQUET  
OF LOVELY LARGE ASTERS FROM HIS OWN GARDEN.

Thy gift was quite regal as well as thy manner,  
When you gave me the asters with petals so white,  
Yet no purer are they than thy own heart, Lindsay,  
In the prime of thy boyhood, so buoyant and bright.

"From my own garden"—could Royal Prince charm me more  
Were he to labor in regal gardens all day?  
And Lindsay dear, God will guide thy hand in manhood,  
Who labors for Him will o'er many hold sway.

---

## Ethel Isobel Roberts.

TO A BRIDE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

To thee, child bride, as pure at heart  
As these carnations white,  
Which bloom'd upon thy wedding day  
To deck thee in bridal array—  
Sweet flow'rs, thy heart's delight.

May life for thee be ever fair  
As these carnations white;  
May joy be thine while life doth last,  
May thy skies ne'er be overcast,  
But e'en be gay and bright.

---

## Ida Grahame.

Ever raise thy voice in song,  
To the Lord doth it belong,  
Thy blue eyes shine with bright light,  
Vieing with the stars at night.  
Like the birds in wanton glee  
Ever will we think of thee.

## Eloquence.

INSCRIBED TO HON. FRANK R. LATCHFORD ON HIS FIRST VISIT  
TO GODERICH.

Like perfume of scented flowers  
Is a true man's eloquence ;  
God's stamp is upon his forehead,  
All his acts bespeak rare sense.

His eye delights in all that's good,  
His heart beats for all that's true,  
His tongue uttereth naught but truth,  
And gives all good men their due.

## Queen of Hearts.

TO ISOBEL SCOTT, STRATFORD.

Little Queen of Hearts,  
May I ask thee, pray,  
Why thou did'st linger  
Mid pansies to-day ?

But I need not ask,  
For I see thy gown  
Bedeck'd with pansies  
In our flow'ry town.

The pretty pansies  
With upturn'd faces,  
They love to nestle  
Mid silks and laces.

So dainty are they,  
With their rich perfume,  
I'd have them ever  
In garden or room.

And now, Isobel,  
Keep thy face alway  
Bright as the pansies  
That you wore to-day

By Evelyn's gate,  
Near the harbor fair,  
Where grow the pansies  
In profusion rare.

## To W. Robinson.

CORNET SOLOIST 13TH BATT. BAND.

As the rivers flow towards the sea,  
Let my friendship tune life's chords for thee ;  
Thy dark eyes beam with a noble light,  
With thee 'tis always day—no dark night.



## Floral Tribute to the Muse.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. A. M. TODD ON  
BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A RARE BOUQUET OF  
SCARLET GERANIUM AND LA BLANCHE  
FERRY SWEET PEA.

Thou didst truly read my heart aright,  
When thou didst cull those flow'rs so bright,  
Scarlet geranium and sweet pea ;  
Thou might'st be a goddess in disguise,  
Such loving faith shone from thy blue eyes  
When you gave this fond tribute to me.

Yea ! I love the flowers with perfume sweet,  
Growing in beauty so humbly at our feet,  
And filling our hearts with sweetest love,  
Shewing that God for all has loving care  
When He fills our gardens with love so rare,  
Rich guerdon of the treasures above.

---

## Easter Tide.

TO EVELYN CRAIGIE.

May music sweet  
Thy parents greet,  
My little Evelyn ;  
May joys be thine,  
Like Heav'n's sunshine,  
My charming Evelyn.

May Easter-tide  
Find thee beside  
Thy parents, Evelyn,  
Until some heir  
With virtues rare  
Weds thee, dear Evelyn.

---

## Orange Blossoms.

TO EVA WALLIS ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Soon will the orange blossoms  
Bedeck thy fair young brow,  
Soon, too, will the bridal veil  
Of which thou'rt dreaming now  
Adorn thy face, a bonnie bride  
For him who welcomes thee with pride.

Ring, wedding bells ! two hearts true  
Will launch their barque and glide  
Down life's flowing, tuneful sea,  
Waiting life's ebbing tide.  
Sooth'd be thy heart, my bonnie bride,  
By him who welcomes thee with pride.

## Non Nobis Domine.

LINES WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF MARGARET, LITTLE  
DAUGHTER OF HON. AND MRS. FRANK R. LATCHFORD.

Mourn not, parents dear, for thy lov'd one  
Has gone to a glorious home,  
Safe from the storms and tempests of earth,  
Where naught but joy reigns 'neath its dome.

Call her not back, she waiteth for thee,  
Her sweet voice was needed above,  
And now with the angels is singing  
The undying pæans of God's love.

Mourn not, fear not, faint not, let the glow  
On her cheek and light in her eye  
Inspire thee with an unbounded zeal  
To work for the Father on High.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,  
God's will must be ours upon earth.  
For His love extends beyond the skies  
Which He gave to us at our birth.

---

## Golden Petal'd Shamrock.

TO MISS CARL.

I thank thee for thy shamrock sweet,  
Most loyal maiden fair,  
Which thou did'st wear upon thy breast  
And gave to me to wear.

I sent it on to Canada's  
Fair sons in Buffalo,  
As loyal pledge from Britain's queen,  
Whose love today they show.

---

## Gold and Crimson Water Lilies.

TO MR. ALBERT JOHNSTON, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HIM  
WITH GOLD AND CRIMSON WATER-LILIES FROM THE  
MAITLAND'S SHORE.

Truly the proud Maitland pays me homage dear,  
Sending me those lilies from its waters clear ;  
Some are golden to the heart, some wear a bloom  
Of crimson, fit to lay on crusader's tomb.

Some of purest white, with petals op'ning wide,  
Fair as if they grew by Jordan's peaceful tide ;  
May Heav'n bless the giver of these flow'rs to me,  
And crown his life with honor and integrity.

## Affectionate Pleading.

TO MISS HATTIE SAULTS.

Thy kindly voice and loving eye  
Has truly won my heart,  
Ne'er may thy friendship wane, e'en if  
Gay Cupid bids us part.

---

## Starry Blossoms.

TO REV. AND MRS. JOSEPH EDGE ON BEING PRESENTED BY  
THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER JOSIE WITH A SPRAY OF  
THE BLOSSOMING SPIREA.

Sweet little Josie, with the poet's soul,  
Joy shone from thy bright eyes—love's aureole—  
When you gave me the blossoms at my door  
I bow'd low to the Divine love they bore,

For they seemed to say, with their starry eyes,  
This innocent child has been taught to prize  
The flow'rs, and pen-painted lessons you teach  
To all Christian hearts you have pow'r to reach.

Some day, little Josie, with faith thou'lt go  
To the flow'ry land, or where palm trees grow ;  
Thou'lt go with the seal of Christ on thy brow  
And jewels of faith on those lands bestow.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sweet Josie has gone to the flow'ry land,  
With her father to join Heav'n's happy band.

---

## Be Bright.

TO WILLIE WEBSTER.

Like the birds and flowers  
Make bright life's golden hours,  
And feel at set of sun  
That thy work is well done.

---

## His Ways Are Ways of Peace.

TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PORTER ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER, HELEN.

God will be your guide,  
His ways are ways of peace,  
He fills sadden'd hearts  
With joys that never cease.

## Tommy Green.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. REDMOND, OF THE "BRITISH WHIG,"  
WHOSE NOM DE PLUME WAS "TOMMY GREEN," A COUSIN  
OF THE GREAT IRISH LIBERATOR, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The sun rises in the east, that's a sure thing, Tommy Green,  
But 'tis in the west he sets, dear Tommy, every e'en ;  
No matter 'bout the rising, 'tis the setting we must mind,  
And if our house be built of glass, well, we'll be sure to find  
That we must be well prepar'd, if we feel like throwing stones,  
To face the music gallantly, however harsh the tones,  
And when upon the waters deep you cast your daily bread  
Be sure to fast ('tis Lent, you know), for the sharp words you said.

## Winsome Irene.

TO IRENE SAULTS.

Winsome Irene,  
Face like a Queen,  
Sweet as a dove,  
Emblem of love,  
Be thou alway  
Like flow'rs in May,  
Modest and true  
As Heaven's dew.

## Fair Ada Glen.

TO ADA GLEN GIRVIN, WINNIPEG, ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Fair Ada Glen, are we now to lose thee ?  
Dost thou choose to leave the maiden ranks  
For the more sacred tie of bride and wife,  
And accept forever some one's thanks ?

And he, the chosen one, who takes thee now  
From thy father's happy Northwest home,  
Will with thee rejoice on thy wedding day  
And never more from thy presence roam.

Fair Ada Glen, with blossoms wreathe thy brow.  
Make thy belov'd happiest of men ;  
Wear thy bridal veil, thy beauty is rare,  
Such loveliness is thine, Ada Glen.

Thou art modest as a wayside flower,  
Pure as the daisy, with petals white,  
And he, thy bridegroom, will bless thee ever,  
For thou art to him his heart's delight.

I wish thee prosperity, pow'r and love  
To serve the Master in Heaven above.

## Recitation.

TO PEARL M'GILLIVRAY, LITTLE SISTER OF REV. DR. DONALD  
M'GILLIVRAY OF HONAN, CHINA, ON HEARING HER  
RECITATION AT THE M'GILLIVRAY MISSION BAND,  
KNOX CHURCH.

Friends, will I ever be big enough to go  
To the far off land where the tall palm trees grow,  
To the land of coral and of treasures rare,  
To the land where the rice fields blossom so fair ?

Will I ever see that fair, flowery land,  
Where the fairies seem to dwell with magic wand,  
Where little children learn from brother to pray  
To Jesus the Saviour, our Hope and our Stay ?

All my little playmates I love, and I know  
The Mission Band workers would all love to go  
To plant the cross 'mong the rice fields and flowers  
And teach all the children there's no God but ours.

And now, my dear friends, this is Jubilee Year,  
And brother is home from far Honan, so dear  
To the hearts of Canadians, who want to see  
All the Chinese children as happy as we.

---

## Christabel.

Music lends its charm to those eyes of thine,  
Christabel,  
And thy sweet name befits a heroine,  
Christabel ;  
Thou art exceeding fair,  
With thy intellect rare,  
Thou'lt be without compare,  
Christabel.

The summer roses on thy cheek do bloom,  
Christabel,  
Thy heart's sunshine chases away all gloom,  
Christabel ;  
Thou art patient and meek,  
The Saviour thou dost seek,  
Thou'lt ever help the weak,  
Christabel.

Thy belov'd parents' hope and joy thou art,  
Christabel,  
From thee 'twill e'en be hard for them to part,  
Christabel ;  
But thou wilt earn a name  
That will be known to fame,  
And love them all the same,  
Christabel.

## Keep Cupid Away.

TO MISS THOMPSON, DAUGHTER OF MAYOR THOMPSON  
(MRS. JAMES THOMAS.)

Do not let Cupid in  
'Mong the coffee and tea,  
Your heart he'll try to win,  
So fill'd with greed is he.

He counts his hearts by scores,  
Wounds them when he chooses ;  
So keep him out of doors  
Till his pow'r he loses.

And when he humbly asks  
Your loving heart and hand,  
And in your smile he basks,  
Say, "Yours truly, to command."

### AFTERMATH.

And well you took my very true  
And most sincere advice,  
For when Love's comet ensign came  
You took him in a trice.

---

## Golden Rod.

(SOLILOQUY.)

INSCRIBED TO REV. MR. M'KIBBON, OF STRATFORD, ON SEEING  
HIM WITH A LARGE BOUQUET OF GOLDEN ROD FROM  
THE BREAKWATER.

I grew alone by Huron's sea,  
Nor tho't that mortal car'd for me,  
I woo'd the waves in mearsur'd time  
And listen'd to their surging rhyme.

When lo ! a stranger came along,  
Methought enchanted with the song ;  
For long ago, in books, we're told  
How sirens sweet charm'd men of old.

But here I am, in this fine room,  
I knew the wavelets sang my doom ;  
An artist wished my leaves to grace  
The portrait of some pretty face  
Which she with palette tries to take,  
And keep it for the owner's sake.

So now my blossoms write this strain  
To show that I'm not doom'd in vain ;  
To the world perfume sweet I'll give,  
And in fond hearts forever live.

## To Beth Smith.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,  
 Growing by the roadside so fair.  
 Thy blossoms of pink, ting'd with love's rosy hue,  
 Drives away from the heart despair.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,  
 Thy perfume doth rival the rose ;  
 In thy wild native beauty thou art the queen,  
 Tho' thy thorns are types of love's woes.

---

## Recognition.

TO FRANK WELLESLEY PORTER, OF THE "DURHAM REVIEW,"  
 AUTHOR OF THE POEMS "STRAY LEAVES OF THE  
 WILD WOOD."

Allow me to extend my hand  
 To thee in friendship mute,  
 I'll thank thee in poetic strain  
 In sounds sweeter far than lute.

"Poetess of Huron," grand name  
 Which thy poet soul bestow'd  
 On me, when "Canada's Farewell"  
 I wrote in my lov'd abode.

"Canada's Farewell" to Louise,  
 And Lorne, her chosen king,  
 When I my soul in rapture pour'd  
 A fond nation's offering.

For "Canada" sounds sweet and pure,  
 No other sound for me ;  
 Its maples and its forests grand  
 On my heart engrav'd will be.

---

## To a Marguerite.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN T. N. DANCEY, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A  
 LOVELY MARGUERITE.

Proud am I of thee, flow'r so sweet,  
 Thou stately, charming marguerite,  
 That tells of innocence and love,  
 That tells us of a Heav'n above ;  
 Of all the flow'rs I love to greet  
 The spirit flow'r, lov'd marguerite ;  
 It tells of friendship pure and true,  
 It tells us of the heav'nly dew  
 That opens hearts to grief and woe  
 And makes the soul with joy o'erflow.  
 Of all the flow'rs I love to greet  
 Thou spirit flow'r, sweet marguerite.

## Loyalty.

TO MISS MINNIE STRACHAN, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH  
HER JUBILEE BADGE ON JUBILEE DIAMOND DAY.

Minnie, child of song, thy fond heart  
Doth beat right loyally,  
And I will wear the badge you gave  
On our Diamond Jubilee,  
Which shows you love the poetess  
By old Huron's sounding sea.

---

## Nell.

Merrie little Nell,  
Regal as a belle  
Tripping o'er the dell,  
Thou art a jewel rare.

With eyes like a dove,  
And heart full of love ;  
May kind Heav'n above  
Keep from thee ev'ry care.

---

## A Sabbath Sunset Eve.

As I sit while the evening sunset  
Woos my lovely sunflower trees,  
And the lovely soft evening zephyrs  
Their golden crowns sway in the breeze.  
There comes a bird, with plumage so rare,  
Which perches on a sunflower fair.

It sees naught but the rich brown rip'ning seed  
Which the sunflower ever yields,  
Whether it grows in the city's bowers  
Or in the fragrant clover fields ;  
Its heart it gives, when its beauty fades,  
To nourish the birds in sunny glades.

Sing sweetly, sweet bird, thy evening feast  
Will fill thee with magic power  
To inspire our minds with a holy zeal,  
That our hearts, like the tall sunflow'r,  
Will offer strength to those most in need  
Of the more glorious gospel seed.

---

## To Lizzie.

Thou'rt kind—I thank thee for thy call,  
'Tis all I have—my thanks are all,  
But from my inmost heart they spring,  
And may my good wishes wealth bring,  
And honors too—dear Lizzie mine,  
May they bring you a valentine.



## Ah ! If We Knew !

TO THE MISSES ETHEL AND EDITH REID, LUCKNOW, ON FILLING  
MY VASE WITH FLOWERS.

Ah ! if we knew what blessings  
There are for all in store,  
We would look cheerful alway,  
And never sorrow more.

Last year's flow'rs were faded  
That fill'd my crystal vase,  
And now ye merry maidens  
Replenish'd it with grace.

June's lovely crimson roses  
And candytuft so sweet,  
With charming honeysuckle  
From some embower'd retreat.

Could I but bring thee fortune,  
Or fairer loveliness,  
I'd wield a wand more potent  
Than fairy could possess.

But He who gave these peonies  
Their lovely crimson dye  
Will o'er ye fair twin maidens  
Send blessings from on high.

---

## Ring, Merrily Ring.

TO MISS GERTRUDE MARY GARRETT AND MR. WILLIAM EBERTS  
OF CHATHAM, ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, 1ST SEPTEMBER,  
1897, AT CHRIST CHURCH.

Ring, merrily ring, ye Christ Church chime of bells,  
Your sweet music to-day of a bridal tells,  
Of a fair young bridegroom who chooseth for life  
A maiden sweet, to be his pure, trusting wife,  
To guide him safely thro' life's labyrinthine ways,  
To the home beyond the skies—the home of praise.

Ring, merrily ring, ye joyous Christ Church bells.  
Let the organ fill with joy, when its tone swells,  
The hearts of the twain which are blended for life,  
The fair youth and maiden, glad husband and wife,  
Who will try to win souls for Jesus' dear sake,  
And from His Holy Word their daily text take.

Bring forth all your blossoms, ye beautiful bow'rs,  
Deck Christ Church altar with your beautiful flow'rs ;  
Bring the lily, type of purity thro' life,  
And orange blossoms to deck the bride and wife ;  
Bright golden rod from the dells for groom and bride,  
Symbol of "Encouragement" should love betide.

## To Jennie.

TO MISS JENNIE WHITELY.

Perhaps some time in this land of care  
I may be possess'd of riches rare,  
And if I do, you'll receive a share.

In vain I woo this fair maple land  
And pray for some magician's wand  
To reward my muse with gen'rous hand.

But never mind, fairest maiden mine,  
If my goblet ne'er be fill'd with wine ;  
I'll drink the health of thy valentine

In cold water pure, from nature's spring,  
A truly Heavenly offering,  
To beseech for you a wedding ring.

## Hawthorn and Horseshoe.

TO J. W. SMITH, ALDERMAN, ON PRESENTING HIM WITH A CARD  
ON WHICH WAS PAINTED A HORSESHOE SURROUNDED  
BY HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

I send thee hawthorn blossoms  
That no obstacle may mar thy way,  
And horseshoe for good fortune,  
Ambitious horseman's hope and stay.

## Hattie.

Wonderful Hattie, child of song,  
Humming about all the day long,  
Like busy bee hunting for flow'rs,  
Roaming about in summer hours,  
Free from all care as bird on wing ;  
Long may'st thou know no suffering,  
Long may thy eyes sparkle and shine,  
Long may thy voice sing songs divine.

## Beatrice.

TO BEATRICE GARROW.

Thy air of grace and regal mien,  
O maiden fair,  
And wealth of bonnie clust'ring curls  
A queen might wear ;  
And eyes where love's fond glances shine,  
And heart fill'd with Heav'n's love divine.

## To Bella.

Like thy ferns dost thou grow in beauty,  
 Charming all with thy modest face ;  
 Like thy crimson flow'rs thy faith is pure,  
 Winning hearts with innocent grace.

## Gladstone.

Near window drap'd blossoming creepers  
 Gladstone breath'd his last "Amen," fit word  
 To end his Christ-like life. "Freedom"  
 Was his watchword. Day by day his strength  
 Grew less, list'ning to Armenia's cries  
 For liberty. But the morn's pale light  
 Clos'd his life to all earthly sorrow,  
 And in the Briton's heart long will dwell  
 His motto, "Union is Strength," and now,  
 Like America's gifted poet,  
 Longfellow, who lov'd little children,  
 Silent is his thrilling voice. Silence  
 Reigns at Hawarden—time-honor'd castle—  
 Fitting home for Britain's son to die.  
 From youth to old age all the nations  
 From his lips gather'd pearls. And the rose  
 He cherish'd—Albion's Flower Queen—  
 Inflam'd his heart with love of freedom.  
 Long did he wait to twine the shamrock  
 'Mongst its petals, as it twin'd for years  
 Around his heart-strings. But God knows best.  
 In His own time peace will reign o'er all.  
 Fair Canada, too, mourns England's light,  
 Her drap'd flags float, blending sweetly with  
 The organ's swelling tones, pouring forth  
 Strains for him, whose latest public pray'r,  
 "God's richest blessings upon you rest,"  
 Shew'd that the heart of the founder of  
 St. Deniool's was God's—Heav'n his home.  
 Kings and queens may o'er Old England rule,  
 But Gladstone will live in British hearts—  
 Right Honorable Ewart Gladstone.

## Evelyn.

TO EVELYN CRAIGIE, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BUNCH OF  
 SHAMROCK ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

O, sweet little maiden, how well thou dost know  
 That these sprigs of green shamrock my heart would inflame  
 With love for the giver, as well as the gift,  
 And a tribute of praise to St. Patrick's fair name.

Like gems on my bosom, the blossoms drew praise,  
 And the leaves like the emerald speak of thy truth,  
 For the brave blood of the Gael flows thro' thy veins  
 And the bright star of innocence illumines thy youth.

## Pansies Purple, Pansies Yellow.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS EDRIE TYE, ON RECEIVING FROM  
HER A LOVELY OFFERING OF PANSIES.

Pansies purple, pansies yellow,  
Pansies, too, of ye olden time,  
So gloriously beautiful,  
Ye must e'en be preserv'd in rhyme.

And the merrie bright-ey'd maiden,  
Who so joyously thought of me,  
Will ever in my heart remain  
A flow'r more beauteous than thee.

Fairest Edrie—sweet little maid,  
With thy pure and innocent heart,  
May'st thou in womanhood cherish  
Ye pansies of thy life a part.

---

## "Would You Like a Flower?"

TO HARRY MURNEY, TORONTO.

"Would you like a flower?" thus  
A black-ey'd young Cupid said  
Just before a Maytime show'r,  
And I quickly turned my head.  
"O, yes, I would, my dear boy,"  
And there the young Cupid stood  
With pansy and daisy white,  
Which he gave in thoughtful mood.  
O dear beautiful boy, fill'd  
With generous soulful love,  
May thy life in manhood be  
Fraught with wisdom from above.

---

## Harry Henning.

I wish thee wealth, I wish thee joy,  
I wish thee love without alloy.  
I wish thee health, and honors, too,  
And friends to keep thy courage true.

I thank thee for thy flow'r so fair,  
That bloom'd in far Saskatoon's air;  
Its lovely color suited me,  
Emblem of England's royalty.

Then may we meet some other time,  
When talent may labor outshine,  
And may we keep our spirits bright  
Tho' clouds may hide the sun from sight.

## Easter.

DEDICATED TO DR. TALMAGE.

How joyful is the solemn thought  
That mankind to-day is free ;  
Free from the dark stain of vice and sin,  
Free to rejoice and to enter in  
The path of integrity.

For Christ has risen in His might  
And conquer'd the victor, Death ;  
His head is crown'd with a Heav'nly ray,  
The cruel thorn-wrought crown roll'd away  
At God's all commanding breath.

How pure the air, how bright that sun  
On Calvary's hill to-day ;  
The flow'rs in their beds of earth rejoice,  
The birds attun'd in glorious voice  
Trill their Easter roundelay.

Then let our souls, like lilies pure,  
Illumine our lives with Hope's ray,  
That we may lend all a helping hand  
Till we meet in Immanuel's land  
Some glorious Easter day.

---

## Star Of The Sea.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM  
FARR ON FIRST GREETING THEIR FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER,  
IRENE.

I feel thy kiss upon my lips,  
Darling Irene,  
Thou'rt bright as the evening star  
In heav'n serene.  
Thou hast come to bless a happy home  
That waited long years for thee to come.

Long may they keep thee by their side,  
Bonnie Irene,  
And teach thee to prattle of heav'n  
From morn to e'en,  
For thou'rt lovely—none fairer than thee—  
So fair I call thee "Star of the Sea."

Pure as the snowdrop, the first flow'r,  
Baby Irene,  
That came with thee, bath'd in sunshine,  
Lov'd fairy queen.  
Then long may'st thou bloom in the fond heart  
Of thy parents—from God ne'er depart,  
For thou'rt lovely, none fairer than thee,  
So fair I call thee "Star of the Sea."

## To 13th Batt. Band, Hamilton,

ON THEIR VISIT TO LAKE HURON, AT THE G. N. W. E.

May the noble Thirteenth new honors win  
Since Huron's bowers they have enter'd in ;  
May the clarion's notes ring bright and clear  
And "Fair Canada" be their watchword dear.

## Stanzas to a Water Lily.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A WATER LILY FROM BURLINGTON BAY.

Hast thou a message which thy petals enclose  
From blue Ontario's shore ?  
Would'st tell me that thou dost pine for the homage  
Which out from my heart doth pour  
To the shamrock, fairer than flower to me,  
Starry light from Heaven o'er land and o'er sea ?  
Dost tell me the waves for me their love whisper  
From blue Ontario's shore ?  
Dost tell me that Faine for me hath a jewel  
In her golden store ?  
But no jewel rare will gleam brighter to me  
Than the emerald's green, o'er land and o'er sea.  
Did'st say that England's rose is not half so fair  
By blue Ontario's shore,  
As thou in thy baptismal robe of white,  
That hath charm'd the trusty oar  
To win from the shamrock a new home for thee  
In the heart of the writer by Huron's sea.

### AFTERMATH.

The thistle nods its mauvy plume,  
The fleur-de-lis sends greeting,  
The rose its welcome always gives,  
The maple soothes hours fleeting,  
But down in my heart, wherever I shall be,  
Lies the shamrock, emblem of the Trinity.

## La Lumiere De Dieu Est Eternelle.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO E. C. BELCHER, LEADER  
OF KNOX CHURCH, AND MRS. BELCHER, ON THE DEATH  
OF THEIR LITTLE INFANT, MARION JEAN.

After the fierce wild storms of winter had pass'd  
Thy little Jean 'neath spring grasses lies,  
Her little spirit bathes in eternal light,  
Which on earth shone from her pale blue eyes.  
One more link riveted in the heav'nly chain,  
One more beacon on the shining shore,  
To keep the armor bright of those who lov'd her,  
Ready to meet her when life is o'er.

## La Blanche Ferry.

TO MISS MADELINE WATSON, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER  
WITH A BOUQUET OF LA BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA.

As matchless as thy blossoms  
La Blanche Ferry thou art,  
Like an amethyst art thou  
To every florist's heart.

He named thee for his darling,  
The peerless Blanche Ferry,  
And in thy stately beauty  
Thou'rt a queenly sweet pea.

Then bloom on in thy glory,  
And fill the florist's heart  
With the sweet Christian fragrance  
Which love and faith impart.

---

## Canada's Offering to Rudyard Kipling.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER,  
JOSEPHINE, DURING HIS VISIT TO NEW YORK, U. S.

Oh ! why didst thou come  
To Our Lady of the Snows,  
Why didst thou not stay  
With Our Lady of the Rose ?

America's pray'rs  
Were not offer'd God in vain,  
For the Easter sun  
Will illumine thy face again.

Thy sweet Josephine,  
The child of thy poet's heart,  
Has gone where envy  
Can ne'er throw its poison'd dart.

Thy lov'd Josephine  
Has gone to Heaven so fair,  
Chaplets to offer  
Of pray'rs for thee over there.

Oh, weep not for her,  
She has only gone before ;  
Gird on thine armor,  
Earth has fame for thee in store.

Fame that ne'er will die,  
So live to praise the ris'n Lord,  
And swell the chorus  
That will soon rise Heavenward.

America's pray'rs  
Are not for thee more sincere  
Than this psalm from  
Lady of the Snows, so dear.

## Roses and Orange Blossoms.

TO MISS NELLIE GARROW, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF HON. JAMES  
T. GARROW, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOUQUET OF  
ROSES AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Thou art sweet as the roses that bloom, Nellie,  
Sweet as the roses that bloom  
In the June time, so fragrant and fair, Nellie,  
Filling the air with perfume.

And fairer art thou than the blossoms, Nellie,  
That deck'd thy maid's bridal brow,  
As the thoughtful hand of thy mother, Nellie,  
Prepar'd her for Hymen's vow.

Then always be sweet as these roses, Nellie,  
Shed love like dew on their leaves  
Around all in thy bower-crown'd home, Nellie,  
Till time thy coronet weaves.

---

## "Lord Keep Me, for I Trust in Thee."

LINES PRESENTED TO THE A. O. U. W. AND TO THE ESTEEMED  
AND SORROWING FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPTAIN T. N.  
DANCEY, OF HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS AT  
GODERICH, ONT.

Lay him lightly 'neath the roses,  
None more brave than he,  
Who revell'd in the stormy tide  
Oft o'er Huron's sea.

He car'd not for the lightning's flash,  
Nor the thunder's roll,  
His anchor in the spirit land  
To earth link'd his soul.

All have their faults—a friend in need  
He e'er prov'd to be,  
His hand outstretch'd to help the poor  
In kind charity.

Art nestl'd in his happy home  
With its paintings rare;  
God has taken the sailor true  
From Life's sea of care.

Lay him, comrades, 'neath the roses,  
Lay him tenderly,  
And take up the cross, ye Workmen,  
As bravely as he.

He fear'd not death, in calm repose  
His soul soar'd on high,  
God's will was his—in His strong arms  
Let ye ever die.  
His anchor is cast on the Heav'nly shore,  
Be patient, ye mourners, what want ye more?



## Thy Mother is Not Gone.

LINES TO LIEUT. B. D. GRANT.

Thy mother is not gone from thee,  
In dreams thou'lt meet her from care free,  
In life thou'lt ever see her smile  
To see thee keep thy heart from guile.

---

## Gently Lay Her 'Neath the Grasses and Roses.

TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MRS. HENRY MARTIN.

Gently lay her 'neath the grasses and roses,  
Thy mother who lov'd thee so ;  
Where the song birds warble their paeans of love,  
While angels bore her to their home above,  
From her happy home below.

Gently lay her 'neath the grasses and roses,  
On Christ's banner her name enrol ;  
Forget not the light of her upturn'd face,  
A light that was shed by the inner grace  
That fortified her pure soul.  
"Hallow'd be Thy Name"—her most humble prayer ;  
"Thy Kingdom Come"—may her children meet her there.

---

## Poesy's Welcome.

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS OF OHIO.

Right welcome are ye, confreres, knights errant of the quill,  
The sweet brier waits a welcome to you from the hill,  
The sea breeze, too, welcome sings to all on Huron's wave  
And with a fond "Pax Tecum" salutes the fair and brave.

We're proud of your visit from Ohio's proud old state,  
The home of many Presidents both noble and great ;  
May we grow side by side in wisdom, our hearts kept true  
To our God and country as Huron's waves to Heav'n's blue.

---

## Sweet Apple Blossoms.

LINES TO W. DAVIS.

Sweet apple blossoms  
Rich perfume distills  
To fill us with joy  
And banish our ills ;  
May they bring you "Good Luck" and "Good Cheer"  
This very happy, sunny New Year.

## Good Wishes.

TO MISS ANNIE M'DONALD, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN  
JOHN M'DONALD, OF THE SCHOONER "KOLFAGE," ON  
HER WEDDING NIGHT, JAN. 2ND, 1901.

True daughter of a sailor brave  
(Naught doth he fear on land or wave),  
May thy life be long free from care  
As merrie birds in summer air,  
As fish that lie in ocean deep  
And joyfully their vigils keep ;  
As lovely as the flow'rs that bloom,  
May thy acts prove like sweet perfume,  
Pure as a bride, be thou a wife,  
Honor thy husband all thy life.

---

## My Darling Little Kathleen.

TO KATHLEEN.

My darling little Kathleen,  
Wilt thou ever know  
How thy lovely golden curls  
Set my heart aglow ?

And thy beauteous orbs of brown  
Sparkle with delight,  
And thy lovin' smile displays  
Teeth of pearly white.

O ! little Kathleen Mavourneen,  
May God send thee grace  
To keep thy life innocent  
As thy infant face.

---

## My Heart's in a Flutter.

TO FRANK BARNARD, OF BRECHIN, ONT., ON BEING PRESENTED  
BY HIM WITH A DIAMOND JUBILEE BROOCH.

Oh ! my dearest Frank, my heart's in a flutter  
Since you sent me that Jubilee valentine  
With its diamond and its rings crown encircled ;  
I must vote you a chevalier, cousin mine.

You belong to the land where heroes are born,  
Where chivalry grows like the shamrock divine,  
Where the muse and the arts flourish with honor  
And Old Erin's fair sons bend low at their shrine.

May genius awake thy soul to new action,  
May the laurels I send thee bring thee new fame,  
May thy heart, like the diamond, shed heaven's light,  
And let "Upward and Onward" e'er be thy aim.

## "Rock of Ages."

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MAYOR  
AND MRS. THOMPSON ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED  
DAUGHTER, ANNE, THE BELOVED WIFE OF  
JOHN GIBSON, ESQ.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide my soul in thee,"  
Thus thy blue-ey'd daughter sang  
Long before the death bell rang  
To call her home.

How she clung unto the cross,  
Thinking earthly things all dross,  
Daily asking from above  
For blessings fraught with His love  
From Heav'n's blue dome.

Gentle Saviour, hear her pray'r,  
"Rock of Ages," let me bear  
Life's cross, howe'er hard it be,  
If it bring me nearer thee.  
Nearer the King.

And she, thy dark-hair'd daughter,  
Now sleeps by Maitland's-water,  
Where flow'rs of love yearly bloom,  
Plac'd by her children on her tomb.

---

## She Wore a Wreath of Shamrock, Green.

(A BALLAD.)

LINES INSCRIBED TO A PRIMA DONNA, 1895.  
CEAD MILLE FAILTHE.

She wore a wreath of shamrock green  
With harp pinn'd at her side,  
Her voice attun'd to honor dear  
Erin, her parents' pride.

She sang "I love thee, O Erin,  
With thy shamrock so green,"  
And out there rang a loud applause  
That quite transform'd the scene

To olden times, when chivalry  
Made ev'ry heart beat high,  
When Erin's heart thrill'd with her praise  
And joy shone in each eye.

Long may she sing lov'd Erin's praise,  
Of minstrel harp and lute,  
Of sunburst proudly floating  
Where Faith's symbol takes root.

## 'Beth Bayley.

ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Thou art leaving us, Beth ; another  
Is claiming thee for his own ;  
And all I can give thee, mavourneen,  
Is this song for thee alone.

Of the flow'r you gave me, mavourneen,  
One delightful summer day,  
Took firm root in my heart, mavourneen,  
And there it will live for aye.

'Twas a honeysuckle that might vie  
With the roses on thy cheek,  
Taken from its mates, that clung around  
The parent green stem so meek.

So, Beth, when you leave for another,  
Be ever fond of your home,  
Where honeysuckles grow profusely  
And in wildest beauty roam.

## Kindness is a flower.

TO MR. MAUGER, NOW OF NEW YORK.

Kindness is a flower,  
Engraven upon thy heart.  
May Huron's waves ever  
Of their wealth give thee a part.

## Tribute from Poesy to Art.

TO MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL.

To me like a rose art thou,  
Blooming in beauty a'll day,  
Thy eyes like twin stars cheer me  
When I meet thee by the way,  
For love and hope are reflected there,  
Causing the smile thou dost always wear.

How thy artist soul must swell  
With pure love for Huron's sea,  
Inspiring thy sunset pictures  
With Fame's offering to thee ;  
Than praise thee my pen can do no more,  
And bring thee fame from lov'd Huron's shore.

And more than brush and canvas  
Hast thou ever by thy side—  
Faithful spouse and loving son,  
Of thy trusting heart the pride.  
What more than that can Heaven bestow  
On any mortal on earth below ?

## Huron's Welcome.

(ODE.)

LINES PRESENTED TO LIEUT. DAN. GODFREY, ON HIS VISIT  
WITH HIS BAND TO GODERICH, ONT., CANADA, 20TH  
JUNE, 1898, THE HOME OF THE COMPOSER OF THE  
"NATIONAL MARCH."

We welcome thee in true knight style from  
Albion's royal walls,  
We welcome thee with gladness most true,  
As thy bugle calls ;  
Thy return from far Crimea's heights  
Thou canst not e'en forget.  
"See the conquering hero comes"—and  
Thou'rt a conq'ring hero yet,  
And from the proud and historic Thames  
Thou'rt here by Huron's sea,  
Where vast crowds have hastened here to-night  
Off'ring tribute to thee.  
May the mem'ry of thy visit be  
Engrav'd upon thy heart,  
And may our sweet brier banks remain  
Of thy long life a part.

## Irish Heart's Ease and Shepherd's Purse.

TO LAURA CAREY.

I thank thee, Laura, for thy gift so thoughtful, kind and true,  
And now the November sun shines forth in tribute to you  
For picking the bonnie shepherd's purse, with its blossoms white,  
And sprigs of Irish heart's ease, some fair botanist's delight.

Then keep my mem'ry green, Laura, when childhood passes o'er  
And thy blue eyes deck a woman's face someone will adore,  
And thy golden hair will be a crown such as queens might wear,  
For coronet ne'er grac'd a brow o'er any face more fair.

## Scattered Rose Leaves.

WRITTEN FOR "SATURDAY NIGHT." ON A SUNDAY IN JULY  
ROSE LEAVES WERE SCATTERED BEFORE THE "BRITISH  
EXCHANGE."

In my path they lay,  
Scatter'd by some hand, in a wanton mood,  
And unto me they look'd like loving words  
Of praise to Him who ting'd their lovely cheeks  
With roseate hue—e'en tho' beneath my feet  
I felt their subtle power, as if they spake  
Words of cheer—of trusting faith—to do good  
On this Sabbath day.

## Frankie.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRED.  
PRIDHAM, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN,  
APRIL 28TH, 1890.

In his lovely white casket  
They laid him to rest,  
Olos'd his large, lustrous, brown eyes  
To all he lov'd best.

His rich brown curls in clusters  
O'er his forehead white,  
And his pure, sweet, saintly face,  
His parents' delight.

The flowers on his casket—  
No purer than he—  
Were fit emblems of his home  
In eternity.

---

## Santa Claus.

TO DR. ROBERT LE TOUZEL, BERMUDA, IN HIS CHRISTMAS ROLE  
AS SANTA CLAUS FOR ST. GEORGE'S S. S., GODERICH, ONT.

Dear Santa Claus, I must welcome you from your frozen clime,  
With half-a-dozen lengthy lines, written in purest rhyme ;  
'Twill help to thaw the icicles which from your robes must hang,  
And you are worthy of an ode, the nicest ever sang.

I offer you two sunflow'rs, for two ladies at your feast,  
They are worthy of the poet's pen, last but not the least ;  
And may I offer you this rhyme your noble heart to cheer,  
That it may bring you Heav'nly gifts this happy, bright  
New Year.

---

## "Trouble Not the Master."

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. S.  
WILLIAMS, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MAY.

"Trouble not the Master," He has need  
Of earth's fair flower, that could not stand  
Life's rude briery paths, could not stem  
The ebbing tide, but is safe from ill  
In the Heavenly mansion, blooming  
For earth's fair tribute to the Father,  
Who sent His well belov'd son to earth  
To make us pure in heart, like lilies  
Of the field—whose glory Solomon  
Could not with all earth's wealth outrival.

"Trouble not the Master,"  
Thy little daughter May,  
Sitting at the portal,  
Will pray for thee alway.

## October, 1896.

The sweet brier on Huron's banks,  
 With its berries red,  
 Shews now that the joyous, leafy  
 Summer time has fled ;  
 But crimson'd maples hold their heads  
 As high as of yore,  
 While the sun in all His glory  
 Gilds them o'er and o'er.

The thistle blooms in beauty, too,  
 And vies with the rose  
 To give summer a fond adieu  
 Ere from us it goes,  
 And the wild flow'r on the hillside  
 Smiles upon the scene,  
 As if no power 'neath heav'n could  
 Fade its coat of green.

Chestnuts on the hill-tops crown'd with  
 Nuts of glossy brown,  
 And the stately rowan tree of  
 Historic renown,  
 Fill the eye with autumn's glory,  
 Emblazon'd alway  
 On the glad Canadian hearts  
 While winter holds away.

Then hie me to the orchard boughs  
 Bent with rosy glow,  
 Merry voices fill the air from  
 Tree tops high and low,  
 And the vines with fruit are laden,  
 Both red, white and blue,  
 Shewing how loyal autumn is,  
 Dearest friends, to you.

---

Lumen De Lumine.

TO HON. WILFRID LAURIER (NOW SIR WILFRID), ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE PREMIERSHIP OF THE DOMINION, AND TO  
 MADAME (NOW LADY) LAURIER.

May Heaven's light illumine thy way,  
 May faithful hearts forever pray  
 That God bless Wilfrid Laurier,  
 The Canadian's hope and stay.  
 "Au revoir."

TO MADAME LAURIER.

Gold have I none, Madame, to offer thee,  
 Nor genius, nor title of high degree,  
 But a long, long life I hope thou wilt see  
 With thy lov'd lord—soul of integrity—  
 "Au revoir."

## "Ring the Bells of Heaven."

"IN MEMORIAM" ADELE LANE (LATE OF MONTREAL), RESPECT-  
FULLY INSCRIBED TO HER FOND PARENTS, MR. AND  
MRS. HARRY LANE.

"Ring the bells of Heaven," let earth's angel spirit in ;  
Another darling from the fold leaves this world of sin,  
Another angel form is array'd in purest white,  
Another earthly flower blooms in the Saviour's sight.

"Ring the bells of Heaven," her last sweet words upon earth,  
Echo'd by the angels who watch'd o'er her from her birth ;  
"Ring the bells of Heaven," belov'd parents here below,  
In praise of Him above, who alone can soothe our woe.

## Purple Pansies.

TO MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, JUBILEE YEAR.

Purple pansies, now fann'd to life  
By the warm October sun,  
Little ye knew how your beauty  
O'ershad'ow'd the belov'd one  
Who in life was like an angel—  
Now her angel life's begun.

Have ye any message for me ?  
While I feel your sweet perfume  
Do ye tell me to remember,  
In the silence of my room,  
That the lov'd one is in Heaven  
While ye bend low o'er her tomb ?

Fairest May—didst send thy mother  
With those purple pansies sweet,  
Whispering with thy angel voice  
To the flowers at her feet,  
"Take us this fair October day  
With May's love thy friend to greet ?"

## Thou Art Happy.

TO MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BUNCH  
OF "GOLDEN ROD" FROM MAITLAND CEMETERY, WHERE  
HER GOLDEN-HAIR'D MAY SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP.

Thou art happy now, fair mother,  
Thy rod of willow has become  
Thy golden rod—before thine eyes  
Now the world is fill'd with sunshine.

The skies' azure means new beauty,  
The stars beckon thee with new light,  
Because thou hast only begun  
To see the duties of this life  
And glories of the world beyond.



# **Fizzie.**

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN SPROULE,  
RAGLAN STREET.

Wee winsome babe,  
Thy parents' joy,  
Thou'rt in a home  
Without alloy.

Thy parents miss  
Thy rosebud cheek  
And lisping voice  
That tried to speak.

Some day you'll meet,  
But now, alas !  
Under the rod  
Their souls must pass.

Thy golden hair  
And bright blue eye  
Sees Heaven's light  
Beyond the sky.

'Mong June's roses  
The breezes play,  
O'er thee birds sing  
Their roundelay.

Sweet little flow'r,  
A snowdrop rare,  
Thou'rt in a land  
Beyond compare.

---

## **Thine Eyes Speak the Old, Fond Language.**

TO MISS SEYMOUR, MONTREAL, ON HER RETURN.

For a quarter of a century  
I have not seen thy bright, smiling face,  
Nor heard the pleasing tones of thy voice,  
But thine eyes speak the old fond language  
Of thy true heart.

Life for thee has had many sorrows,  
Gone are the lov'd sisters of thy heart—  
Dark-ey'd Norah, with her curling hair  
Black as the raven's wing, speaks to thee  
Only in dreams.

And Mary—angel Mary—so true  
To her in life. This world was naught but  
A stepping stone to Heaven's blue vault,  
Where Norah sings with angelic voice  
"Magnificat."

## Thanksgiving Day.

1885.

There are many to mourn this Thanksgiving Day  
For husband and brother who died far away,  
And many a mother now mourneth her son  
Who was buoyant and gay e'er the battle begun.

Softly pealeth the chimes, 'tis Thanksgiving Day,  
Some hearts beat with joy, while others cannot pray,  
For hearts were sadden'd by their funeral knell  
When their true-hearted sons at Battleford fell.

May Canada ne'er again stain her bright page  
With the evils of war time cannot assuage,  
May "Peace" be her motto o'er mountain and rill,  
The true heaven-born "Peace to men of good-will."

---

## God is our Refuge.

TO SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

God is our refuge—in life  
And death—He alone can fill  
Our hearts with the Heav'nly balm,  
To Him all must bend the knee,  
"Fiat voluntas tua."

---

## "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

TO HOMER TANNER, AGED 5 YEARS, WHO WAS INJURED IN A  
RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

Little hero of tender age,  
Early has the Gospel seed  
Taken root in thy youthful heart,  
To bloom in the time of need.

When no human arm could help thee  
Thy little hands used their skill,  
Prompted by thy active young brain,  
But thy steed was stronger still.

And yet the noble 'frighted beast  
In its frenzy thought of home,  
There it knew there was a haven  
Where peacefully it might roam.

With one arm round thy "petit chien,"  
To save it thy only care ;  
In thy embrace it knew no fear,  
For its master true was there.

Dear Homer, God's faithful helper  
You will be every day,  
And early you know God doth move  
In a mysterious way.

## Sursum Corda.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. HOPKINS.

The soldier's brave nurse  
They laid to rest,  
With the nurse's badge  
Upon her breast ;  
Never Red Cross Knight  
Wore grander crest.

---

## Lydia.

TO MR. AND MRS. ABRAHAM SMITH, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
DAUGHTERS, LYDIA (MRS. DUNCAN MORRIS) AND MAMIE.

Thy fond daughter,  
She will rise again.  
The Easter sun shines upon her face,  
Purified by the bitter sorrow  
That pierc'd her tender heart.

She is now  
With him whom she lov'd  
So faithfully in life. Death to her  
Was a message of hope and love. Then  
Weep thou not. God doeth all things well.

MAMIE.

Beautiful, fair-hair'd Mamie,  
'Tis hard from thee to part,  
Yet we all know no sorrow  
Can e'er more wound thy heart.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"  
Safe in Immanuel's land,  
Where the lov'd ones await thee,  
Of earth's once happy band.

---

## My Xmas Box.

TO CARRIE SMITH (MRS. BARNHARDT, GALT.)

There it lay—my Christmas box,  
With its shining spray of dark  
Green smilax—on which nestl'd  
A carnation—white and pure  
As the maiden who sent it,  
Tied with ribbon, green as the  
Emerald, emblem of faith,  
The faith which filleth my soul,  
The faith in Emmanuel.

## A Baby's Kiss.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGIE JESSUP  
FOREMAN, CHICAGO.

There's magic in thy baby's kiss,  
Wafted from a distant shore,  
And thou thyself wert once a babe  
Who kiss'd me in days of yore.

Thy eyes were as blue and liquid,  
Thy cheeks wore a rosy hue,  
Thou wert thy fond mother's treasure,  
Thy mother so fond and true.

And now she's gone—thy baby ne'er  
Will kiss her pale, upturn'd face ;  
Teach her to lisp thy mother's name,  
That seeds of heavenly grace

May take root in her inmost soul,  
As the years roll slowly on,  
That her name on Fame's scroll may be  
With glory engrav'd upon.

---

## Cousin Willie.

Thou'rt gone beyond all suffering,  
Gone to a world of light,  
Thou'rt gone to the land eternal,  
Where sin hath cast no blight ;

Gone where the sweet angel voices  
Of thy lov'd children sing,  
Gone to swell the heav'nly chorus  
Of the Almighty King.

---

## Heartfelt Gratitude.

TO MRS. ADAMSON, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GREAT FAVOR,  
VALENTINE'S DAY, 1902.

Could I for e'en thy sake alone  
Mount high the hill of fame,  
I'd strive from early morn till night  
To honor thy fair name.

Thy heart beats high like knight of old,  
Or ladye of degree,  
May our fair Canadian land  
Pay homage dear to thee.

And may the maple smile on me,  
If not the shamrock dear,  
That I may still thy kindness earn  
Many a coming year.

## "Erin Go Bragh."

INSCRIBED TO HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

I'm going from thee, Erin, I must leave thy shores to-day,  
But I'll not forget thee, Erin—for thee I'll ever pray ;  
I'll cross the proud Atlantic, but my heart will turn to thee,  
E'en tho' I go to live 'neath fair Canada's maple tree.

I'll miss thy fair-haired daughters, with their eyes of liquid  
blue,  
And thy gallant, dark-hair'd sons, with their Irish hearts so  
true ;  
The sunburst that waves o'er thy land, 'twill be to me a  
dream,  
But I'll not forget thee, Erin, tho' silent I may seem.

In my garden in fair Canada I'll plant England's rose,  
And Erin's charm'd green shamrock 'neath its scented heart  
repose,  
The maple tree of Canada will throw o'er each a spell,  
While music as of summer winds would near thee ever dwell.

I'm going from thee, Erin, but fair Canada to thee  
Has sent a son, a patriot, who loves the maple tree  
Which shelter'd him in boyhood, and fill'd his true heart with  
love  
For Erin's green shamrock, St. Patrick's key to Heav'n above.

## To a November Dandelion.

Child of the greensward, I greet thee  
This lovely November day,  
Could I but send thee to Kipling  
In thy bright, golden array,  
I'd send thee as a thanksgiving  
From Huron, so far away.

Thou wouldst tell him that no artist  
Could depict thy beauty rare  
Growing among the maple leaves,  
Which, fluttering through the air,  
Fall around thee in the glory  
Gorgeous autumn's leaves all wear.

Thou wouldst tell England's poet great  
That "Our Lady of the Snows"  
Is giving thee a holiday,  
And ev'ry flower that grows,  
Purple pansy, sweet pea blossom,  
And fragrant, crimson moss rose.

While she lifts her robe of snowflakes  
O'er our land from sea to sea,  
And bowing low her stately head  
With curtesy, graceful and free,  
Thou'lt revel while November lasts,  
Our Queen's Year of Jubilee.

## Kind Deeds.

TO DR. AND MRS. TAYLOR.

May your kind deeds  
Shine like a star,  
May Heav'n bless you  
Where'er you are.

## Edyth Astore.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS BARKER, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GLORIOUS BOUQUET OF PINK DAHLIAS AND GOLDEN ROD, SEPTEMBER, 1901.

How long have I thy goodness known,  
How long hast thou thy goodness shown,  
Edyth Astore.  
My heart is so full of gratitude,  
Thy smiles bespeak a happy mood,  
I'd woo fortune for thee if I could,  
Edyth Astore.

Fair are thy dahlias, with their glow  
Of rosy petals, as they grow,  
Edyth Astore.  
Tall and graceful they smile on me  
In lovely, sweet simplicity,  
But they can ne'er compare with thee,  
Edyth Astore.

And may the lovely golden rod  
An omen of thy future be,  
May thy life on earth be gilded  
Forever with God's love for thee,  
Edyth Astore.

And now 'tis Maytime, Edyth dear,  
May, May, blossoming May,  
And once again my heart to cheer  
With Hope's bright golden ray,  
You give me sprigs of bridal rose,  
Fit for thy wedding day,  
Edyth Astore.

## Song and Music.

TO MR. AND MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS.

May song and music greet you,  
Thro' this life of tears,  
May Heaven's love comfort you  
Thro' all earthly fears.

### To Mr. Keating.

Thou hast seen the land of Evangeline,  
Where the golden blossoms bloom,  
Thou dost love the birthplace of Longfellow,  
And now in thy heart find room

For a memory of the poetess  
Thou hast met on Huron's shore,  
Who sings of the land of Evangeline  
And of the bard gone before.

---

### Reminiscence of Detroit Yachtsmen.

Her song we sang upon the main,  
While seagulls listed to the strain  
And echo'd back the sweet refrain,  
"I'm thinking of thee, Alice."

While storm clouds look'd like Neptune's crest  
We lull'd old Huron's waves to rest  
With that song of songs from the West,  
"I'm thinking of thee, Alice."

---

### Jimmie.

TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY VIDEAN.

So fair art thou, Jimmie,  
Fair as the lilies that bloom in the spring ;  
Thy bright blue eyes, Jimmie,  
To many fond hearts great happiness bring.  
Like a rosebud, Jimmie,  
Is thy mouth—and thy cooing little voice  
Will very soon, Jimmie,  
Make all those faithful, loving hearts rejoice.  
Bless'd baby Jimmie,  
Thy loving little soul-inspiring ways  
Send darts of love, Jimmie,  
All round thee, like the sun's effulgent rays.

---

### To Maude.

TO MISS MAUDE KEANE.

What patience dost thou possess, Maude !  
A virtue 'tis hard to find,  
But virtues have more loveliness  
Then the gems of earth combin'd.

I wish for thee a happy life,  
And friends both sincere and true,  
And could I near thee alway be  
With flow'rs o'er thy path I'd strew.

## Recompense.

TO SHERIFF REYNOLDS.

God loves all those who do His will  
And keep heart proof from ev'ry ill,  
For man is prone, when honors fall  
Around him, to forget that all  
Belongs to Him—to give and take ;  
So be thou firm, for His dear sake.

## Mourn Not for Albion's Noble.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO LADY ABERDEEN, ON THE  
DEATH OF HER FATHER.

O'er the fair home of thy "Good Works" a dark shadow has now  
fallen.  
Not long like the mists must it lie on thy heart ;  
"Upward and Onward," thy motto, will lift the veil of thy  
sorrow,  
Like Easter's glad sun 'twill make the gloom depart.  
Mourn not for Albion's noble, who was proud of thee, his  
daughter,  
Who bade thee adieu ere thou cross'd the blue sea ;  
No more sorrow at parting will crush his pure soul in the  
mansion  
Where now sparkle rich gems, earth-gather'd by thee.

## Friendship Sincere.

TO LIZZIE AND ETTA BARRY.

When kind fortune smiles upon us  
Then truly have we many friends,  
But when earth's sorrow comes our way,  
Alas ! their friendship quickly ends ;  
But thy friendship was true and pure  
When "gray days" overshadow'd me,  
And now I pray that fortune will  
Never cease to smile upon thee.

## Welcome.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING OF THE VISIT OF LORD AND LADY  
ABERDEEN TO THE AGRICULTURAL N. W. F. AT  
GODERICH.

We'll give a right good welcome  
To Queen Victoria's friends,  
A welcome fraught with loyalty,  
A welcome that never ends.



## Golden Wishes.

TO EVA HORTON.

If thou hast a cross may it golden be,  
May purest flowers deck life's path for thee.

---

## White Anemones.

TO MRS. (SHERIFF) R. REYNOLDS, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A  
BOUQUET OF WHITE ANEMONES.

Thy floral gift of anemones white  
Truly fill'd my heart with purest delight,  
A tribute from art to song ;  
When thy Heav'n-born love tints the artist's brush,  
And which Hymen's bonds never yet could crush,  
As with time he glides along,

May Fame ope wide her golden gates for thee,  
May home joys ever fill thy heart with glee,  
May thy daily life ever tranquil be,  
And kind friends around thee throng.

---

## To the "Club."

ON GIVING A SMOKING CONCERT.

Smoke for a purpose,  
Smoke for an end,  
The saints of all goodness invoke ;  
Smoke for chivalry,  
Smoke for pleasure,  
But let not "good deeds" end in smoke.

---

## Maude Tilt.

WRITTEN ON MY BIRTHDAY, 2ND MAY, 1895.

Maude, wouldst thou be a little flower ?  
Wouldst thou be a daisy white ?  
Wouldst thou be a blue forget-me-not,  
Making hearts so gay and bright ?  
Or wouldst thou be a sweet white flower,  
Lily-of-the valley call'd,  
That hides its sweet perfume in the shade  
To keep loving hearts enthrall'd ?  
Mayhap thou wouldst be a sunflower,  
Nature's lovely garden queen ;  
Turning all our hearts, my dearest Maude,  
Would be joy to thee, I ween.

## Irene.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY  
CLUCAS, TORONTO, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY  
DAUGHTER, IRENE.

Thou child of hope, thou child of love,  
With voice attun'd to harps above,  
Earth's treasures were not made for thee,  
A star in Heav'n thou'lt ever be,  
Irene.

Thy lovely voice, I hear it yet,  
Thy voice I never can forget,  
Thine eyes that vied with Heaven's blue,  
And blushing cheek, with roseate hue,  
Irene.

And now thou'rt gone—no earthly queen  
Doth hold such sway as thee, Irene ;  
The angels tun'd a harp for thee,  
Whose sounds will ever float to me,  
Irene.

---

## Love's Greeting.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO TO MRS. ADAMSON.

Love rules your soul  
And sends you light  
To lessen pain  
When in your night.

---

## Keturah.

TO MISS BROWN, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER AFTER THE  
NEW YEAR WITH A LARGE PINK CARNATION.

How often I sit by my window and think  
Of thy gracious gift of carnation pink,  
And such trouble I had to keep it myself,  
For so many took me for fairy or elf

Because I wore a pink in cold winter time ;—  
Not that it made the carnation more sublime,  
But it seem'd to vest me with magical pow'r  
When I could wear it for longer than an hour.

'Twas a tribute to poesy, that pink flow'r,  
And I priz'd it like some rare golden dower,  
And I pray that thy blue eyes may kindly smile  
Whenever thoughts of me thy fond heart beguile.

May those who oft listen to thy sweet, gay voice  
Think kindly of thee, that thy heart may rejoice,  
And may Cupid come to thee on wings of love,  
And may God send thee His blessings from above.

## Byron.

LINES DEDICATED TO MASTER BYRON SHIRLEY, AMERICAN  
CONSULATE, GODERICH.

Dark-ey'd little Byron, will thy poet name  
Ever inspire thy heart with a love for fame ?  
Thou art fond of a ramble down to the sea,  
As dear old Lake Huron often looks to me,  
With its high banks and bold cliffs of stone and clay  
And sunset so grand at the farewell of day ;  
Could old ocean give thee more, beautiful boy ?  
Naught but the fine ships that fill our hearts with joy.  
Be fond of the flowers and of music sweet,  
And make the joy of thy parents' hearts complete.

## Golden Daffodils.

TO MISS DICKSON, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOHN DICKSON, ESQ.

Out in the April sunshine  
Stood a fair maiden ;  
With bright, golden daffodils  
Her hands are laden.

Her cheeks are like June roses,  
With eyes like a dove ;  
For me are those daffodils,  
Pure emblems of love.

Her form so light and airy,  
Graceful as a fawn,  
While she plucks the daffodils  
Growing on the lawn.

May life be bright and joyous  
For her ev'ry day,  
Like the golden daffodils  
Now in her pathway.

## Beatrice.

BEATRICE HARRISON.

Thou'rt like a woman, Beatrice dear,  
Fill'd with patience rare,  
A happy light shines in thine eyes  
Which baffles dull care.

Thou'rt fond of music, Beatrice dear,  
Like the birds in spring,  
And ever to thy parents' hearts  
Thou'lt happiness bring.

Thou'rt so good and true, Beatrice dear  
Innocence thy charm,  
And may the Good Father above  
Keep thee from all harm.

## Nellie, True to Home and Friends.

Nellie, true to home and friends,  
 Cheerful ever,  
 Heaven patience to thee lends,  
 Sad ey'd never ;  
 Truth is written on thy brow,  
 Naught can sever  
 The bonds that join you to friends,  
 Howe'er clever.

---

## Lilies of the Valley.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. SHIRLEY, WIFE OF MR. SHIRLEY,  
 AMERICAN CONSUL, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER  
 WITH A BOUQUET OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY FROM  
 THE CONSULATE GARDEN, ON VICTORIA DAY, 1902.

Tell me, ye sweet white blossoms,  
 Why ye have bloom'd so late !  
 Didst shrink from May's icy cold ?  
 Dost thou bewail thy fate ?

The tulips bloom in beauty  
 Whilst thou art waking up,  
 But June's warm summer showers  
 Fragrance will fill thy cup.

Waft, ye white petals, the love  
 That I bear for this spray  
 To her who with gracious smile  
 Gave thee to me this day,

In mem'ry of our lov'd Queen,  
 Whose life was pure like thine,  
 Whose fragrance, fitting emblem  
 Of joy in heart of mine.

---

## Chivalry.

TO HON. A. S. HARDY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

How fair a flower is chivalry  
 In the garden of life !  
 Like the crocus in early springtime,  
 Where winter storms were rife,

The snowflakes falling unheeded  
 O'er its deserted bed,  
 But the springtime's warm, friendly sunshine  
 Lifts the flow'ret's bow'd head.

Let gratitude bloom in human hearts,  
 To greet the angels' eyes ;  
 E'en if we are lowly here in life  
 Our off'rings God will prize.

## Resurrexit Sicut Dixit.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS TILT, OF THE  
 "BRITISH," ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED SON,  
 ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON TILT, AT ROSSLAND,  
 NOVEMBER, 1896.

Weep not, dearest friends, weep not,  
 Life is ever short—thy boy,  
 With joyous step, left his home  
 By old Huron's shore to gain  
 Rossland's mesmerizing gold ;  
 But the Father, with loving hands,  
 Took him up to the "Golden Sands."

## Thanksgiving Day.

OCTOBER, 1900.

As I looked o'er the waters of Nile—painted green  
 I was stricken with awe at the beautiful scene ;  
 I looked at the sun, no dazzling ray did he miss,  
 While heaven's azure sky the green wavelets did kiss  
 With foam like lace edges, wrought by nymphs of the sea,  
 Transforming the turquoise waves to opal for me.  
 'Twas a good-hye to summer, October now reigns,  
 But the sweet breath of summer it wafts o'er the plains,  
 Wild doves soar and fishes gambol o'er Huron's breast,  
 And the fisherman wakes up from his tiresome rest  
 To tell all his comrades, with pure joy in his voice,  
 That this Thanksgiving Day made his sad heart rejoice ;  
 Ye fishermen all, Christ's chosen children are ye,  
 From St. Peter down to this coming century.  
 May the praise of this fair Thanksgiving Day ascend  
 To the mansion on high, to Christ Jesus, our friend,  
 That war may never again a crimson stain lay  
 On field, veldt, nor ocean upon Thanksgiving Day.

## "Sweet Afton."

TO HAROLD JARVIS, ON HEARING HIM SING "SWEET AFTON."

Let Mary sleep by Afton's braes,  
 Let lapwing sing his roundelays,  
 Let Harold ever sing the praise  
 Of Afton's flowing water.

## November Musings.

Fear not the waves nor old Huron's roar,  
 King Lear is upon his round,  
 But list not to the promise he'll make  
 To silence old Huron for your sake,  
 For he would freeze you to the ground.

## Heather Bells.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING FROM D. FERGUSON, ESQ., A  
LOVELY BUNCH OF HEATHER FROM LOCH TAY.

Oh, wae's me ! but it dune me guid  
To see the bonnie spray  
O' heather fresh frae the Highlan's  
Aboon the Loch o' Tay.

It tells me o' the daurin' hairts  
O' Scotia's bonnie lads,  
An' lasses, too, wi' winsome e'en,  
Wha waur the bonnie plaids.

Whose hairts aneath them beat sae true  
Nae airthly poo'r can blight,  
For Heaven is wi' a' who wark  
For oor God an' the right.

Ah me ! could I like Scotia's bard,  
Burns, the immortal one,  
Wander 'mong the braes an' heather,  
My wark wad be weel dune.

I'd link the rose an' the heather  
Tae Erin's shamrock dear,  
An' I'd ask high Heaven's blessin'  
For plenty o' guid cheer.

The heather bells mean solitude,  
The shamrock faith divine,  
An' love the chairn that England's rose  
Wad in a' hairts enshrine.

An' noo three cheers for the heather  
Aboon the Loch o' Tay,  
An' may I o'er its waters sail  
Wi' ane I'll love for aye.

---

## Dominus a Dextris Tuis.

TO STANISLAUS ALEXANDER, ESQ.

The artist's brush is thy delight,  
And sacred objects in thy sight  
Look still more sacred in the light  
Painted by thee.

The master's touch is in thy hand,  
The artist's brush at thy command  
Creates grand scenes, like magic wand,  
Of land and sea.

May Heaven grant thee true success,  
Mayst thou earth's richest gems possess,  
Crown'd by a life of happiness,  
From earth's cares free.

## Florence.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN W. ROBINSON, ON THE DEATH OF HER  
DAUGHTER, FLORENCE.

'Twas hard to part from Florence,  
And bitter tears still flow  
From eyes of those who lov'd her  
On this fair earth below.

But Heav'n is far fairer still,  
God's throne is dazzling bright ;  
Thy Florence e'er sees God's face  
In the eternal light.

---

## Sweeter Than Perfume.

TO MAUDE JOHNSTON.

Sweeter than perfume from flow'rs,  
Sweeter than honey from bee,  
Is the kindness from thy heart  
Which oft hast thou shown to me.

Mayhap kind fortune will come  
And smile on my later years,  
If so, I'll not forget thee,  
Thy kindness mov'd me to tears.

---

## Edith.

TO MISS EDITH M'GILLIVRAY, POETESS, OTTAWA.

Edith, fair maiden, allow me  
To wish you a Happy New Year,  
May fame gild your footsteps thro' life,  
And smiles give no place to a tear.

Your thoughts are pure as the lily,  
Your acts spring from Heaven above,  
Your heart is true to the Maker,  
Encompassing thee with His love.

---

## To Engineer McGillivray,

OF THE GOVERNMENT TUG "DE LISLE," GODERICH HARBOR.

May thy life be bright  
As the September sun ;  
May prosperity  
Woo auld Scotia's son.

May the brave DeLisle  
Good fortune bring to thee,  
While on its charm'd deck  
You sail old Huron's sea.

## Sweet Dreams.

TO MISS PAISLEY, NEW YORK, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A  
BOUQUET OF MIGNONETTE ON HER JOURNEY HOME.

May thy dreams be sweet  
When thou art far away,  
May "Love's Golden Dream"  
Remain with thee alway.

May thy life be fraught  
With offerings to the King,  
Of the joys of Heav'n  
May'st thou forever sing.

May this mignonette  
Plant its seed in thy heart,  
Modesty and grace  
Will ne'er from thee depart.

---

## Jubilee Day, 1897.

TO JAMES MAGEE, Q. C., LONDON, ONT.

Inanimate the heart that does not beat in rhythm  
To pöesy's soul-stirring truths. The artist's hand  
Cannot, with his Heaven-born genius, rival it,  
Because his paintings only act like mem'ry's dream  
And stir not the depths of man's soul to real action.  
Would the artist awake a soul like Laurier's  
Or like thy lov'd poet namesake—D'Arcy Magee?  
No! the pen is mightier far than artist's brush,  
And the poet wields the pen—and to-day the praise  
Of Canada's Queen is sung o'er all our broad land,  
And long may she reign in endless peace on this earth  
And forever more in Heav'n—where God rules supreme.

---

## Snowdrops.

TO MRS. HARRY ROTHWELL, TORONTO, ON BEING PRESENTED  
WITH SOME TINY SNOWDROPS, MARCH, 1900.

How I prize thee, little snowdrops,  
Peeping up thro' winter's snow;  
Brave art thou—yet tender darlings,  
Fearing naught on earth below.

What did the March winds promise thee  
When ye left the dark, cold earth?  
Was it to cheer a poet's heart  
That the March winds gave thee birth?

Then, little buds of prophecy,  
We'll be brave and full of cheer;  
We know that glad Easter follows  
Bright springtime of each New Year.



### Lottie.

MISS LOTTIE TILT, BRITISH EXCHANGE.

Will I tell thee that I miss'd thee  
And that I look'd for thee in vain?  
For a glimpse of thy cheerful face  
Is like glad sunshine after rain.

Tho' patience is with me a gift,  
Yet how I long'd for thy sweet face,  
But now I can go out again  
And in life's battle take my place.  
But this I tell you, maiden mine,  
I pray you, wed your Valentine.

---

### Isobel.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. T. SWARTS,  
ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER, ISOBEL.

How I love thee, dear Isobel,  
No mortal tongue can ever tell;  
When thy bright, dark eyes thou didst ope  
They fill'd my soul with sweetest hope.

How I love thee, dear Isobel,  
With cheeks as pink as coral shell;  
Heav'n fitted thee to fill the heart  
Of those of whom thou art a part.

Death came before thee, Isobel,  
Blighting their lives with sorrow's knell,  
But then the rose will bloom afresh  
To blossom in King Cupid's mesh.

And be a joy while life doth last  
To those whose brows are overcast,  
A shining pearl, dear Isobel,  
Art thou to those who wish thee well.

And now I lay at thy dear feet  
This pretty bouquet's perfume sweet,  
An emblem of thy life on earth,  
Sent down from Heaven at thy birth.

---

### In Memoriam.

TO MRS. CARROLL, ON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED MOTHER,  
MRS. NAHRGANG, HANOVER, ONT.

Patiently she bore the cross  
For Christ the Redeemer's sake,  
Her crown she won by works on earth,  
Which no strong foe can take.

## Louise.

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. GIBSON.

(AN ODE.)

How fair, dear Louise, art thou,  
 With thy large, soft, soulful eyes,  
     Rivalling Heaven's blue ;  
 With voice fill'd with melody,  
     The sufferer's pain assuaging,  
     I know that thou art true,  
 And may I wish thee, maiden mine,  
 A very gallant Valentine.

## Kathleen Moore.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO KATHLEEN MOORE, LITTLE  
 DAUGHTER OF EXPRESS MESSENGER A. AND MRS. MOORE,  
 ON HEARING HER SING "DADDY" AT THE M'GILLI-  
 VRAY XMAS MISSION BAND ENTERTAINMENT, 1900.

The winter winds surround ye,  
     Kathleen Moore,  
 Why need ye fear their anger,  
     Kathleen Moore ?  
 Your voice is full of gladness,  
 Then fill it not with sadness,  
     Kathleen Moore.

A little fairy are ye,  
     Kathleen Moore,  
 Loving, winsome and gentle,  
     Kathleen Moore ;  
 Hair so soft and eyes so sweet,  
 Heart so true—I love to greet  
     Kathleen Moore.

May you ever be as bright,  
     Kathleen Moore ;  
 May sorrow ne'er come thy way,  
     Kathleen Moore ;  
 May Heaven keep thy voice attun'd,  
 That earth's cares may never wound,  
     Kathleen Moore.

## May Love Send Thee Golden Fetters.

TO MISS KATE DANCEY.

May love send thee golden fetters  
 With Cupid on his rounds,  
 For truly overwhelming love  
     In thy pure heart abounds.  
 And, Kate, this is a wish of mine,  
 That you will gain a Valentine.

## St. Andrew's Day.

TO A SON OF SCOTLAND.

I send ye Scotland's heather bells, my friend,  
That St. Andrew to thee his light shall send,  
An' when ye gently ope this paper lid  
"Twill tell ye a tale o' happiness hid,  
As bright as these heather bells were lang syne  
When the nightingale trill'd his notes divine.

## Blossoms White.

TO MISS MARY SALKELD, "THE MAPLES," ON RECEIVING FROM  
HER ON THE 30TH OF MAY, 1902, A LOVELY BOUQUET  
OF WHITE LILACS AND WHITE SYRINGA BLOSSOMS.

Thou hast given me blossoms white,  
Mary dear,  
And soon upon thy own white brow,  
Mary dear,  
Will the orange wreath and white veil  
Crown thy sweet, modest face so pale,  
Mary dear.

And he to whom thy heart is giv'n,  
Mary dear,  
Must forever thank kind Heaven,  
Mary dear,  
For giving him a love so true  
As the love given him by you,  
Mary dear.

## To Mrs. James McGillivray.

ON A STORMY DAY IN JANUARY.

Yours very truly  
This stormy day ;  
When the sunshine comes  
I'm yours alway.

## Autumn, 1894.

TO JUDGE JOHNSTON, SAULT STE. MARIE, ALGOMA.

The autumn in all its glory  
Is fast fading from our view,  
The heavily laden cloudbursts  
Are now chilling us with dew.

No longer doth our harbor grand  
Its gay votaries enchant,  
But in the heart's deep recesses  
Fair visions it doth implant.

## Merry Little Maidens.

TO MABEL AND LORETTA MAHONEY.

What merrie little maidens truly are we,  
With our curls and our bright eyes which all can see ;  
We love our dear mamma and papa so fine,  
And we love next to them dear Saint Valentine.

---

## In The Eternal City.

LINE4 AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO S. NORDHEIMER, GERMAN  
CONSUL, ON THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER IN  
THE CITY OF ROME, ITALY.

Thy daughter—in the Eternal City  
Let her lie—in the Eternal City  
Above she lives—free from earth's sordid cares.  
Cannons may roar and strong swords may clash  
Of brightest steel, but her loving heart  
Will ne'er flutter at war's dread, fateful news.  
Her eyes feasted on the beauties of Rome,  
While its vaulted blue sky made her yearn, with  
St. Paul, who in the Eternal City  
Wrote, "Let us not be weary in well doing,  
For in due season we shall reap if  
We faint not."

---

## Birthday Wishes, 1894.

TO MRS. HARRY CLUCAS.

May this New Year in your life be full  
Of honor and joy in your home,  
May your heart be light  
And your hopes be bright  
For many, many years to come.

---

## Regret.

TO PROFESSOR GAUDRY, TORONTO, LABOR DAY, 1900.

The rose I missed, with petals soft  
And pink like the sunset's dye,  
Sent o'er my heart a faint regret,  
Like mist o'er the summer sky.  
  
But your kind wishes will not fade,  
Though your rose I did not see,  
But in my mem'ry live each day  
And sweet fragrance waft to me.

### To An American Eagle.

Dost think thou art beautiful,  
 Thou bird of gray,  
 When you come to my garden  
 And stay all day ?  
 I would welcome thee gladly,  
 Thou bird of gray,  
 But methinks 'tis for plunder  
 You come to stay.

---

### Marguerite.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MARGUERITE, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF  
 JAMES MILLER, ENGINEER G. T. R.

Dost hear the merry robins  
 In the springtime, Marguerite,  
 Calling thy name so softly  
 And fluttering round thy feet,  
 Asking if they'll build their nests  
 In your grand old apple trees,  
 When their sweet scented blossoms  
 Idly woo them in the breeze ?  
 And the busy honey bee  
 Draws its nectar. Marguerite,  
 From those same orchard blossoms  
 Which May scatters at thy feet.  
 Love the springtime, Marguerite,  
 Love the pretty birds and flow'rs,  
 Love all thy little playmates,  
 Woo them to thy woodland bow'rs.

---

### Lilac Plumes.

TO MISS MARY LETOUZEL, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A  
 BUNCH OF LILAC PLUMES.

The lilac plumes thou gavest to me,  
 Yesterday,  
 With the sweetest perfume fill my room,  
 Thoughtful Mary ;  
 May fortune send thee clustering joys  
 To entwine  
 Around thy lov'd home, where artists roam,  
 Mary mine.

---

### Good Wishes.

TO A FRIEND.

May the muses be charm'd  
 With thy efforts, my dear,  
 And may Cupid follow  
 With pure joy and no tear.

## Easter, 1901.

LINES DEDICATED TO REV. MARK TURNBULL, RECTOR ST.  
GEORGE'S CHURCH, ON THE FIRST EASTER OF THE  
20TH CENTURY.

O Easter, blessed Easter,  
Sweet songsters fill the air  
With their gay, tuneful voices,  
That drive away despair.

The winter's gloom enwrapp'd us,  
But Easter's golden light  
Sent fair flowers to greet us,  
Rare flow'ers, the heart's delight.

And may this blessed Easter  
Bring men a rich reward  
Who help'd the poor and needy  
Whose joy in life is marr'd.

May the ris'n Christ be with us,  
And may we see His face  
When life no longer charms us  
And we long for God's grace.

---

## Fair as a Lily.

TO WALLACE VIVIAN AND LENA BELLE MILLER, HIS BRIDE,  
OF KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S.

Fair as a lily is Lena, thy bride,  
Fairer to thee than all the world beside ;  
May thy love guard her from all life's sorrow  
And may each day bring a fair to-morrow.

---

## Robin Red Breast.

LINES WRITTEN TO A 20TH CENTURY ROBIN.

Dear little robin, what have you to tell  
To the hoping hearts that love you so well ?  
Is thy song more cheerful this year than last ?—  
For now the nineteenth century has past

And the twentieth century begun ;  
But what doth it promise poor, fickle man ?  
If thou couldst tell, dear little bird of spring,  
What joy or sorrow to lov'd ones you bring !

One thing you tell us—that winter is o'er,  
And you have return'd to sing at our door  
And make us all feel that your lovely voice  
Will make e'en the saddest of hearts rejoice.

## "A Man's a Man for A' That."

LINES WRITTEN ON BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1901.

I bro't thee a plume  
Fit for a knight,  
In honor o' Burns,  
Who lov'd the right ;  
If friend in poverty sat.  
"A man's a man for a' that."

Was the motto true  
Thro' all his song ?  
By Afton's water,  
All the day long,  
With Mary, so poor, he sat.  
"A man's a man for a' that."

She was rich to him,  
An' now she sleeps,  
Near Afton's water  
Her vigil keeps ;  
Sacred the spot where they sat,  
"A man's a man for a' that."

---

## Maggie Beck.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MAJOR JOSEPH BECK.

Like a flow'ret in the springtime,  
Broken by rude winds,  
Thy lov'd memory will ever  
Sweetly fill our minds.

---

## Easter, 1902.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN TUTT, ON THE DEATH OF HER  
DAUGHTER, MISS ANNIE H. CAMPBELL, EASTER, 1902.

Oh ! Annie, dearest maiden, why didst thou leave us  
In sadness and sorrow this glad Easter time,  
While the daffodils bloom'd so golden around thee,  
And thou like a June rose wert just in thy prime ?

Thine eyes of azure blue were fill'd with love's soft light,  
Thy sun-tinted tresses were lovely to see,  
The rose in thy cheek was matchless, dearest Annie,  
Then why didst thou leave us ? O ! whisper to me !

Because I so lov'd Heaven ; no sin enters there,  
No parting from lov'd ones, no heart knoweth pain,  
No flow'rs ever die there, the harps are all golden,  
And angels are singing this lovely refrain :

"He is risen, alleluia, come thou and greet  
The Saviour who died on Calvary to save  
Our weak, erring souls from the fetters that bound them,  
Come now, behold Him—He is ris'n from the grave."

## Minimum Maximum.

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'Tis pleasant to list to the click, click, click  
Of my long needles of polished oak,  
For I'm knitting a rug of odds and ends,  
Which truly is a domestic stroke.

When tired of your dresses just cut them up  
Like nice ribbon, an inch wide or more,  
Then sew them together and knit them up  
For the feet of the one you adore.

Now I've read of your Aunt Hattie's kitchen,  
Where the tea kettle sits on the hob,  
But had she one of my nice knitted rugs  
She'd be proud as an eastern nabob.

---

## Beautiful Boy Donald.

LINES INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. RALPH HOOPER, TORONTO.

Dearest little Donald, how beautiful art thou,  
With the fair, clustering curls upon thy pure brow !  
And thou art fond of the flowers in their bright glow  
Of golden yellow—bachelor's buttons, I trow.

Lovely boy, how the hearts of thy parents must beat  
With pure joy when they look on thy features so sweet,  
And they'll pray that thou wilt grow more beautiful still  
In mind as in body, to keep thee from all ill.

---

## To Mary.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MRS. GEORGE  
JESSUP FOREMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

O ! my sweet babe's eyes are blue,  
Blue as Heaven's azure dome ;  
Her hair of sunniest brown—  
Like seraphs in their home,

In their home of gold and gems,  
Where sorrow ne'er dims their sight,  
Where love knows no earthly pain,  
Where all things are pure and bright.

O ! Mary is a treasure,  
No flower more fair than she ;  
Who could not love her sweet face,  
Where dwells naught but purity ?

Then, O ! Lord, for Thy dear sake  
Her little footsteps I'll guide,  
Until another claims her,  
My Mary, for his fair bride.



### Elise Tye.

Beauteous flow'r queen, didst thou know  
 That poesy from my pen doth flow ?  
 'Mong roses thou shouldst alway dwell,  
 For they thy charms alone can tell ;  
 They look so happy ev'ry day,  
 E'en when the wanton wind doth play  
 Among their leaves—and seem to know  
 That to their fragrant charms we owe  
 The wreath that decks a bride's fair head  
 Or adorns the casket of our dead.

### To Sir Richard Cartwright.

Sir Richard, thou art truly good,  
 Nature's nobleman,  
 Casting bread upon the waters ;  
 Nothing grander can  
 Be the act of priest or statesman,  
 Leaders in life's van.

Canada has cause to praise thee,  
 Working for her weal ;  
 Tho' we love Victoria's name  
 And to her are leal,  
 Yet the Union on our borders  
 Craves her royal seal

To make us a wealthy nation  
 With commercial trade ;  
 And Old England, Merrie England,  
 Need not be afraid  
 To lose her most loyal subjects  
 When she needs their aid.

Then God bless your work, Sir Richard,  
 And bless your home, too,  
 May the sun of prosperity  
 O'er us shine anew,  
 And the blessing of our nation  
 Ever dwell with you.

### Grace.

GRACE SEAGER.

I love thy face,  
 My lovely Grace ;  
 Heaven's dower,  
 My earthly flow'r,  
 Beams from thine eyes so meek ;  
 Thou'rt sweet and mild,  
 My lovely child,  
 And good and true  
 As Heaven's blue,  
 You hold what others seek.

## Thy Mother.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ALLAN MARTIN, HER  
SISTERS AND BROTHERS, IN MEMORY OF THEIR MOTHER,  
THE LATE MARGARET ANDERSON, BELOVED WIFE OF  
DANIEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

For thee she waited morn and night,  
Her dark eyes brighten'd at thy sight,  
Her wreath'd smiles always I will see,  
Her lips in pray'r form'd but for thee.

Her silver hair, with saint-like face,  
Crown'd her pure brow with soul-lit grace ;  
With folded hands her work was done,  
While seasons follow'd one by one.

Happy mother—thrice happy wife,  
Joyous thoughts ever fill'd her life,  
Her Bible was her daily guide,  
She car'd on earth for naught beside.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," her pray'r  
While wintry snowflakes fill'd the air ;  
When April's sunshine kiss'd her cheek  
"Nearer to Thee" she fain would speak.

True daughter of a noble race,  
Auld Scotia's seal was on her face,  
The blood of clansmen stirr'd her heart,  
Which from thy veins will ne'er depart.

And now Heav'n op'd its pearly gates,  
Where thy lov'd sister gently waits  
To welcome thee when life is o'er  
Upon God's fair eternal shore.

---

## Rachel.

TO RACHEL M'SWEEEN (MRS. W. WALLACE.)

Could the Rachel of old look on thee, sweet maid,  
Gladness would illumine her eyes,  
For the bloom upon thy cheek  
Sheweth thee patient and meek,  
Truly a dower she would prize.

The flame color'd flow'rs that you gave me, sweet maid,  
Were bright like the joy in thy heart,  
And the stately maiden fern  
Made me for sylvan nooks yearn  
Till August's hot sun would depart.

—

And now a chief came and woo'd thee not in vain,  
A fair lover from o'er the sea ;  
Now, too, a sweet-babe is thine,  
From whose eyes true love doth shine  
Upon its fond father and thee.

## "I'm Going Home."

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH  
WHITELY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON.

"I'm going home;" no pain on that bless'd shore,  
Where the angels wait till the parting is o'er,  
Wait for the ransom'd souls by Christ's loving side,  
While earth loses her heroes, her joy and pride.

Yea, the heroes must go, but their lives, like flow'rs,  
In our memory live thro' the darkest hours,  
Bidding Christians awake with the morning sun  
And ne'er fall by the way till Christ's work is done.

Christ's work—aye, let us arise in all our might  
And put on the robes of the children of light,  
Giving strength to the weak and joy to the world,  
And meet Christ in Heav'n, with our banner unfurl'd.

---

## Japonica Blossoms.

TO MRS. DR. J. B. WHITELY, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH SOME  
SPRIGS OF JAPONICA BLOSSOMS.

Didst give me those bright red blossoms,  
Emblems of a soldier true,  
To strengthen my soul for life's cares  
And burnish my armour anew?

Thou art thyself like those blossoms,  
From duty thou dost not swerve,  
Thou art truly the King's daughter,  
Who well the Master doth serve.

---

## "Lord, With me Abide."

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. CARROL ON THE DEATH OF HER  
HUSBAND, MR. JOHN CARROL.

This world, tho' full of sunshine, to me is sad and dreary  
Since the partner of my joys and sorrows left my side;  
His voice is hush'd forever, my soul is very weary,  
And I daily ask this blessing, "Lord, with me abide."

When the sun sinks to rest in his effulgent glory grand,  
I ask myself can frail mortal e'er so happy be?  
Can they surround their lov'd ones with rays from the  
heav'nly land?  
Or must they sleep unmindful for all eternity?

I know not, but I miss him, my brave husband kind and  
true,  
His children around him thrice gather'd every day.  
I look'd to him for counsel, as the flow'rs sip Heaven's  
dew,  
And I hope in heart to meet him when I'm call'd away.

## Frances.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS FRANCES JOHNSTON.

Thy friendship, dearest Frances,  
Is like to pure refin'd gold,  
Which ever keepeth burnish'd  
Though so many years have roll'd

Above our heads ; but pure hearts  
Like to thine time cannot mar,  
But much closer binds the tie  
Till we see the gates ajar.

Thy brow speaks of constancy,  
Thy dark eyes of love sincere ;  
Thy voice fill'd with tenderness  
Many sadden'd hearts will cheer.



## Gertie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN  
SALKELD, "THE MAPLES," ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
BELOVED DAUGHTER, GERTRUDE FLORENCE, LOVING  
WIFE OF JOHN SOWERBY, ESQ., GRAND RAPIDS,  
MICH., 15TH JUNE, 1899.

No more, Gertie,  
Wilt thou hear the poplars sigh at thy home,  
But thy mother  
Will list for thy footsteps in days to come.

Clos'd are thine eyes,  
Thy soft fair hair falleth upon thy brow,  
Thy mother weeps,  
But, Gertie, in thy sleep, thou'rt happy now.

The June roses  
Shed o'er thy new-made grave their sweet perfume ;  
Song birds carol  
Sweetly, too, in the maples near thy tomb.

Sweetest Gertie,  
Lovely maiden, fairest mother and wife,  
God has call'd thee  
To the Heaven of everlasting life.

To His Heaven  
God has call'd thee, Gertie. His home above  
Has no sorrow,  
No parting, naught there but everlasting love.

Clos'd be thine eyes,  
Let thy fair hair lie on thy marble brow ;  
Safe is thy boy,  
God has sent angels to watch o'er him now.

## Easter Morn.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS ELISE TYE, ON BEING PRESENTED  
AT EASTER TIME WITH A LOVELY ROSE.

O ! Easter morn, so fair so bright,  
To issue from the darkest night ;  
No moon, no stars, were there to view,  
No vaulted sky of azure blue—  
All darkness enshrouded—but, lo !  
The Easter sun, with golden glow,  
From out Heav'n's canopy doth shine,  
To fill our hearts with love divine—  
A love no mortal can eschew,  
A love that, like the morning dew,  
Keeps our hearts refresh'd, when life's sin  
Daily battles to enter in ;  
And now to-day, o'er this fair earth,  
Man should rejoice at his new birth,  
As do the flow'rs this Easter day,  
And, voices tun'd with heav'nly lay,  
The Easter carols sweetly sing,  
To give Thee praise—their God and King—  
And what has man to give Thee more,  
To Thee, the Christ, Whom all adore,  
Than heart and soul !—but purity  
Must fill all hearts offer'd to Thee.  
Like the Easter flow'rs in their bloom  
Our hearts must offer sweet perfume,  
Like the rose, my Easter gift, giv'n  
By maiden, fair as flow'rs from Heav'n,  
Who early has been taught to love  
The heav'nly teaching from above ;  
And with her simple gift I may  
Praise Thee Who art the Life, the Way,  
The Prince of Peace, the Gospel's light,  
Who came to lead our souls aright.  
"Resurrexit" floats on my ear,  
"Sicut Dixit" I plainly hear,  
And alleluias soft and low  
Float to Thee from this world below.

---

## Belle.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS BELLE MITCHELL, OF THE GODERICH  
"STAR," ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH  
TWIN ROSES.

Were I an artist thy roses I'd paint,  
That upon them I might look for aye,  
In their twin beauty, the world I would charm  
With the work of my easel to-day.

I must be content their beauty to praise  
With the poet's all-powerful brain,  
But your loving gift I will not forget,  
In my heart it will ever remain.

## Upward and Onward.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING LADY ABERDEEN, AT THE  
GREAT NORTH WESTERN FAIR, WITH A POT OF  
SHAMROCK IN FLOWER.

From proud Aberdeen's halls to fam'd old Huron's shore  
Thou hast travell'd, dear lady, with pride  
That all those whom thou hast met thy graces adore,  
For thy wisdom is known far and wide.

Let me then, for the love you bear Erin's daughters,  
Present you with the shamrock so green,  
And a hope that the poet by Huron's waters  
Will bring to the fam'd house Aberdeen.

## Twentieth Century Thanksgiving, 1901.

Lo ! behold the sun shineth in all his glory  
On this Thanksgiving Day in the new century :  
Nineteen hundred years have pass'd since the Son of God  
Came from Heaven to lead us in paths of virtue,  
Of Christian love and fellowship—charity  
To all men, all creeds—to win souls for His Father  
And to give praise and thanks to the Lord God of Hosts.  
And what are we doing ? Are we faithful as they  
Who walk'd with Him in Cana, in Jerusalem ?  
We gather in our golden grain, our vines laden  
With purple grapes and white gladden the eyes of all,  
But do we follow in the footsteps of our Lord ?  
Do we speak words of comfort to the sorrowing  
Or pass them by and let them bear their grief alone ?  
The heavens are blue on this new Thanksgiving Day  
Of the twentieth century, while a mantle  
Of pure snow from Heav'n obliterates the dark spots  
Of earth. So may the Son of God, with Divine rays,  
This Thanksgiving Day, cover all the blemishes  
Of our lives, making us pure in spirit—in love  
With all mankind, speaking words of encouragement  
To the thoughtless, turning their wandering footsteps  
To the great Thanksgiving portals beyond the skies.

## The Bell of Point Gatineau.

INSCRIBED TO LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

Why all those crowds on this morning so fair ?  
Why those jubilant sounds borne on the air ?  
They're coming to see them anoint the bell,  
Lord Aberdeen's gift and fair Isabel.

Ring, merrily ring, on Gatineau Point,  
Ring, merrily ring, when thee they anoint ;  
Ring merrily for God and for Heav'n's Queen,  
Ring for Isabel and Lord Aberdeen.

## Sweet June flowers.

TO MRS. M'G. M'FARLANE, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER  
WITH SPRIGS OF THE "STAR OF BETHLEHEM" AND  
PINK BLOSSOM'D SHAMROCK.

So deftly she laid them in my hand,  
The sweet white and pink June flow'rs,  
And I had not miss'd her, for she lay  
Resting quietly for hours.

But while with her son's wife in converse,  
Grandma slipp'd away unseen,  
And from some nook where Bethlehem's star  
Blossom'd white, 'mid the grasses green,

She cull'd the starry flow'rs, and with grace,  
Blended with their petals white  
The lovely, pink-tinted, bell-like flow'rs  
Of the shamrock, my heart's delight.

And I pray that this gentle lady,  
Who loves her dear Scottish land  
Where she pluck'd the blossoming heather  
And walk'd o'er the seashore sand,

May be spar'd by God for many years,  
With all those she loves on earth,  
And when He calls may the angels' joy  
Be as great as at her birth.

---

## Maiden of a Race of Braves.

LINES WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO E. PAULINE JOHNSTON,  
THE INDIAN POETESS, ON READING IN THE LADIES'  
JOURNAL HER POEM "GRAY DAYS."

Maiden of a race of braves,  
No "gray days" shouldst thou see;  
With thy youth and heav'n born gift  
How happy shouldst thou be !  
The stars shine out their brightest  
After a "gray day's" dawn,  
And flowers bloom in beauty  
After rain storms beat upon  
Their perfum'd petals.

Death will come to all, Pauline,  
But woo it not. Despair  
Soon will hide its Hydra head  
When Hope lists to your pray'r  
That laughter may kiss thy lips,  
Fame fill thy heart with glee ;  
God's love is more than human,  
His will a law to thee,  
Then do thou obey.

## Thy face is fair.

TO MISS MINNIE ACHESON (MRS. GREIG, SEAFORTH), ON  
PRESENTING HER WITH THE "FORGET-ME-NOT" WALTZ  
ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Thy face is fair,  
No fairer bride  
Has e'er appear'd  
At bridegroom's side.

May love and joy  
Thy heart inflame  
And lead thee on  
The way to fame.

---

## Guy.

TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS SWARTS, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
ELDEST SON, GUY, AND LATER OF HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

I saw thee in thy beauty  
In thy father's hall,  
Waiting for the sweet song birds  
To come at thy call.

The song birds came, but never  
Will they see thy face,  
Never will thy sparkling eyes  
Follow them thro' space.

For the angels took thee, Guy,  
To a higher home,  
To a Paradise above  
Any castle dome.

How they miss thee, little Guy,  
May God give them peace,  
To meet thee crown'd with glory  
When earth's sufferings cease.

---

And now his blue-eye'd brother,  
So loving and fair,  
Has gone to the spirit land,  
To meet his lov'd Guy there.

Kind Heaven cheer their parents,  
Spare them further grief ;  
When they say "Thy will be done"  
Thou'lt grant them relief.

Yet the song birds that they lov'd  
Flutter 'round their home,  
And know not of the sorrow  
Ling'ring where they roam.



## Mabel.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DOTY.

My dearest Mabel, child of song,  
Be thou merry the whole day long.  
So fair thy brow, and classic, too,  
With those curls like Hebe—ah ! who  
Could not love thee, my fairy queen,  
With lovely face and modest mien !  
And when the flow'rs of spring perfume  
Our gardens with their mystic bloom,  
Bring me a tribute for this lay,  
A pretty little bright bouquet.

## Shamrock and Roses.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MESSRS. W. W. MAC-  
VICAR AND W. H. MURNEY WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET  
OF SHAMROCK AND ROSES AT ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT,  
1895, WHEN THE WRITER SANG HER SONG,  
"I LOVE THEE, O ERIN."

(W. W. MACVICAR.)

A shamrock from my wreath I send  
To one who always is my friend,  
To one whose highest aim will be  
O'er self to win a victory,  
And make his name with valor ring  
In honor of the Heav'nly King.

(W. H. MURNEY.)

I send you a shamrock from my wreath,  
A tribute won by thee.  
For Erin's sons in all ages sing  
Of acts of chivalry.

## And Is This Death ?

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE DAUGHTERS AND SONS OF  
MRS. HUGH MATHESON.

And is this death—this calm repose ?  
This quiet sleep which numbs our woes ?  
This heart is still—thy mother lies  
So still, so calm, clos'd are her eyes,  
Her eyes that shone with lustrous light,  
And lips that smil'd in fond delight.  
"Weep not for me," her features say,  
"I go to Him Who reigns for aye,  
My time is come, I cannot stay."

## Jessie Lowe.

TO MRS. LOWE, ON HER VISIT TO GODERICH AFTER THE  
ABSENCE OF ONE QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

The days that were, Jessie,  
Many years ago,  
And o'er their memory  
May true friendship glow,  
To build up great wealth  
For sweet Jessie Lowe.

Sorrow has not faded  
The rose on thy cheek,  
And thy dark eyes sparkle  
O'er thy face so meek,  
And the heavenly mansions  
Thy pure soul doth seek.

---

## Katie.

TO MR. AND MRS. REID, PIETERMARITZBURGH, SOUTH AFRICA,  
ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY KATIE  
BEFORE LEAVING GODERICH, ONT.

Thy fair hair is like virgin gold, Katie,  
Upon thy lovely, pure white brow,  
Thy brow which speaks of truth and love, Katie,  
May it ever be pure as snow.

Thy love for noble deeds, dearest Katie,  
Will alway inspire thee with zeal  
To keep your mind untarnish'd, dear Katie,  
And on it imprinted Christ's seal.

And be firm as these flowers, dear Katie,  
Whose bright colors never will fade,  
And ever lend a helping hand, Katie,  
To all those who may need thy aid.

Many times have I thought of thee, Katie,  
When War's ruthless hand made me sad,  
But now may we all dwell in peace, Katie,  
And forget all the grief we had.

---

## To Harry Craig.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901.

May the pain thou hadst to suffer  
Give place to happiness great ;  
It made thee a hockey martyr,  
Great honors must thee await ;  
And now to wish "Good Luck" be thine  
I send this pretty valentine.

## Janie.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JANIE BATES (MRS. LORNE  
M'DONALD), ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A  
BOUQUET OF ROSES AND BLUE BELLS.

Fair Janie, thou'rt welcome with thy bouquet  
Of bonnie blue bells and roses so gay ;  
Fain would I sing forever and for aye  
"Jessie's Dream" and "Scotch Lassie Jean."

The morning was cool after the night's rain,  
And now the sun's rays are shining again,  
And, Janie, I trust thou'lt not wait in vain  
To hear me sing Scotch songs some e'en.

Thou'rt fair as a lily and stately, too ;  
Some laddie will find thee faithful and true ;  
May God in Heav'n send His blessing on you,  
And some chieftain make you his queen.

For as the heather that grows on the hill  
Of Scotia's fair land, where the crystal rill  
Makes music like bagpipes, thy mother still  
Likes the Gael devout and serene.

---

## Mabel's Bouquet.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. A. M'DONALD, LATE OF  
WINGHAM, ONT.

Mabel is a charming maid,  
Happy all day long,  
Always cheering her mother  
With some pretty song,

Tossing back her curls all day  
In a merry mood,  
While she trips along from school  
With thoughts pure and good.

And this fair lovely Maytime  
Fill'd her heart with love  
For the beautiful flowers  
God sends from above.

Love the flowers, dear Mabel,  
They speak to thy heart ;  
Could thy bouquet live for aye  
It would ne'er depart ;

But blossoms fade, dear Mabel,  
As does earthly cheer ;  
But not for long, dear Mabel,  
God is ever near.

## To W. W. McD.,

(MARINE BAND), ON PLAYING THE "SNARE DRUM."

O let this life's snares e'er emerge  
From the orchestral drum ;  
Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Even the smallest crumb,  
And then its notes in melody  
Will keep thy heart from anger free.

## Thou Art Gone.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. ANN ELLIOTT DARK BOWDEN. LINES IN-  
SCRIBED TO HER SON, THE FAMILY OF THE LATE  
PATRICK CARROLL, ESQ.

Thou art gone—'tis well—sorrow will ne'er ruffle thy calm brow  
more ;  
Thou art gone to those who op'd the gates so many years before ;  
Thou art gone where celestial joy awaits the faithful soul  
Whose heart was wholly given to Him Who doth our lives  
control.

Yea—He was ever with thee—upheld by His heavenly arm  
Thou didst work in His service—He will keep thy pure soul from  
harm ;  
May He guide thy son, thy idol, from this cold world's strife  
and sin,  
That he may offer Heav'n good works and be ready to enter in.

## Christmas, 1900.

DEDICATED TO REV. DR. DANIEL.

Christians awake ! 'tis midnight  
On Judea's hills—Bethlehem  
Is hush'd to sleep—hush'd for the King  
Of Peace—for Whom the nations long'd ;  
Long'd to do Him their homage grand,  
Long'd to kneel at His feet—the feet  
Of the only Begotten Son  
Of God. He came—no sign He bore  
Of David's royal house, save the  
Bright glory of His infant face,  
Which outrivall'd night's starry dome,  
The emblem of Divinity.  
But list ! the silence reigns no more,  
The hills and plains re-echo with  
The heavenly voices singing  
In sweetest concert, "Hosanna !"   
Hosanna ! for the Prince of Peace  
Is come to ransom sinners all.  
Then sing Hosanna to the Lamb ;  
And sung Hosannas e'er will be  
Thro' the Twentieth Century.

## Herbert.

TO MRS. AND THE MISSES HALEY, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
BELOVED BROTHER, HERBERT.

Gently they laid dear Herbert to rest,  
As once he lay on his mother's breast,  
His mother's love was his earthly crest.

His lovely eyes of Heaven's own blue  
Clos'd with love for his mother so true  
When the white-rob'd angel nearer drew.

The song he lov'd was "My Mother's Pray'r ;"  
When life's bells so gladly fill'd the air  
No one with his mother could compare.

"Thy will be done," to God's strong will bow.  
He has only gone before, and now  
The immortelles wreathe his classic brow.

Earth's flowers he lov'd when life was sweet.  
Gather flow'rs to lay at Herbert's feet ;  
Dearest ones on earth he lov'd to greet.

"My Mother's Prayer"—sing it again,  
Thy mother will cherish its refrain,  
E'en as a hymn it will soothe her pain.

---

## Sleep Gently, Mother.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FAMILY OF E. J. BARKER  
PENNS., M. P. P., KINGSTON.

Sleep gently, mother, Christian wife,  
Purest thoughts ennobled thy whole life,  
With thee patience was a virtue rare  
While suffering encompass'd thee with care.

Like a lily of the valley fair  
Wert thou e'en cherished everywhere,  
Thy voice with wisdom ne'er ceas'd to guide  
The loving hearts ever at thy side.

Sleep gently, mother, the summer flow'rs  
Give place to autumn's glorious bow'rs,  
The birds sing sweetly and do not fear  
The snowflakes that mark the dying year.

But the sun shines o'er thee and the stars—  
No shadow their glorious lustre mars,  
And thou in Heaven's light doth abide,  
An angel there by the Master's side.

## Proudly Sounded the Pipes.

LINES INSCRIBED ON PRESENTING A BLUEBELL TO THE PIPER  
OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE HURON  
OLD BOYS ON THEIR FIRST VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT.,  
CANADA, A. D. 1900.

O proudly sounded the pipes  
When the Highland laddies play'd,  
"The Campbell's are a Comin',"  
In their tartan scarfs array'd.

No braw gift could be more priz'd,  
More dear to the Highland heart,  
Than Scotland's bonnie bluebells,  
Of the piper's life a part.

## With Rosary of Pearls.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS  
OF THE LATE MRS. CAPTAIN FRANK TRAUNCH.

With rosary of pearls thy darling mother sleeps ;  
With firmly clasp'd hands Mary's lov'd chaplet she keeps ;  
She has gone where Mary dwells—Mary, virgin pure,  
Mary, who had all life's bitterness to endure.

The fields are all abloom in rich tinted array,  
And birds their love songs sing this flow'ry month of May ;  
Then weep not, dear children, thy mother look'd so calm,  
Her soul took its flight to where life's cares find a balm.

On earth she was faithful as daughter, mother, wife,  
Now she wears the crown won by her Christian life ;  
Forget not her maxims, pure as heavenly dew,  
Keep innocent your hearts, to her mem'ry be true.

She lov'd you with a love, no one can ever tell  
How truly and fondly, she lov'd you all so well ;  
So take comfort in the thought all will meet again  
Where there is no bitter parting, no bitter pain.

## In Futuris.

TO MASTER GEORGE CARLISLE, DETROIT, MICH., U. S.

You'll be a general, never fear, and one of renown,  
A general you will be,  
Mayhap another brave general like George Washington,  
Who cut down the apple tree.

And you will read how he became the famous President  
Of the land that makes one free ;  
So save up all your golden coins and keep them in your  
bank,  
In your porcine bank from me.

## Lizelle.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LIZELLE COLLINSON.

Could mortal ever fairer be  
Than thou, Lizelle, so fair and free ?  
Thine azure eyes e'er dance with joy  
That beams in them without alloy.

Pure innocence is on thy brow ;  
Keep it, Lizelle, as pure as now.  
For Heaven's stamp is on thy face,  
And in thy face His love I trace.

Its tones are pure, and truly sweet  
As nightingale's in lov'd retreat,  
But sweeter still is thine, Lizelle,  
For in thy soul thy notes do dwell.

---

## Golden Glow.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS BROWNLEE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

May the golden glow that charn'd you  
Drive from your hearts all care,  
And fill your souls with the gladness  
That drives out all despair.

May prosperity surround you  
With royal diadem,  
Royal, coming from Kingly Hand,  
That forms the smallest gem.

Yea, be ever true to Heav'n's King,  
Who rules o'er high and low,  
Who ever fills our hearts with faith,  
Bright as the golden glow.

---

## Lottie Logan.

Innocent as a flow'r art thou, Lottie,  
When the bud unfolds its beauty ;  
Lovely in thy home life, too, dear Lottie,  
Always faithful to thy duty.

Thy eyes sparkle with untold joy, Lottie,  
Thy voice with candor and truth,  
Thy laugh has a charm for all, dear Lottie,  
The greatest attraction of youth.

May the turquoise that thou gav'st me, Lottie,  
Be ever a pledge of thy love  
For one who will e'er pray for thee, Lottie,  
That blessing be thine from above.

## Sara.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN JAMES A. ARMISTEAD,  
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.

I'll not bid thee remember  
Thy friend on Huron's shore,  
For thou hast prov'd thy friendship,  
And one can do no more.

For God has His seal on thee,  
He guides thee day and night ;  
May joy be thine till Heav'n gives  
Thee everlasting light.

---

## Nae fairer Morn.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MISS MAUDE MURRAY ON HER  
WEDDING MORN WITH A SPRIG OF HEATHER FROM  
LOCH TAY. THIS POEM WAS READ AT THE WEDDING  
BREAKFAST BY REV. J. A. ANDERSON, B. A.

Nae fairer autumn morn e'er greeted bridegroom an' bride,  
Nae brighter sun e'er shone while nuptial knot was tied ;  
An' may this wee bit giftie keep them baith thegither  
And mak' them love for aye Loch Tay's bonnie sweet heather.

---

## Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

And now 'tis Thanksgiving Day again ;  
Some mother's fond heart is fill'd with pain,  
And ever she sighs this sad refrain :  
"My dearest boy again I ne'er will see,  
'Neath Spanish clay he lies, hidden from me."

And now another is fill'd with joy  
To welcome home her warrior boy ;  
No more will dread fear her heart annoy,  
And she sings this carol so bright and gay :  
"My dear boy is home this Thanksgiving Day."

But boys must go and mothers must weep,  
Their brave sons must sail the briny deep,  
And care they little if they must sleep  
'Neath Spanish clay or fair Canada's earth,  
If their glory gilds the land of their birth.

And now let the sunset speak of peace,  
Let all rejoice at the glad release  
Of Cuba ; may her suffering's cease ;  
And pray that upon this Thanksgiving Day  
God will reward us with peace for aye.



## Faithful.

IN MEMORIAM GEORGE M'MAHON, ESQ.

Faithful friend and brother kind,  
Loving, tender son ;  
He fought life's battles bravely,  
A crown he has won.



## Carolyn.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS CAROLYN HAY YOUNG,  
WHISTLING SOLOIST, DETROIT, AT THE 1901 MARINE  
HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENT IN VICTORIA HALL,  
"EAST LYNNE."

Be thou ever bright and gay,  
May thy dark eyes shine alway,  
May true love be thine for aye,  
Carolyn.

May thy voice be pure and clear,  
Warbling pæans from year to year,  
Thanking Him for gift so dear,  
Carolyn.

Be thou ever pure and true,  
Cheering hearts like Heaven's dew,  
O'er their paths fresh flow'rets strew,  
Carolyn.

May no shadow of despair  
Ever fill thy heart with care,  
Let earth's roses nestle there,  
Carolyn.

Praise God morning, noon and night,  
Praise Him for thy voice so bright,  
Till thy spirit's onward flight,  
Carolyn.

Forget not the Maitland true,  
Remember Lake Huron's blue,  
And Huron's poetess, too,  
Carolyn.



## Canada's Greeting.

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, ON HIS BEING RETURNED AS RULER  
OF THE UNITED STATES.

I send to thee a maple leaf  
From fair Canada's poetess brave,  
Who works and toils from morn till night  
Beside proud Huron's crested wave.

## Margaret.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE SUTHERLAND, DAUGHTER OF  
CAPTAIN DAN. SUTHERLAND.

Fair Margaret, accept from me  
A marguerite as pure as thee,  
With golden heart as light and free.

God lov'd thee, Margaret, and thou  
Must ever to His goodness bow,  
That new life may be giv'n thee now.

May God spare thee, Margaret dear,  
And may He wipe away the tear,  
And fill thy parents' hearts with cheer.

---

## True Courtesy.

TO MRS. DR. DEWITT, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Well might I think the fairies dwell  
By Huron's sounding waves ;  
Well might I think that silver mines  
Are hidden in its caves :

For as the sunset dyed the sky  
With August's colors grand,  
Thy friendship with its grandeur woo'd  
The muse in this fair land.

For poesy and art combine  
To cheer me with their spell,  
And music, too, its witchery  
Within my heart doth dwell.

And with the triple pow'r I pray  
That God will be thy friend,  
And lead thee to the golden shore,  
Where His love ne'er will end.

---

## The Sunflower's Welcome.

TO MRS. KATE SHERWOOD, TOLEDO, OHIO.

I welcome thee with sunflowers,  
Sweet singer of sacred song,  
The sunflower, emblem of truth,  
While the ages roll along.

Sing on, sweet singer, sing for Him,  
His praise is beyond compare ;  
Thy voice will strengthen with His love  
And with His heavenly care.

## Harriet.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. WILBUR  
MANNING, LONDON, ONT.

Thou art like a rosebud, Harriet,  
With dimple in thy chin,  
And rounded cheek, like a full-blown rose,  
And smiles all hearts to win.

Thy golden ringlets have charm'd my heart,  
Thine eyes like stars do shine,  
Reflecting the pureness of thy heart  
Mirror'd in soul of thine.

Dear little Harriet, ne'er forget  
The friends you met so true,  
By Huron's side they all love to dwell,  
And will ne'er forget you.

---

## White is thy Hair.

TO MRS. O'DELL, ST. LOUIS.

White is thy hair and pleasing is thy voice ;  
Thou hast made many trusting hearts rejoice ;  
Mine thou didst cheer one fair September day,  
And for thy happiness I'll ever pray.

Thou'lt come back again from Missouri's shore,  
Thou'lt come back again to hear Huron's roar ;  
I pray I may meet you in hope and joy,  
The joy of this life without its alloy.

---

## Pearl.

TO PEARL WIGLE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF REV. HAMILTON  
WIGLE, ZION CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Pearl, thou'rt fair, none fairer than thou ;  
With the lily dost thou vie :  
And e'en the pearl for which thou'rt nam'd  
Might well for thy beauty sigh.

Thy heart is light and knoweth not care,  
Thy mind is a gem of light,  
And He who fill'd thee with thoughts so pure  
Will keep thee pure in His sight,

Perfect as the rose thou gav'st me,  
With its fragrant petals rare,  
Pluck'd after the late July dewdrops  
Cover'd it with pearls most fair.

## Cina.

TO MISS TURNBULL, "BURNSIDE" FARM, NEWTON, ONT., WITH  
ACCOMPANYING SPRIG OF HEATHER AND COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE WRITER ON HER WEDDING EVE, OCT.  
9TH, 1901.

May this fair October e'en  
Bring thee doon the luve o' Heaven,  
For thou hast a luve on earth;  
A' ye want t' ye is given;  
An' this sprig o' heather will  
Guard thee, dearie, frae a' ill.

Naething mair hae I tae send,  
Naething braw can I gie tae thee  
But this sprig o' bonnie heather  
From thy lo'ed father's ain countrie;  
An' thy life will be a boon  
To friens' an' a' a' aroon.

An' noo I wish tae thee, luve,  
A' happiness through thy dear life,  
An' a' tae the chosen one  
Who maks thee this e'en his wife;  
A' praise tae the Word Divine  
That maks his luve ever thine.

---

The White Rose and Cameo.

LINES TO DON. M'GILLICUDDY, TORONTO, ON FASTENING A  
WHITE ROSE IN MY COME BROOCH.

We took a walk adown the street,  
My cameo and I;  
Anon we met a city youth  
Who would not pass us by,

But slipp'd a white rose in to please  
My cameo and me,  
An act which show'd the tribute paid  
By him to poesy,

To the muse who paints the flowers  
In words faithful and well,  
Whether they grow on mountain high  
Or down in grassy dell,

With pen or pencil, naught she cares;  
The task to her is dear;  
And now this lovely pure white rose  
Speaks of friendship sincere.

Our gracious thanks do we bestow,  
My cameo and I,  
Upon the gallant city youth  
Who would not pass us by.

## Golden Wedding, 1901.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ISAAC  
SALKELD ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY, AUGUST  
21st, 1901.

All hail the Golden Wedding Day  
Of friends we love so dear,  
Friends whose path in life is gilded  
With plenty of good cheer!

Friends whom God has bless'd so richly  
With fields of golden grain ;  
Sons and daughters all around them,  
Life's work was not in vain.

And in this golden harvest time  
Let us all merrie be,  
And wish anew to groom and bride  
Renew'd prosperity.

All honor to their work of toil !  
All honor to their race !  
If not on earthly scroll enroll'd  
God's seal is on each face.

All honor to the lands they left,  
Lands of rose and heather !  
All honor to the maples which  
Link'd their hearts together!

In life and death may chains of love  
Lead them to shores of gold,  
And all their children gather in  
To the eternal fold.

---

## Annie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS.  
CHARLES M'INTOSH, 1876.

Thine eyes so soft and tender, Annie,  
With affection fill our hearts;  
Thy voice with liquid sweetness, Annie,  
Love's holiest thoughts imparts.

I knew thee in thy childhood, Annie ;  
Thy brow knew no shade of care :  
The rich rose mantled thy cheek, Annie ;  
Love's blushes were hidden there.

May thy pure, young voice win fame, Annie,  
And strength to thee be given  
To sing the Almighty's praise, Annie,  
And be crown'd by Him in Heav'n.

## To a Cocoon.

DEDICATED TO MISS GUILLOT, WINDSOR, ONT.

There it stands  
 Before me now, that cocoon  
 Of pale golden, fluffy silk,  
 Like an oval ball lying  
 In its little bed of soft,  
 Pale blue lining—grand, complete,  
 Just as the poor little worm,  
 With wondrous dexterity  
 All unknown to man, form'd it  
 In truly bird's egg fashion.  
 And man looks on and wonders  
 How the mite he would trample  
 Under his foot could rival  
 Him—forming that wondrous ball  
 Symmetrically perfect.  
 Just another example  
 Of God's inscrutable plan  
 Of teaching man, who rules all  
 His inferiority  
 To the crawling worm of earth.  
 Yea, the robes of kings and queens  
 Owe their beauty, not to birds  
 That fly o'er heav'n's vaulted sky  
 With plumage whose bright colors  
 Would rival the rainbow's hue,  
 But to the poor earthly worm  
 Of unparallel'd power  
 And unrivall'd usefulness.  
 Then man weaves the golden silk  
 Into webs of silken cloth,  
 Dyeing it in richer tints  
 To bedeck humanity.

---

## Poesy's Thanks.

TO MRS. DR. DEWITT, CINCINNATI.

Well might I think the fairies dwelt  
 By Huron's sounding waves,  
 Well might I think that silver mines  
 Were hidden in its caves ;  
 For as the sunset dy'd the sky  
 With August colors grand,  
 Thy friendships with their grandeur woo'd  
 The muse in this fair land ;  
 For poesy and art combine  
 To cheer me with their spell,  
 And music, too, its witchery  
 Within my heart doth dwell.

## The Oak Tree of Vancouver.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. HENRY HUMBER, VANCOUVER, ON  
SEEING A PHOTO. SENT HIM OF A GIANT TREE IN VAN-  
COUVER WITH A YOUNG LADY STANDING UNDER  
ONE OF THE ARCHES.

Methinks I see the giant oak  
On far Vancouver's regal shore,  
Where love takes root and blossoms fair,  
Regardless of the ocean's roar.

Methinks I see a loving maid  
Whose thoughts have flown to Huron's wave,  
Under the oak's leafy bowers,  
Thinking of the promise she gave

When her lover homeward journey'd,  
Lov'd ones to see, and leave again  
To join the maid 'neath giant oak,  
To stand by her—a loving twain.

Thy heart is true, Annie, fair maid,  
Thy lover is faithful as well,  
One glance at the oak-arch'd picture  
Threw o'er me love's poetic spell.

---

## Fair May.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WM. TIGHE, ON  
THE DEATH OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER, MAY LOUISA  
BERNADETTE, OF THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Mourn not, fond mother, be not sad,  
God and his angels guard thy bed ;  
Thy blue-ey'd daughter sweetly sleeps  
And with them nightly vigil keeps  
O'er thy fair home.

Her blue eyes and pretty brown hair  
Crown'd a face with innocence rare,  
Too fair for earth, where discord reigns,  
She dwells where God's love never wanes,  
And all is peace.

Fair May, thy little acts of love  
Were inspirations from above,  
Thy parents' hope, pray God to give  
Strength to each, and may they long live  
For His sweet sake.

Happy art thou, May, in thy fair home,  
Where angels wait for all to come ;  
And may we live as pure as thee,  
To gain bliss in eternity  
Forever more.

## Farewell.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. CAPTAIN EDWARD MARLTON. LINES DEDICATED TO HER LOVING FAMILY.

Farewell, my dear friend, farewell,  
Thou now hast found sweet rest,  
And calmly now dost thou lie  
With flowers on thy breast.

The flowers thou us'd to pick  
Wherever thou didst roam,  
The shamrocks and the daisies  
That grew around thy home,  
And the sweet primroses  
That smil'd so sweet on thee  
When thou wert a prattling child  
Upon thy mother's knee.

Ah ! those days you ne'er forgot,  
E'en at old Huron's side,  
When you met the sailor boy  
Who made you his fair bride.

To old Erin thou wert true,  
E'en on Vancouver's shore,  
And by lov'd Lake Huron, where  
You watch'd till day was o'er

And waited for the New Year  
And the summer flowers,  
That happiness might be thine  
Thro' many passing hours.

But thou art with Him whom thy soul didst love  
In the Garden of Life, in Heav'n above.

---

Life.

TO MRS. ROBINSON, DETROIT, MICH., AUTHORESS OF  
"THE KING'S MESSENGER."

Life is full of novelty,  
Full of stranger ups and downs  
Than what we read of. The world  
Knows them not—far better so.  
Better that the tranquil waves  
Close over and tell no tales  
Of what is hidden in the  
Bosom of the sea. For did  
Man know he would use his pow'r  
To bring back that which was lost,  
And gain no other reward  
Than to glory in his feat.  
And we—would we be gladden'd  
If all our hopes lay anew  
Before our eyes ? We think not !  
And to the King's Messenger  
We must bow.



## Dearie.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN PROUDFOOT.

Dearie, my dearie, I am thine,  
And send you this nice valentine ;  
I pray that you may live to bless  
Kind Heaven for thy loveliness.

## The Homeland.

TO REV. W. W. STODDART, LEBANON, KENTUCKY, ON HIS  
WEDDING DAY, SEPT., 1902.

O the "Homeland," the "Homeland,"  
Tis sweet unto the ear  
Of those who knew the singer,  
Of those who lov'd him dear.

And now to the sunny south  
He takes his fair young bride  
To reap with him God's harvest,  
The Gospel seed, his pride.

Then ring, ring, ye happy chimes,  
Ring, ring them, earthly love,  
Ring for the "Homeland" wedding  
On earth and heav'n above.

With the triple pow'r I pray  
That God will be thy friend,  
And lead thee to golden shores,  
Where His love ne'er will end.

May blessings strew their path thro' life,  
Happy husband, thrice happy wife.

## Hugh Moore.

DEDICATED TO MRS. A. MOORE. WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENT-  
ED ON SUNDAY, JUNE 7TH, WITH A BOUQUET OF  
LOVELY PANSIES.

How lovely are those pansies  
Thou hast brought me to-day,  
But thou art, my dearest Hugh,  
Lovelier far than they.

But be like these sweet pansies,  
Teaching lessons of love  
To draw souls to the Master,  
In His garden above.

## What Can I Write ?

MRS. IDE, DETROIT.

What can I write, little mother, dear ?  
What can I say thy fond heart to cheer ?  
Smiles wreath thy lips and kindle a light  
In thine eyes in the darkness of night.

Be happy, then, little mother, dear ;  
May smiles be thy heirloom, may no tear  
From earth's sorrows e'er cast o'er thy heart  
A shadow to break love's divine dart.

---

## Margaret Clarke.

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE  
MISSSES HABERLACK, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

Weep not for thy sister, with her babe  
On her breast ;  
She has gone to the mansion where  
All are at rest.

She was lent only to us, who lov'd  
Her so dear,  
Whom she greeted with smiles and who now  
Drop a tear.

But her mem'ry will live as the long  
Years roll on ;  
Husband, friends, sisters, know that to Heav'n  
She has gone.

With her babe she has pass'd thro' Heaven's  
Pearly gate,  
And with the hosts of Heav'n their coming  
Will await.

---

## Gladys Sauls.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS.  
WALTER SAULTS.

No fairer face e'er came to dwell  
Than thine own on this fair earth,  
Not e'en in the long centuries  
That have pass'd before thy birth.

Thou viest with the lily pure  
And the anemone white,  
And mayst thou ever keep as fair,  
Thy fond parents to delight.

## Independence Day, 1902.

DEDICATED TO COMMODORE MILLS, OF THE YACHT "CYNTHIA,"  
THAT LAY IN GODERICH HARBOR 4TH JULY, 1902.

Accept these flow'rs  
Which bloom so fair  
For Independence Day,  
And may these hours  
Dispel all care  
While you at anchor lay.

---

## Retrospection.

(CARRIE CARISSIMA.)

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. FRED. HODGSON, OF THE CITY OF  
MEXICO.

To thy childhood's home  
Thou art come once more,  
Where in happiness ever thou didst dwell,  
As bright as the birds  
That o'er our heads soar,  
And singing pæans thou didst love so well.

And now thou'rt a wife  
The music of love  
Thrills thy young heart like some cadence of song,  
Stars speak thy love's name  
From their homes of love  
And songbirds warble his praise all day long.

He'll be true, Carrie,  
As knight of old Spain,  
Whilst thou'rt far from the "City of the Sun;"  
Dear old Mexico  
Thou'lt soon see again,  
And the husband thou hast luckily won.

---

## Maggie.

TO MAGGIE HURLEY, ON HER WEDDING DAY, SEPT. 24TH, 1902.

May kind Heaven bless thee, Maggie,  
And strew thy path with flowers  
Which may yield thee great happiness  
In life's dreary, darkest hours.

A fair young bride art thou, Maggie,  
With voice so pure and so sweet;  
Then ever leave thy gratitude  
At our dear Redeemer's feet.

## Clara.

DEDICATED TO THE MISSES DARK.

Angels are ever near thee, Clara dear,  
Singing sweet songs of joy into thine ear,  
Thy heart is ever ready to defend  
The cause of poverty—thou art a friend  
Of the poor and needy, thy dark eyes shine  
With a soft, quiet light, almost divine;  
Thy smile is soft as a midsummer day,  
And may thy sweet smile keep with thee alway.

## Abraham.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL SHER, ON BABY  
ABRAHAM'S CIRCUMCISION DAY.

To thee, sweet babe, I bring these sweet flow'rs,  
Emblems of purity and love,  
And that our good Father in Heaven  
Will strengthen thy babe with His love.

As a tender bud he is giv'n thee,  
To guard from all harm and all sin,  
To lead to the mansions immortal,  
Where only the bless'd enter in.

Anemone means "expectation,"  
And the dahlia "forever thine,"  
So around the heart of thy sweet babe  
May all Heaven's blessings entwine.

As peerless as the bright stars of night  
Are dear little Abraham's dark eyes,  
Brighter and dearer is he to thee  
Than stars that glitter in midnight skies.

## To My Kind Friends.

(MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE SIMONS.)

Faith, love and joy are all thine,  
Three gems in the Book Divine,  
Three stars of Heaven that shine  
Ever upon thee;  
Hope is thy bright guiding star,  
That beams on thee from afar,  
Leading to the "gates ajar"  
Of eternity.

## Kind Remembrance.

TO MRS. NELLIE CARLISLE, DETROIT, READ BY THE AUTHOR  
AT AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN AT "LAKEVIEW" BY  
MRS. CARLISLE.

All honor be given those  
Who have truly woo'd the muse  
By old Huron's enchanting shore,  
For God gives us the talent  
Tho' we are His weak vessels,  
But Heaven's gifts we all adore.

For God guides the artist's brush  
As well as the poet's pen,  
And gives strength to the willing hand ;  
He fills hearts with gratitude  
That gladdens the artist's soul  
And makes him a pow'r in the land.

And now all honor to thee,  
And those I meet here to-night,  
To show their right gude will to me ;  
For without friends we are weak,  
Our talents would lie buried  
In Lethe's oblivious sea.

---

## "Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Wasting ?"

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," DEDICATED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MARY TUMOTH, BELOVED WIFE OF MR.  
MATTHEW JOHNSTON.

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ?"  
Was her daily text thro' life,  
Her open hand was oft extended,  
Her faith sincere until life ended,  
Thrice happy mother and wife.

Her bright, dark eyes ever bespoke  
A calm, hopeful, soulful love ;  
The joys of this earth for her were pure,  
No hypocrisy could she endure,  
Her thoughts were for Him above.

Plant roses near her, belov'd ones,  
For her life was like the rose,  
Her good acts were like their perfume sweet,  
For rich and poor she alike did greet  
Ere she sank in sweet repose.

Be like her, belov'd ones, ever,  
Take thou up her thread of life,  
So that you all may the good seed sow  
In this terrestrial vale below,  
Like sainted mother and wife.

## Eumen De Lumine.

TO REV. C. R. GUNNE, WRITTEN ON HEARING HIM LECTURE  
ON MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Light is thy theme,  
The earthly light  
That genius brings  
From the dark clouds,  
The home of light  
Electric.

Light is thy theme,  
The Gospel's light  
That shows mankind  
How to reach Heav'n,  
The land of light  
Heav'nly.

The Gospel's light  
From heart to heart  
Speeds as swiftly  
Without one word,  
Marconi's plan  
Is God's own.

---

## Ayston Doherty.

Didst thou but live in olden time,  
When chivalry was in its prime,  
Of thy fair locks poets would rhyme,  
Ayston Doherty.

The artist, too, a tale would tell,  
With the palette he loves so well,  
Of auburn hair and fairy dell,  
Ayston Doherty.

Hope and faith, twin friends of thine,  
Around thy heart their tendrils twine,  
And Cupid, too, with charms divine,  
Ayston Doherty.

Ah me ! how well thou know'st my heart,  
The flow'rs are of my life a part,  
Carnations woo me with love's dart,  
Ayston Doherty.

And asters, too, September's flow'rs,  
With azaleas from some lov'd bow'rs,  
I'll think of thee in sunny hours,  
Ayston Doherty.

Now let me wish thee, maiden fair,  
A happy home 'mid flowers rare,  
A life of sunshine, void of care,  
Ayston Doherty.

## Queenie.

TO MISS MOORE, SPRINGBANK.

Beautiful as a rippling rill  
Running through the glade,  
Beautiful as the violets  
Art thou, pretty maid.

Breath like the scent of primroses  
In the early spring,  
When the sun in all his glory  
Fresh beauties doth bring.

May a wealth of joy and gladness  
Encompass thy home,  
May thy life be strewn with roses  
From high Heaven's dome.

And, Queenie, thou bloom of beauty,  
Ne'er let vanity  
Mar thy pretty, graceful childhood,  
Love's humility.

---

## The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. AND MRS. ORR,  
ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED SON, JOHN NORMAN  
ORR, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MANSE, MONO MILLS,  
AGED 17 YEARS AND 20 DAYS.

"The beautiful gates of gold,"  
The beautiful golden gates,  
'Twas of them he sweetly sung,  
When that day, his friends among,  
Ere his going in.

Beautiful, bright golden gates,  
The beautiful gates of gold,  
Pass'd thy lov'd boy safely through,  
While the ev'ning sunset grew  
Paler in the West.

And through these same golden gates.  
Those beautiful gates of gold,  
Thy fair-hair'd boy wilt thou meet,  
Whose eyes of blue lov'd to greet  
Thee, his parents dear.

The beautiful gates of gold,  
The beautiful golden gates,  
To him now are brighter far  
Than the fair, bright ev'ning star  
In the vaulted sky.

Weep not, ye lov'd ones—weep not,  
Thou art nearer the gates of gold,  
The beautiful golden gates  
Will encircle thee in the fold.

## Lulu.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES TWEEDIE, ON HEARING  
THEIR DAUGHTER PLAY AT THE C. I. ASSEMBLY ROOM.

Thy dark, flowing ringlets, dear Lulu,  
Would inflame my heart with love's fire,  
Were I a youthful student, Lulu,  
Of thy face I would never tire.

Like a Southern maiden, dear Lulu,  
Thy cheeks were a dark olive hue,  
With the southern roses upon them,  
While thy dark eyes love's praises drew.

From thy violin to-night, Lulu,  
Sweetest tones of music did flow ;  
Long mayst thou live to charm our hearts  
With thy priz'd violin and bow.

---

## Etoile.

TO MR. AND MRS. KING.

Heaven has sent thee,  
Blessed babe with e'en of blue,  
To shed Heaven's love  
Upon thy parents so true ;  
Etoile, Star of Heav'n,  
O'er their hearts Divine love strew.

Hair of gold, a crown  
To hallow thy infant brow,  
Rose pink in thy cheek  
White as falling flakes of snow ;  
Thou'lt keep thy heart pure,  
A true King's Daughter, I trow.

---

## Lena.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED ON MY BIRTHDAY WITH  
A LOVELY ROSE BY MISS LENA WALTON.

How little didst thou dream, fair maid,  
That my last birthday gift was thy rose so sweet,  
But some occult pow'r,  
Born at this late hour,  
Sent you, with fresh beauty my spirits to greet.

May thy gift inspire me to-night  
As fragrant seed by life's tortuous pathway,  
And may Heaven bless  
Thy rare thoughtfulness,  
And grant thy wish this glorious month of May.



## To Mollie.

GOOD LUCK.

ON PRESENTING HER WITH A LITTLE SILVER SOUVENIR HORSE-SHOE ON HER WEDDING EVE.

To ensure thee good luck now and for aye  
Look at this silver horseshoe ev'ry day ;  
And for thee, Mollie, the giver doth pray  
That over thee God shed His heav'nly ray.

---

## Allie.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ALLIE LEWIS, SECRETARY OF  
THE AHMEEK CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF  
THE EMPIRE.

Could sorrow e'er chase, Allie,  
The bright light from thy dark e'en ?  
So dark are they and sunlit,  
Fit for any Spanish queen,  
And the bloom upon thy cheeks  
Is worthy a crown, I deem.

The summer sunshine, Allie,  
Greets thy garden fair, I trow,  
And the roses and lilies  
Vie with each other, I know,  
But thou art, yea, much fairer far  
Than any flowers that grow.

Thy life has been, dear Allie,  
Clouded many times by care,  
A bitter cup, yet sweeten'd  
By the hope that kills despair,  
Hope, the rarest of blossoms,  
That grows in the desert air.

Then leave us not, dear Allie,  
Till o'er AhmEEK's height we soar,  
For to help humanity  
Is now needed more and more,  
And charity has its root  
In the depths of thy heart's core.

---

## Agnes.

TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX. SAUNDERS.

Little maiden, pure and sweet,  
Here I offer at thy feet  
Harps and roses, all complete,  
For 'tis Valentine's day.

## In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, LATE OF BOSTON HARBOR.  
DEDICATED TO MRS. WILLIAM TUTT.

The storms may rage on Huron's breast,  
The waves roll high, with storm-toss'd crest,  
While thy son calmly lies at rest.

To him thou ever wert most fair,  
None other did his true love share,  
"God bless mother" his daily pray'r.

His blue eyes were thy joy and pride,  
His rich brown hair might charm a bride,  
None won his heart in this world wide.

No shadows o'er his pathway lie,  
He dwells above the vaulted sky,  
And thou wilt meet him bye and bye.

Thou'lt think of him in summer show'r,  
Thou'lt think of him in summer bow'r,  
Thou'lt think of him, aye, ev'ry hour.

Weep not for him—his Captain's call  
To glory leads—the fun'ral pall  
But guides him to the Lord of all.

And in this happy Christmas time  
Praise God when the glad Christ bells chime,  
Anchor thy soul in Heav'n's fair clime.

Now he's with the "Star of the East,"  
'Mon; His jewels he is not the least ;  
His vict'ry's won—his pain has ceas'd.

---

## "Asleep In Jesus."

LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF MRS. ORR, MOTHER OF  
CHARLES ALLAN ORR, BACCALAUREUS MEDICINÆ.

"All powerful is God's Holy Word,  
Sharper far than a two-edged sword ;"  
So read the man of God on that day  
When thy idol, thy fair treasure, lay  
"Asleep in Jesus."

"Asleep in Jesus," thrice blessed thought  
To all those who know God's truth he sought ;  
In Wisdom's way would that mortals all  
Could with latest sighs like thy son fall  
"Asleep in Jesus."

Science has lost an intellect rare,  
A name untarnish'd—no name more fair ;  
May his life, tho' short, a mem'ry be  
To all those who wish Christ's face to see.  
"Asleep in Jesus."

## In Memoriam.

NEIL CAMPBELL.

INSCRIBED WITH LOVE TO MRS. N. CAMPBELL.

Like a child they laid him to rest,  
 With the flow'r he lov'd on his breast ;  
 Bravely he met the angel Death  
 And spoke these words with latest breath,  
 "I'm going to my children four  
 To dwell with Christ for evermore."

And now the October sunset  
 Gilds their graves with glorious ray,  
 God knoweth best—His guiding arm  
 Will be the widow'd mother's stay.

## Alma.

DEDICATED TO REV. AND MRS. J. W. ROBINSON.

Thou'rt happy as the joyous birds  
 That sing around thy home,  
 Warbling sweetly this roundelay :  
 "The summer time has come,  
 We'll build our nests in thy treetops  
 Before again we roam."

Thou'rt happy as the fragrant flow'rs,  
 Where lurks the busy bee,  
 Sipping all the sweetness from them  
 For all the world, you see ;  
 So like them, Alma, sip the sweets  
 This life shall hold for thee.

The sweets that fill the soul, Alma,  
 With innocent delight,  
 For the garden of our Saviour  
 Leads all our hearts aright  
 That tend the flowers, dear Alma,  
 Most precious in His sight.

His flowers are call'd earth's duties,  
 And love is king of all,  
 Love for God's suffering creatures  
 When pain holds them in thrall,  
 Love for thy home and parents dear,  
 And ready for God's call.

I see thee with thy flaxen curls,  
 In thy innocent glee,  
 Like little elf making gladness  
 'Round ev'ry one you see ;  
 Now thou art hence to meet new friends,  
 But, dear, remember me.

## Ethel Jean.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ETHEL JEAN RHYNAS, FRANK.

How brave wert thou, dear Ethel,  
When Frank was stricken with woe,  
When to the many wounded  
So cheerfully didst thou go  
With words of love to lighten  
Their heavy cross—well they know

Of father, mother, sisters,  
And of brothers kind and true,  
Who fell asleep in Jesus  
As Turtle Mount's thunder grew  
Louder and louder—while rocks  
In maddening fury flew.

But God came to thy rescue  
With His all-seeing power,  
Strengthening thee to assist  
The wounded in that lone hour,  
That awful hour, which might have  
Made the bravest heart cower.

Thou didst thy duty, Ethel,  
Altho' thou art young in years,  
Thy tender heart took pity  
On those faces bath'd in tears,  
And God will bless thee, Ethel,  
Thy loving prayers he hears.

---

## Sammy Bean.

TO MASTER SAMMY BEAN, ELOCUTIONIST, C. I.

No wasted hours hast thou, Sammy,  
From the earliest morn,  
Tho' we know thou art not waken'd  
By any Alpine horn.

But never dweller in the Alpa,  
No matter how much fame  
Surrounds his noted place of birth,  
Thou'lt win a greater name.

---

## St. Patrick Holds Sway O'er My Heart.

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN E. CAMPAIGNE, "IRISH MIN-  
STREL," ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT, 1895.

St. Patrick holds sway o'er my heart,  
And my voice doth sing Erin's praise,  
And the God above,  
The Lord God of love,  
Spreads o'er me his celestial rays.

## Mason Bell.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL BELL.

Thoughtful and kind art thou, ever  
 Ready for duty's call—never  
 Throwing away life's precious hours,  
 Happy as birds in summer bow'rs,  
 With voice as sweet as any bird  
 When in the choir thy voice is heard ;  
 Thy face is fair, thy heart is true,  
 May God rich blessings 'round thee strew.

## Etta Mae.

TO MRS. H. E. MEBERT, SAULT STE. MARIE, ON HER  
 WEDDING DAY.

The winter storms are gathering,  
 The wind whistles loud and shrill,  
 But thou'lt not fear the storms so fierce,  
 For new love thy heart doth thrill.

All fears from thy heart have vanish'd,  
 Thy lover claims thee to-day,  
 Flow'rs deck thy brow, symbols of joy,  
 And faith in our Lord alway.

Yea, trust in the Lord, Etta dear,  
 He will keep thy pathway free  
 From ev'ry ill ; forsake Him not,  
 Some day thou'lt His glory see.

Keep thy heart tun'd in joyous song,  
 Faithful and true to thy love,  
 And be ready if God calls thy spouse  
 Or thee to mansions above.

## Hugh.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901, TO HUGH WILSON, LITTLE SON OF  
 REV. AND MRS. JASPER WILSON.

My own dear Hugh,  
 Be ever true  
 To home and country dear;  
 The Gospel's truth  
 Will fill thy youth  
 With wisdom strong and clear.

## Water Fairies.

DEDICATED TO HATTIE BELCHER ON SINGING IN THE CHORUS  
"WATER FAIRIES" ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

O Hattie dear, 'tis Valentine's Day,  
With skies so blue and singers so gay,  
All dressed in most beautiful array,  
Like water fairies in lovely May.

Keep thy sweet voice pure, O Hattie dear,  
And to many hearts thou'lt give good cheer,  
For our God above will send thee here  
His choicest blessings every year.

---

## Louise Masson.

ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BOUQUET OF SWEET PEA  
AT THE HOSPITAL CORONATION TEA.

Didst thou know that thy flow'rs held a charm,  
Thy bouquet of lovely, fragrant sweet pea?  
From my heart must I offer thee thanks  
For the great blessings that it brought to me.

May God from His throne bless thee, Louise,  
May He bless the loving work of thy hands,  
Whether in our own fair Canada  
Or across the ocean in foreign lands.

Thou hast left thy beloved home, Louise,  
To soothe some one's bitter anguish and pain,  
To moisten the fever'd cheek and brow,  
And nurse the sick ones back to health again.

---

## Lov'd Emily.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK LAWRENCE.

Like a lovely daisy sweet  
Ever did I love to greet  
Lov'd Emily.

Love's golden chain binds her heart  
And fills her soul with Heav'n's dart,  
Lov'd Emily.

Hope, faith, love, are center'd there,  
No one can with her compare,  
Lov'd Emily.

Her dark brown hair is now white,  
Yet more lovely in my sight,  
Lov'd Emily.

## To An April Chestnut.

A chestnut of glossy brown to the pavement  
     Found its way,  
 Where it had lain untouched through the long, long  
     Wintry day,  
 And now the warm April sunshine has fill'd it  
     With new life,  
 That it might venture to flourish in this strange  
     Vale of strife.

A tiny shoot it offer'd to the heedless  
     Passer-by,  
 A mute appeal for protection to make it  
     Live, not die.  
 How far'd that April chestnut? Its brave appeal  
     Spake its worth,  
 And now it lies hidden in the bosom of  
     Mother earth.

In after years that chestnut a grand, stately  
     Tree will be,  
 Where pretty birds will build their nests and sing right  
     Merrily ;  
 Where lovers will sit in its shade and watch the  
     Setting sun  
 Over Huron's lovely waters, the pride of  
     Everyone.

---

## Fortune's Favorite.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. KIELY.

If Fortune favors thee with wealth,  
     Thou dost lay up a richer treasure  
 In the land where joy reigns supreme,  
     Thou dost give thy wealth without measure

To the needy of earth—thy hand  
     E'er goes out in distress or in pain,  
 Thy sympathy full is silent,  
     Like the softly falling summer rain.

Thy children love thee ; well they know  
     That their welfare is first in thy heart ;  
 And thou hast seen sorrow, but now  
     Thy children to thee new love impart.

Thy cheeks are crimson, as of old,  
     Thine eyes like the bright stars of night shine,  
 And music charms thy soul with chords  
     That thrill it with love almost divine.

God is our refuge, He will ope  
     Golden gates of happiness for thee ;  
 Trust in Him ever, He can fill  
     Thy soul with purest tranquility.

## Well Hast Thou Borne the Weight.

LINES TO MRS. FRANKLIN SMITH.

Well hast thou borne the weight  
Of care upon thy brow,  
With heart so light and eyes—  
I see them sparkle now.

Thy heart was brave, despair  
Never yet left a trace,  
Thou wert ever bright, with  
Sweet smile upon thy face.

And now I trust kind Heav'n  
Has wealth for thee in store,  
And a blessing sincere,  
Which all need more and more.

---

## Oh the Bonnie Wee Bit o' Heather.

TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. INKSTER.

Oh the bonnie wee bit o' heather,  
O' crimson an' white,  
That ye baith gie me, one evenin'  
Just afore twilight !

Hoo I treasur'd the wee bit giftie  
Frae Auld Scotia's banks ;  
An' may we a' be true as heather  
In the Saviour's ranks.

---

## There is Grandeur in Thy Goodness.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JUDGE HOLT.

There is grandeur in thy goodness,  
Purity in thy face,  
The seed of Heavenly virtue  
In thy life all can trace.

Well dost thou show nobility  
Of soul in all thy ways,  
In all thy acts of charity,  
In all thy acts of praise.

"Sincerity" is thy watchword,  
All honor be giv'n thee,  
And happiness in thy lov'd home,  
And where'er thou mayst be.

God is love ; He sendeth His rays  
From His Heaven above  
To all those who work to gain  
His everlasting love.



## "Happy Are They Who Die in the Lord."

ARTHUR CURRIE.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CURRIE, ON THE  
SUDDEN DEATH OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON, ARTHUR CURRIE.

He died in his early manhood,  
The idol of his parents' hearts,  
To save a life—the life of one  
As young and fair as he—a son  
Of promise—one who lov'd the Lord  
And gloried in His works ; and now  
He wears the victor's crown—for him  
Death had no fear—his lovely eyes  
Of blue saw no danger, saw naught  
But a life in peril, battling  
With the angel Death—the angel  
That bore them to the great white throne,  
The throne of the Omnipotent.

---

### Willie.

WILLIE PROUDFOOT.

Happy little Willie,  
Like a courtier true,  
Hair of glossy ringlets,  
Everyone loves you.

---

### Poetical Address.

TO MRS. DAVID CANTELON, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S  
INSTITUTE.

May the new honors that now do rest  
On you bring happiness to thy breast,  
For woman's work saints and angels prize,  
For it fitteth mankind for the skies,  
Man needs a helpmate on earth below,  
And woman's work, how well we all know,  
Is for his own good—is for his sake,  
To lighten the burden he must take.  
They could not elect one who will feel  
Better the need to be true and leal  
To woman's work, for thou hast long been  
Where woman's work the world has all seen  
Early and late, when earth's duties bade,  
Thou didst hear the call, with heart so glad ;  
And now I pray woman's work will make  
A harvest rich for the Master's sake.

## Weep Not, Fond Parents.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE  
BURNETT, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY SON,  
ARTHUR GEORGE BURNETT.

O weep not, fond parents, for  
Thy idol, thy only son,  
Whose smiles of loving kindness  
On earth his lov'd sisters won.  
No tear dims his hazel eyes,  
No pain fills his heart so gay,  
His voice is tun'd to Heav'n's songs  
That will float to earth alway.

Then weep not, fondest parents,  
"The Lord He taketh away  
Those whom He giveth," to rise  
Upon the great judgment day.  
Roses o'er his grassy mound  
Strew by Bayfield's winding shore.  
With God he and his comrade  
Reign now and forever more.

---

## Thy Life is Pure.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. THOMAS TROY.  
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1902.

Thy life is pure  
As lily white,  
Thy mind is fill'd  
With Heaven's light.

Thy time is spent  
In doing good  
To those in pain ;  
Or when winds rude

Take hope and heart  
From someone's life,  
Maybe from some  
Husband or wife,

Then pity fills  
Thy heart of hearts,  
And thou to them  
Rich grace imparts.

Thou'rt ne'er alone,  
God dwells with thee,  
He'll be thy spouse  
Eternally.

## May the Love of Thy Children.

TO MRS. LUTTREL.

Thou art happy as ever  
In all those long years,  
No grief in thy pure bosom,  
No cause for sad tears.

May the love of thy children  
Delight thy fond heart,  
May thy life be all sunshine  
Wherever thou art.

---

## Like a Fragrant Flower.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. L. ELIOT,  
BANK OF MONTREAL.

Like a fragrant flower  
Thy kindness has been,  
Buoying up my spirits  
When sad they have been.

For thou wert a stranger ;  
No favor from me  
Ever awoke in you  
Generosity.

Thy kindness was lasting,  
It came from thy heart,  
And may the love of Heav'n  
Ne'er from thee depart.

Like a violet thou art,  
So modest and sweet ;  
E'er let my gratitude  
Lie low at thy feet.

---

## Pearl.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WOOLGAR.

Little Pearl,  
Winsome girl,  
Thou art a maiden so fair,  
Liquid eyes,  
Lips I prize,  
Voice as sweet as robin rare.

Pretty child,  
Sweet and mild,  
Thou'rt a pearl beyond all price,  
Pearl of love  
From above,  
Follow thy mother's advice.

## I Gave Thy Bride Fair Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO T. WRIGHT, ESQ.,  
MANAGER NORDHEIMER'S ESTABLISHMENT, LONDON.

I gave thy bride fair flowers,  
In bright memory of thee,  
Who ever hast been faithful  
In thy true friendship for me.

A treasure art thou to her,  
A gem in her earthly crown,  
For love and sincerity  
Are beyond Fame's priz'd renown.

Long may ye reap together  
A harvest both rich and rare,  
Fill'd with flowers of esteem  
With which naught else can compare.

Thy golden rule, "Remember  
Thy Creator," has e'er been  
Through life's path thy guiding star  
To Heavenly pastures green.

---

### Ena.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. J. YULE.

O Ena, as fair as the morning,  
Why didst thou leave thy belov'd home ?  
Didst long for the wealth of the city ?  
Didst long 'mong new faces to roam ?  
How thou didst rejoice when thy brother  
Return'd from far Africa's shore,  
And well might'st thou be happy, Ena,  
For on earth he'll not leave thee more.

Thou art fair as the lilies in June,  
Thou art bright as the morning star,  
Thy pretty brown hair an aureole,  
May no clouds thy joyous life mar ;  
Forget not thy home in the city—  
The Queen City I love so well,  
But at home thy parents long for thee  
And pray for thee with them to dwell.

The only daughter of their abode,  
A daughter so proud and so fair ;  
Let not the blue Ontario keep  
Thee from old Huron's bracing air.  
Farewell, Ena ! If thou'lt not return  
We wish for thee earth's wealth untold,  
And may thy life be fraught with good deeds,  
To be treasur'd in Heaven's fold.

## Bella Howrie.

With the howries, Bella love,  
Thou dost vie,  
With plaidie on thy shoulder,  
Pinn'd fast by

A bonnie siller buckle  
Wi' cairngorm,  
Dancin' to the bagpipes' tunes  
In gran' form.

Thy face tells o' the beauty  
Of thy soul,  
As pure as the billows white  
When they roll

O'er the wild, treacherous sea ;  
Pure they keep,  
An' list to the thunders roll  
O'er the deep.

So, Bella, keep thy heart pure  
As to-day,  
That with Christ, when life doth end,  
Thou wilt stay.

To the memory of Burns  
Faithful be ;  
God bless the land of ferns, oor  
Ain countrie.

---

## Trials and Sorrows.

LINES TO MRS. PATRICK LYNN.

Trials and sorrows hast thou known,  
But God knows best,  
He took from thee a husband true  
To Heav'n to rest.

But thou'rt not alone—thy lov'd sons  
Ever will be  
Kind and loving, and thy daughter  
Always with thee.

Thy loving heart is like the sun  
That paints the flow'rs,  
Giving help to poor and needy  
To lighten hours

Of pain and sorrow—may God bless  
Thy earnest Christian righteousness.

## "Asleep in the Woods."

FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED TO MAJOR AND MRS. DUDLEY HOLMES.

There they lay, the faithful babes two,  
Asleep in the woods, where the dew  
Of Heaven o'er them gently fell,  
While at their home the curfew bell  
Rang to arouse the people round  
That they two babes could not be found.  
They long'd to meet their grandma dear,  
And sped along the rail track, near  
Exhausted they stray'd through the wood,  
While the heart of their mother stood  
Stricken with fear—but with a rush  
Good news came, "Asleep in the bush."  
What happy hearts lay down to rest  
That night in town, God knoweth best.

## I Give Thee This Sprig of Golden Rod.

TO MISS HELEN ATTRILL.

I give thee this sprig of golden rod,  
Emblem of thy nation's pow'r,  
May its memory bloom in thy heart  
And gild thy every hour.

To strengthen thee if sorrow's dark cloud  
E'er shadows thy golden road,  
For sweet and pure is the soul that bows  
To the holy will of God.

## Charlotte.

INSCRIBED TO PROFESSOR AND MRS. CUFF.

Pretty little Charlotte,  
With thy ringlets fair,  
Thou hast a look, Charlotte,  
Like some princess rare.

Coy, innocent Charlotte,  
Loving little friend,  
Faithful and true, Charlotte,  
Thou'lt be to the end.

Music may charm, Charlotte,  
Thee thou pretty one,  
Thy parents' hope, Charlotte.  
All they yet have won,  
Fame and wealth are all for thee  
And thy loving brothers three.

## May Malcolmson.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GORDON HENDERSON.

I never could forget thee, May,  
Thou daughter of Scotia fair,  
With thy starry blue eyes, dear May,  
And thy lovely golden hair.

Thy parents lov'd thee tenderly,  
And watch'd thee like a flower,  
Growing with them in thy childhood,  
Beautiful every hour.

And now thou art a mother, May,  
And a fair, loving young wife ;  
May God reign His choice blessings down  
Upon thee, May, all thy life.

---

## God's Seal is Set Upon Thy Brow.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DOTY.

God's seal is set upon thy brow,  
A true King's Daughter yea art thou,  
Compassion dwells within thine eyes,  
A virtue that we all must prize.

May God send thee His honors here ;  
Those who knoweth that God is near  
Knows that He loveth all who take  
The cross away for His dear sake,—

Away from those who feel its weight,  
Away from those at sorrow's gate,—  
And God will crown thee with His love  
When thou dost reach His Heav'n above.

God is ever at thy right side,  
Since first thou didst become a bride ;  
May He bless thy devoted sons,  
And thy fair daughter—happy ones

To have a mother good and true,  
Who leads them into pastures new,  
Who by ev'ry look, word and deed  
Implants in them the Gospel's seed.

---

## To a friend.

May Christmas bring thee many joys  
And hopes of future power,  
May this twentieth century  
Bring thee blessings ev'ry hour.

## Gladness of Heart.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN A. M.  
SHEPHARD.

Gladness of heart is thy ruling passion,  
Thy face is enwreath'd with smiles,  
Thine eyes beam with a Heavenly born light  
Which no earthly care beguiles ;  
Loving and true, like some sweet flower  
Thou sheddest fragrance every hour.

Brave art thou, like thy lov'd sailor husband,  
Pure courage fanneth the flame  
Within thy loving and generous heart,  
Gen'rous not only in name ;  
Anchor'd upon the Heavenly shore  
Wilt thou be when this life here is o'er.

---

## The Notes of Thy Violin.

TO MR. FRED. EGNER.

The notes of thy violin  
Have charm'd me many a time,  
And in time thou wilt grow  
Fond of music, I trow,  
As fond as I am of rhyme.

---

## A Soldier's Courtesy.

LINES LOYALLY DEDICATED TO LIEUT.-COL. VARGOE.

Dost remember the grand reception  
To Lord and Lady Aberdeen,  
When thy volunteers in uniform  
Made so gay the opening scene ?

When they form'd such a loyal cordon  
Around our Queen's gracious guests,  
And held themselves all in readiness  
To exercise thy gallant requests ?

Dost remember my pot of shamrock  
That you passed along the grand line  
And presented it right loyally ?—  
Emblem of the Godhead divine.

May your broad acres yield greater wealth  
Than ever they have done before,  
And may your loyal young volunteers  
And you in peace rest for years more.



## Jack.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER JACK PROUDFOOT. -

Dear Jack, you and I  
Have both the same birthday,  
And we always meet  
On the second of May.

May we often meet  
While the swift year rolls,  
And may we each feel  
God's love within our souls.

Mayst thou, dear Jack, be  
A comfort and a stay  
To thy lov'd parents  
Every new birthday.

---

## Thou Art Gracious, May.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAY DOYLE, DAUGHTER OF  
JUDGE DOYLE.

Thou art gracious, May, and faithful  
To all who need thy love,  
Thou dost not forget duties of earth  
Nor those of Heav'n above.

Pleasant and kind to all whom you meet,  
Thou art true to the land  
Of the birth of thy dear old grandsire,  
One of the patriot band

Who left Erin for fair Canada,  
Home of the maple tree,  
And I know thou art true to them both,  
Both are honor'd by thee.

---

## Alma.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. SPENCE, BERLIN.

Charming little Alma,  
With thy large blue eyes,  
Looking at Lake Huron  
With unfeign'd surprise.  
Thou hast no olive cheek  
Like thy sisters dear,  
Thou art like an angel  
Sent from Heav'n to cheer  
Thy sisters when they come  
From school ev'ry day,  
Where they study so hard,  
And then come home to play.

## Like England's Rose.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. BLACKSTONE.

Like England's rose  
Art thou so fair,  
With rosy cheeks  
And blue eyes rare.  
Thou really art a very rose complete,  
For in every act thou art so sweet.

Music charms thee  
Just the same  
As in England,  
When you came.  
The chords of music sweet fill thy pure soul,  
The chords of perfect love thou dost control.

Fair mother, be  
Always the same,  
A rose indeed,  
As when you came  
From old Albion's lovely city home  
To fair Canada, o'er old ocean's foam.

---

## Bella.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS.  
JAMES STEWART.

O Bella, darling, fill'd with love  
For the Saviour on high,  
But for Him thou didst truly live,  
In His love thou didst die.

Happy wert thou in thy fair home  
By Maitland's rippling stream ;  
Now thou'rt by the "River of Life,"  
Of which thy parents dream.

Thou art never absent from them,  
Their thoughts are all of thee,  
The fair flowers in the garden  
Whisper most lovingly,

"We know thou dost well remember  
Her hair like raven's wing,  
And her merrie, bright eyes so dark—  
List to our whispering.

Though not so fair as thy daughter,  
Our hearts are truly thine,  
We bring thee her lov'd messages  
In the bright summer time.

We tell thee she is happier  
In her Heavenly home,  
With her Saviour and her brother,  
Waiting for thee to come."

## Sleep On, Little Babe.

LINES DEDICATED TO BABY ERNEST WILLIAM M'CREATH, NEW  
BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, U. S., ON SEEING HIM ASLEEP.

Thy dear little babe  
Came into this world of love  
To fill thy heart with glee,  
While it lies upon thy knee,  
And lead thee to realms above.

It lies calm and quiet  
Upon its mother's fond breast,  
And the richest gems  
Of royal diadems  
Thee from thy babe could not wrest.

Sleep on, little babe,  
Thou art safe from ev'ry harm,  
Let thy azure blue eyes  
Rest with a glad surprise  
On my rose laid on thy arm.

Sleep on, little babe,  
And may in manhood this rose  
A symbol of fame  
Be to thy lov'd name,  
And shield thy life from earth's woes.

---

## Floral Courtesy.

LINES INSCRIBED FONDLY TO MASTER FREDDIE G. JOHNSTON,  
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

Thou art welcome to thy father's home,  
From beautiful Sault Ste. Marie,  
And in honor of thy home-coming  
Offer this pretty rose to thee.

Thou art clever for thy youthful age,  
Well train'd is thy mind, like a vine  
Which will bear good fruit in after years  
When Fame's proud harvest will be thine.

Let thy works, dear Freddie, like this rose,  
Spread through thy life sweetest perfume,  
And may thy mem'ry ever be bless'd  
And Heav'n's light thy pathway illumine.

And the lovely, large flower, with heart  
Of gold, and petals creamy white,  
That thou gavest me as tribute fair,  
Fill'd my heart with purest delight.

For it show'd that thy heart was sincere  
In all that thou takest in hand,  
And may all the plans of thy young life  
Mature when thou takest command.

## Bertie Murphy.

Be ever buoyant, brave and bright,  
 E'en as the eagle takes to flight ;  
 Roaming here or on foreign shore,  
 His eagle's eye shines more and more ;  
 If earthly dangers come his way  
 Never near danger doth he stay.

---

## Ernie.

TO ERNIE DEVINE, EASTER, 1902.

Be faithful and true  
 While life doth last,  
 And may no sorrow  
 Thy life o'ercast.

---

## Blessed Art Thou.

TO AMY M'GUINNESS, DETROIT.

Blessed art thou, the parting's o'er,  
 Gone are thy lov'd ones, never more  
 Shall sorrow enter at thy door,  
 Amy.

The skies are blue when rain storms cease,  
 The birds carol sweet songs of peace,  
 Love from pain will thy heart release,  
 Amy.

---

## Gerald.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER GERALD NEWTON AND HIS  
 GRANDMA GORDON.

Gerald over the pathway strays  
 In pretty suit of velvet brown,  
 Picking golden dandelions,  
 The loveliest flowers in town

To his dark eyes, and to many  
 He greets as he marches along ;  
 With long, slender stems he holds them,  
 As happy as the birds of song

That soar o'er his head and grandma's,  
 Who guards him with such tender love.  
 May their lives, like these golden flow'rs,  
 Win blessings from Heaven above !

## To Cecil Neilly.

ON PRESENTING HIS MOTHER WITH A BEAUTIFUL ROSE TO  
WEAR AT THE WEDDING OF MISS SANDS, OF  
SALTFORD, ONT.

To your mama a rose, dear Cecil, I gave,  
A crimson rose, fragrant and sweet,  
To honor a bride,  
The village pride,  
Whom Hymen this morn chose to greet.

O, dear little Cecil, like Cupid thou art,  
In thine orbs the little god dwells ;  
Dear angel of love,  
May God from above  
Keep His wisdom impress'd on thy youthful heart.

---

## Bright Josie, Like a Butterfly.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JOSIE REYNOLDS,  
LEEDS, NORTH DAKOTA.

Bright Josie, like a butterfly,  
No thought of sorrow,  
Life will never portray for thee  
A sad to-morrow ;  
Thou'lt be content with thy fate, no  
One's crown to borrow.

Thou'rt far from us, Josie darling,  
But thou'lt not forget  
All the loving, hoping prayers  
Of those thou hast met,  
And from afar I seem to hear  
Thy loving voice yet.

---

## A Sabbath Night.

(BEFORE ADVENT, 1804.)

TO MRS. JUDGE COOPER.

The church bells are chiming their beautiful notes,  
Calling upon all the faithful to hear  
Songs of praise from the choir's praise to the Master  
Who speaks thro' the storm, "Be thou of good cheer."

Yea, the wintry winds try to muffle the chimes,  
Try to fill Christian hearts with despair,  
But list, we hear "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Ringing out upon the snow-laden air.  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide my soul in thee."

## Marie.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MARIE M'SWEEEN ON  
BEING PRESENTED WITH A LOVELY LARGE BOUQUET OF  
NASTURTIUMS, AZALEAS AND MIGNONETTE ON THE  
12TH JULY, 1896.

So sweet are thy blossoms of flame-colored hue,  
Made bright by the sunshine and pure morning dew ;  
May thy fair face charm and thy talents expand,  
That thy name may be cherish'd throughout the land.

## Le Petit Beau Beau.

TO GEOFFREY KIELY.

Dimples on cheek,  
And dimples on chin,  
Geoffrey is sure  
Happy smiles to win

From dear mamma,  
Who loves her Beau Beau ;  
Kind papa, too,  
Adores him, I know,

His lovely eyes  
And pretty, round face,  
No portrait fair  
Has such matchless grace.

## A Lily White.

LINES WRITTEN TO REV. W. STODDART, OF LEBANON, KY., ON  
FLOWER SUNDAY IN KNOX CHURCH, GODERICH, JULY  
12TH, 1903.

There, lowly it lay, and my heart with delight  
Beat with joy for the lily so pure and white ;  
I lifted it up, for 'twas fragrant as well,  
And seem'd for me to hold a magical spell.

I reach'd the church door where the service at even  
Had drawn many souls together for Heaven ;  
The preacher, a youth, spake of the fatal charm  
Life held for the strong—but no thought of the harm

It would do to the soul to forget God's love  
And keep true souls from winning in Heav'n above  
Seats in the bless'd mansion, where only the pure  
God with his bright angels can ever endure.

And still while he preached the perfume ascended,  
And floated around till the sermon was ended ;  
It seem'd my heart to fill with greatest content  
That finding the lily on Flow'r Sunday meant  
I must on the Lord for success in life lean,  
And from thoughts of despair my trusting heart wean.

## Harold.

TO HAROLD, ONLY SON OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD.

With Berenice for thy playmate,  
Happy children are ye,  
Never a care for to-morrow,  
Ever joyous and free.

Eager in the morning's sunshine  
To rise and be at play,  
And like merrie little song birds  
Contented all the day.

May God guard thee, little children,  
And list to thy prayer  
That He may bless thy parents dear  
And keep them from all care.

And now for writing this poem  
Thou hast e'en fill'd my hand  
With those lovely red carnations,  
Fit for a princess grand.

May thy life in beauty grow, Harold,  
And fill the world with fame  
As bright as those red carnations,  
Laurels to crown thy name.



## Thou Art Growing Like a Sunflower.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER HUGH PRESTON STRANG, OF  
THE GODERICH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Thou art growing like a sunflower,  
With pure love for all,  
Ever turning round to the bright sunlight,  
Waiting for the call

Of Him Who says, "Go, teach all nations,  
For I am the Way.  
The Truth and the Life," dearest Preston,  
Doth our Saviour say.

Then listen, Preston, listen, to the  
Command from above,  
And gird thou on thy armour, Preston,  
To lead men by love,

To teach all you meet to scatter seeds  
Of kindness around,  
And harvest health and true happiness  
From this fruitful ground.

And lay up a treasure, Preston, not  
Corrupted by rust,  
Which will ascend to Heaven, Preston,  
Like incense, I trust.

## Lizzie Hyde.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. W. HYDE, HAMILTON.

Lizzie, as true to me hast thou been  
As the needle to the pole,  
Altho' far away  
In thought we stray,  
Like the clouds that onward roll.

But the clouds bring rain to fertilize  
The earth for fruit and flowers,  
And so we will each  
Be certain to reach  
Love's everlasting bowers.

So, Lizzie, in mind, if not in sight,  
True to each other we'll be,  
And if time sends wealth  
And the best of health  
We may soon each other see.

---

## Dost Remember ?

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. RIDDELL.

Dost remember when our tall forests grand  
Surrounded both lake and river ?  
Dost remember the busy harvest time,  
For which we all thank'd the Giver  
Who fill'd our homes with plenty o' good cheer,  
In happy days so long gone by ?

And now, when the harvest is bountiful,  
Are we as thankful—you and I ?  
"Scatter seeds of kindness" was then well known,  
The farmer's heart was larger then ;  
His heart should ne'er change in harvest time, for  
Farmers are the happiest men.

---

## Art Has Its Firm Abode.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. M'KIM.

Art has its firm abode  
Within thy pure, calm soul ;  
The dark clouds in Life's sky  
May daily o'er thee roll,

But thou art contented,  
Thou hast not e'en a care,  
Like flow'rs in thy garden ;  
So lovely and so rare

Are the flowers in thy heart of love,  
Whose fragrance reaches to Heav'n above.



## Anniversary Wedding Day.

ON PRESENTING MRS. REUBEN SALLOWS WITH A BOUQUET OF  
SUNFLOWERS.

To-day to wish you joy I bring  
The flower Moore lov'd so well,  
The lovely, golden sunflower,  
That grows in every dell.

It speaks of love and truth and faith.  
In every age and clime ;  
May it inspire most love for Him  
Whose true love outlasts all time.

## Beautiful Father, Brother, Son.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE LOVING FAMILY OF THE LATE JOSIE  
M'GILLIVRAY, OF OTTAWA.

Beautiful father, brother and son,  
How dearly they lov'd thee, ev'ry one ;  
God lov'd thee too, we know not why  
He call'd thee to His home on high.

He call'd thee that thy loving wife  
Might give to Him her heart through life,  
And keep thy children pure and sweet  
To lay like incense at His feet.

Dear Edith, to his mem'ry be  
As true as leaflets to the tree ;  
Grow strong, his lonely wife to cheer,  
And children whom he lov'd so dear.

Thy parents long will mourn their son  
With e'en of blue—his work is done ;  
His lovely face no care will mar,  
For he has found the "gates ajar."

Thy mother, too, has found the gates,  
And with her son lov'd ones awaits,  
Her lovely boy is with her still,  
And thou must bow to God's own will.

## Gladys.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WALTER SAULTS.

Baby Gladys, fair art thou,  
Many hearts to thee will bow,  
But may your heart ever be  
Full of fervent love for me.

## Ethel.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ETHEL BOYER, CHICAGO.

Thy rich, brown braid of hair, Ethel,  
Is beautiful to see,  
Yet thou'rt like thy mother, Ethel,  
With heart so full and free.

Her roguish eyes, blue as the skies  
In glorious summer time,  
Her hair was fair as a siren's,  
Her mind with thoughts sublime

Was fill'd e'en as I watched her, oft  
Joyous as butterfly,  
Flitting eagerly here and there  
To hear the wild fowl's cry.

Oh ! happy days were those, Ethel,  
When old Lake Huron's breeze  
Like zephyrs touch'd her hair so fair  
While 'mong the leafy trees

She stroll'd or read in her hammock  
Of colors gay and bright ;  
Oh ! those were days when no cloud e'er  
Marr'd her pure soul's delight.

So, Ethel, like thy mother dear,  
When next thy face I see  
Some other love may fill thy heart,  
But do not forget me.

---

## Ada.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. A. PLACKETT, SPOKANE, WASH.

Ada, as fair as Byron's daughter,  
Oh, why dost thou never come  
To thy old home beside Lake Huron,  
Where the wild bee now doth hum

'Mong purple pansies and mignonette ?  
For it is the sweet June time,  
When the white sweet clover doth blossom  
And the honeysuckles climb

Over thy mother's cottage so white.  
"Twould make your heart glad to see  
How fair and happy thy mother looks  
Watching and waiting for thee.

Dost hear her, Ada, dost hear her call  
When you look at Heav'n's blue dome ?  
Dost, when the moon and stars are shining,  
Hear, "Come, dear Ada, come home ?"

## Early and Late.

TO MISS KATE REID, LAKE VIEW.

Early and late thou'rt busy,  
Like busy honey bee,  
Thinking of thy future home  
Beside old Huron's sea.

Thinking of thy lover brave,  
Whom soon I trust thou'lt wed,  
Wear thy wreath and bridal veil  
When to the altar led.

---

## Huldah.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS HULDAH WHITELY,  
CLINTON, ONT.

Huldah, joyous maiden  
Wert thou by Huron's tide,  
Eyes twinkling with merrie light,  
Like the joyous stars of night,  
Ever thy heart was aright  
At thy lov'd parents' side.

But one has gone to Heav'n,  
To live by Jordan's tide ;  
Thou wilt often miss his love,  
Since kind Heav'n took him above,  
There to find life's treasure trove  
By Christ, the Saviour's side.

Huldah, joyous maiden  
Mayst thou forever be,  
E'er keep thy heart strong and brave,  
While upon Life's stormy wave,  
Ever try some souls to save  
For all eternity.

---

## Priscilla.

INSCRIBED TO MISS PRISCILLA JENNINGS, BAYFIELD ROAD.

Like Priscilla in the Gospel  
Thou art ever full of love  
For thy home and parents,  
For thy God in Heav'n above.

Like Priscilla in the Mayflow'r  
Thou'rt modest and full of truth,  
Happy in doing thy duty,  
Happy in thy blooming youth.

Then as true as the Puritan maiden ever be,  
And, like Priscilla in the Gospel, thy reward see.

## Little Ray.

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. M'DAIRMID.

Pretty and happy art thou,  
Little maiden so free,  
Always giving welcome true  
To all who e'er meet thee.

The birds must be thy playmates  
On Huron's sounding shore,  
Thou art merrie when thou dost  
Hear old Huron's wild roar.

Thou hast no fear, happy child,  
Plucking the pansies rare  
To make someone a bouquet,  
Ever thy daily care.

And when snows of winter come  
Ready art thou to go  
With thy bright sled and shovel  
To clear away the snow.

So, little Ray, e'er be joyous and bright,  
The Saviour will keep thee safe in His sight.

---

## Some People Say the Earth.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MASTER WALKER WITH A TURTLE,  
IT BEING A PRIZE FOR ENGLISH, AT THE ENTRANCE  
EXAMINATION FOR G. C. I., FIRST YEAR OF  
20TH CENTURY.

Some people say the earth  
Upon a great turtle stands ;  
We know not—but we know  
Turtles hide among its sands.

---

## Aggie.

TO MISS DICKSON.

Soft and low thy well-known voice  
Rings with melody true,  
And fills my heart with many thoughts  
Of thy nobility, too.

Thine eyes still with keen delight  
Sparkle as they did of yore,  
Thou hast not changed, true to me  
Thou wilt be forever more.

And in days to come, Aggie,  
May both health and wealth be thine,  
And mayst thou soon find a friend  
To claim that true heart of thine.

## Orange Blossoms.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS LIZZIE COSTIE.

Oh ! the lovely orange blossoms  
Perfume my pleasant room,  
And make it appear quite bridal  
And chase away all gloom.

The blossoms are so large and white,  
Of sunny climes they speak,  
And tell us of the troubadours  
Who lonely vigils keep.

Oft with their soft, sweet-ton'd guitars  
They sing sweet songs of love  
To the ladies of their choice, who  
List to their notes above.

I thank thee, Lizzie, for the charm  
That thy flow'rs lend my room,  
And more than the beautiful sight  
I feel their rich perfume.

Then, Lizzie, may thy fortune be  
As lovely as your flow'rs,  
And may orange blossoms ever  
Give thee thy brightest hours.

---

## Christmas is Coming.

LINES WRITTEN AND INSCRIBED IN ADVENT, 1808, TO  
REV. DR. URE.

Christmas is coming, happy time,  
Of all the year the most sublime ;  
Let the Christ bells merrily chime,  
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Let all rejoice and kneel in pray'r,  
Jesus, the King, is coming to wear  
An infant's robe, in chamber bare,  
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Gather the holly, children dear,  
With berries red, old England's cheer,  
And deck your lamps, Christmas is near,  
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Ring, ring, Christ bells, ring merrily,  
For Christ, the Child, ring "Adeste,"  
The Infant born in Galilee,  
"Gæte Triumphantæ," is coming.

Let all adore the King of Peace,  
Let all from sin their souls release,  
And swell the song which ne'er can cease.  
Jesus, the God King, is coming.

## To Beatrice Curry.

TO BEATRICE CURRY, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET  
OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

'Twas kind to bring me a souvenir  
From the meadows fair,  
Where these tiny blossoms held full sway,  
With no thought of care.

And may love for me live in thy heart  
While thy life doth last,  
And, like these white blossoms, be content  
Where thy lot is cast.

---

## Dorothy.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS.  
BISSETT-THOM.

Charming dark-eyed Dorothy,  
In thy parents' sight  
Walking like a fairy queen  
With footsteps so light.

As modest as a daisy  
In the early spring,  
Before June's lovely roses  
Their rich fragrance bring.

But thou art lovelier far  
Than any flower,  
Or than any bird that sings  
In summer bower.

Then, Dorothy, keep lovely  
For thy parents' sake,  
Reward them with loving acts  
For the pains they take

To guard thee, dear Dorothy,  
From every ill,  
And with love for our Saviour  
Thy youthful heart fill.

---

## A New Year's Prayer.

1903.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN TRETHEWAY.

May God give thee a Happy New Year  
And spare thee many a day,  
For heart wounds you bind  
With your love so kind,  
And for thee I'll ever pray.

Maude ferguson.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. OLIVER RHYNAS.

What a lovely, trusting bride art thou,  
Maude Ferguson,  
With the bloom of youth upon thy cheek,  
Maude Ferguson,  
While thy dark eyes shine with love's veil'd soft light,  
Rivalling Heaven's bright stars at midnight.

Then forget me not, my pretty bride,  
                                   Maude Ferguson,  
 Forget not the orange you gave me,  
                                   Maude Ferguson,  
 So round and so plump from the orange tree,  
 Whose fragrant blossoms made wreath for thee.

Then forget me not while life shall last,  
                                           Maude Ferguson,  
 Forget not thy home and parents dear,  
                                           Maude Ferguson ;  
 Be happy as a wife, as thou art a bride,  
 True as steel, whether weal or woe betide.

Florence Bertrude.

**LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX. M'LEAN.**

Her cheeks like harvest apples  
Are rosy red,  
Her eyes are like the gazelle,  
Heavenward led,  
To search for food on the Alps so high,  
And listen to the proud eagle's cry.

"Here's A Rosebud for You."

INSCRIBED RESPECTFULLY TO MISS GERTRUDE MORROW.

"Here's a rosebud for you, a lovely rosebud," said a young girl fair,  
 Juno's offering to Poesy, this bud exquisitely rare ;  
 I took it home to open and exhale its fragrance by my side,  
 And the opening would have charn'd the heart of some  
     expectant bride.

Each petal seem'd to waft to me a sweet kiss from Juno's  
bower,  
And I felt that its wooing grew more powerful every hour ;  
I bow'd my heart in silence and my heart offer'd Heaven  
this pray'r,  
"Strengthen the youthful heart of her who gave me this rose-  
bud so rare."

## Trusting in the Lord.

(MAGGIE FOWLER.)

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE  
MISS MAGGIE FOWLER, OF AKRON, OHIO.

Trusting in the Saviour they laid her to rest,  
With the flower of innocence on her breast,  
In blissful repose,  
Lay a pure white rose.

## God Has Heard Thy Prayer.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. H. SPENCE.

God has heard thy prayer—thine  
Eyes are brighter, and thy smile  
Has all its old winning ways.  
Death call'd thy soldier husband  
From thy side—God will'd it so ;  
But mourn not, earth has blessings  
For thee in store. Thou hast been  
Faithful to thy trust to guide  
Those whom God has given thee,  
And He will ne'er forsake thee.  
On thy cheeks roses will bloom  
Again, and thy step regain  
Its old time buoyancy, for  
Contentment dwelleth with thee,  
Whose crown is a crown of peace.

## Pleasure Sincere.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. GUNDRY.

Much pleasure sincere have I had  
Ever since I met thee,  
Always so cheerful, never sad,  
Heart fill'd with charity.

In life thou hast seen much sorrow  
Among those thou hast met,  
For thou hast sooth'd the aching brow,  
Which Heav'n will ne'er forget.

Like rain upon the strawberries,  
This lovely month of June,  
Sorrow's sad tears encompass'd thee  
And kept thy heart in tune

With the harps in Heaven above,  
That know of no discord,  
And with the angelic voices  
That praise our risen Lord.



## Berenice.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. F. DAVIS.

Like a little, bright sunbeam,  
Berenice, dearest, art thou,  
With thy pretty brown ringlets  
Encircling thy pure, fair brow.

With dimpled cheeks all aglow,  
And eyes that sparkle so bright,  
Thou art like a butterfly  
Flitting around in delight.

Happy in the Saviour's love,  
Then, Berenice, ever be,  
For He says, "Suffer little  
Children to come unto Me."

---

## Jennie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS OF MISS JENNIE SHARKEY, WHO DIED AT 700,  
ST. PAUL AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,  
OCT. 29TH, 1890.

They laid her to rest, their dear sister so true,  
They laid her to rest under Heaven so blue,  
With lovely carnations of pink and of white,  
They lay on her breast like a lover's troth plight.

They laid her to rest by her pure mother's side,  
No more to be parted in this world so wide ;  
In Heaven they'll pray for those they lov'd on earth  
To the God who watch'd over them from their birth.

Fond daughter, sweet sister, with thine eyes of brown,  
Thy fond heart was so pure, thy face wore no frown,  
Thy life was consecrated for His sweet sake,  
On earth thou but sleepest, in Heav'n to awake.

Long, long will they mourn thee, their darling so fair,  
The heart in thy bosom was e'en light as air,  
Thy voice low and sweet, oft thou wert heard repeat  
The Pater and the Ave with thy voice so sweet.

Safe, safe art thou now, near thy lov'd mother's breast,  
That oft sooth'd thee on earth to a peaceful rest,  
And now with thy "heads" twin'd around thy fair hand  
Happy art thou now in that fair better land.

Be thou, O then, dear Father, the Guiding Star  
Of those who are left upon earth's harbor bar,  
May they cling to Thy cross, afloat on life's sea,  
And gain crowns of pure gold in eternity.

## To Norah in Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM, MISS NORAH SEYMOUR.

Many years have I miss'd the music of thy voice  
And the sparkling of thy merry, laughing eyes ;  
Engrav'd on my heart thy graceful image lies,  
But now in the beautiful land dost thou rejoice.

Norah darling, how I lov'd thee no pen can tell,  
Thy joys were all mine and thy sorrows the same,  
With love for Erin's isle thy heart was aflame,  
Yet o'er thy grave no tear of mine ever yet fell.

I watch'd thee in thy beauty, so free from life's guile,  
Kneeling every morn before the altar,  
From helping the oppress'd thou didst not falter,  
Ever on thy beaming face Heaven's sweetest smile.

But far, far above the vaulted blue of Heaven  
Dost thou with thy lov'd sister Mary look down,  
Both in thy pure innocence wearing the crown  
That only to this world's faithful souls is given.

---

## Fannie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. EDWARD CARRINGTON JONES, TEXAS.

Dear little Fannie, so active and bright,  
Ever the flowers were thy fond delight,  
But now thou'rt in a land where wild flow'rs vie  
With the flow'rs thou didst pluck so lovingly

In thy old Canadian home, now so far  
From the ranches of Texas, where you are ;  
But two flowers now you have full of love,  
Two souls to bloom in God's garden above.

Mourn not, Fannie, for the one that is gone,  
Thy faithful spouse is with the Heav'nly One ;  
Take care of his children, lead them aright,  
God will illumine the darkness of thy night.

---

## Sweeter Than Perfume From Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS JANE JOHNSTON.

Sweeter than perfume from flow'rs,  
Sweeter than honey from bee,  
Is the kindness from thy heart  
Which thou hast oft shown to me.

Mayhap kind fortune will come  
And smile on my later years,  
If so, I'll not forget thee,  
Thy kindness mov'd me to tears.

## Fair Epworth Leaguers.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES ETHEL SHANNON AND MAUDE  
HALE, MEMBERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, ON  
PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BEAUTIFUL  
LARGE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM THE  
PULPIT DECORATION ON SUNDAY, 21ST  
JUNE, BEING THE CLOSING SUNDAY OF  
REV. J. W. ROBINSON'S PASTORATE  
IN VICTORIA STREET CHURCH.

O fair Epworth Leaguers, how kind  
To think of me this morn,  
And bring such a lovely bouquet  
My table to adorn,

Of marble white, fit for some hall  
In grander mansion far ;  
But your little actions of love  
In my heart planted are.

May your lives be fill'd with gladness  
And your paths strewn with flow'rs,  
For your kindly loving forethought  
In early morning hours.

Peonies, roses and carnations,  
With anemone white,  
Red honeysuckles and geraniums,  
My very heart's delight.

Then be thou like these bright flowers,  
Scatter the perfume round  
Of thy good works and kindly words  
With which thy hearts abound.



## Nellie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS NELLIE CATLING, ON PRESENTING  
HER WITH A CRIMSON MOSS ROSE, AFTER HER RETURN  
FROM THE BLIND INSTITUTE, BRANTFORD.

Thou mayst not see the beauty  
Of my moss rose so fair,  
Thou mayst not see the green leaves  
That round it nestle there.

But thou must feel the perfume  
That only God can giye,  
And thank Him for the blessing  
As long as thou mayst live.

Then be happy, Nellie dear,  
May music charm thy heart  
To fill the world with gladness,  
Of which thou art a part.

## My Pansy Gift.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. FOWLIE.

Accept those pansy blossoms,  
They are all I have to give,  
With dew like diamonds on them,  
May they in thy mem'ry live.

True daughter of a sailor,  
Courage in thy heart doth grow,  
Thou art faithful and sincere  
To all thy lov'd friends, I trow.

Thou art happy, too ; thy spouse  
Like the pansy tells his love,  
His trusting love, dear Jessie,  
Like dew from Heaven above.

June tells us of red roses,  
So full of fragrant perfume,  
But no flow'r wields greater sway  
Than the pansies in full bloom.

---

## For This Rose I Thank Thee.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO FLORRIE DOYLE, ON PRESENT-  
ING THE WRITER WITH A RED, RED ROSE, "THE LAST  
ROSE OF SUMMER."

For this rose I thank thee,  
Dear Florrie so true,  
Its beautiful petals  
Remind me of you.

So perfect and graceful,  
Like a maiden's face,  
Whose thoughts are ever pure  
As the soul they grace.

This last rose of summer,  
May it waft to me  
A rose-color'd future  
O'er land and o'er sea.

---

## Like Dew Upon the Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. H. MORRIS,  
SECRETARY MARINE HOSPITAL, GODERICH, ONT., CANADA.

Like dew upon the flowers,  
Thy kindness to me,  
So fraught with a love sincere,  
Which belongs to thee.

May Heav'n let the flower, faith,  
In both our hearts bloom,  
May each other's constancy  
In our hearts find room.

## My Rose's Mission.

TO H. RUTHVEN M'DONALD, BARITONE SOLOIST, TORONTO.

A maiden fair—methinks I see her now,  
 With the dew of innocence on her brow—  
 "The Mission of a Rose" she sweetly sang,  
 And through my brain like a clear bell it rang,  
 And I held a rose, an October rose,  
 Which lay in my hand in sweetest repose ;  
 Its petals of pink and perfume most rare  
 Caus'd me to take it to the house of pray'r,  
 And to this singer this poem I owe ;  
 "The Mission of a Rose" made my soul o'erflow.  
 "What mission hast thou ?" its petals I ask'd,  
 While inhaling its perfume, pleasant task,  
 And it said, "My mission is to that king  
 Of sacred song the Lord has led to sing  
 Of 'The Holy City.' His songs of praise  
 Emanate from Thee, as the sun's bright rays.  
 Give me to him, that souls he may inspire  
 To sing on earth and in Heavenly choir.  
 To lead hearts which so seldom turn to Thee,  
 And bless his 'Building for Eternity.'"



## Philip.

INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MR. AND MRS. OSWALD CAREY.  
 ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT.

Noble, gracious Philip,  
 Wouldst thou like to be  
 Like Philip the apostle,  
 Setting men's souls free ;

Helping them by constant pray'r,  
 Helping them to live  
 Like good soldiers of the Lord,  
 Helping them to give

Alms to the poor and needy,  
 Kind to those in pain,  
 Like the June strawberries, that  
 Ripen in the rain ?

God will keep thy heart mellow  
 With sorrows of earth ;  
 But be strong of mind, Philip,  
 Bless thy day of birth.

For many souls canst thou save  
 If thou dost but choose ;  
 But what path thou dost follow,  
 Thy faith never lose.

## The Hawthorn Tree of England.

TO MISS MINNIE STRACHAN, ON BEING PRESENTED AT "CULDU-  
THEL" WITH A BOUQUET OF HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

All hail the stately hawthorn tree,  
With its cluster'd blossoms crown'd !  
All hail the pride of Albion.  
Where laughter and sweet song resound !

Where the stately youth and maiden  
Under its crimson deck'd boughs oft stray,  
Where fair Luna in her glory  
Hallows the hawthorn's mystic sway.

All hail the royal hawthorn tree  
In our fair Canadian bowers !  
Its crimson bloom will e'er enshrine  
England's love in these hearts of ours.

---

## Fiat Voluntas Tua.

LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST IN MEMORY OF MARGARET CAR-  
MICHAEL FERGUSON, BELOVED WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM  
ALLAN MARTIN, OF DETROIT, MICH., LATER OF THE  
YUKON, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 9TH,  
1900.

"Thy will be done"—how little didst thou know,  
When thy husband dear bade thee farewell,  
That ne'er again thy lov'd voice would he hear,  
In the land where thy lov'd maples grow.

Brave wert thou, hiding the pain of parting  
From one thou didst hold on earth most dear,  
And from thy mother, when death o'er her stood,  
"Thy will be done" check'd the falling tear.

Tell him, ye winged winds, she was true till death,  
While he roain'd o'er the Yukon for gold ;  
Tell him, ye stars, she awaits for him now  
In the land where no love can grow cold.

Ah ! Maggie, with thy bonnie e'en of blue,  
And smile of joy that ne'er left thy face,  
E'en when thy daughters said their last good-bye  
True wert thou to the maxims of thy race.

Rest, Maggie dear, for thee no sorrow more  
Can hydra-headed o'er thee hold sway,  
Thy daughters cherish thy mem'ry, Maggie,  
And thy sons, forever and for aye.

When the bell chim'd twelve on last New Year's night,  
Came "A guid New Year to yin an' a',"   
With her lips so pale, yet her eyes so bright  
Said, "Thy will be done, Thy word is law."

## Madge.

TO MISS MADGE M'DONALD.

When I see thy rosy cheeks  
And the flash of thy dark eyes,  
I wonder if Cupid seeks  
Thy heart for another prize.

For Cupid lurks with his bow  
Around when we know it not ;  
His quivers are true, we know,  
And his prizes must be got.

Hymen and Cupid go hand in hand,  
And Study trembles at their command.

## I Give Thee This Red Moss Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS GERTRUDE TOLSMAN, DETROIT.

I give thee this red moss rose,  
Pluck'd this e'en for thy mother dear,  
Who always sends love's tokens  
Ever my poetic heart to cheer.

May her love for me ne'er fade,  
Like the petals of my moss rose,  
But they will live in mem'ry  
And fragrant in her heart repose.

Be bright and gay, dear Gertrude,  
Make thy mother's fond heart rejoice,  
Until some wooer tells thee  
Thou alone art his only choice.

Then thou'lt go with him and pave the way  
To meet our Saviour, our Guide and Stay.

## Charlie.

MR. CHARLIE BLACKSTONE.

We have all miss'd thee, Charlie,  
Ever so bright and so fair,  
Filling our summer ev'nings  
With music so sweet and rare.

The Stars and Stripes attract thee,  
We may look for thee in vain,  
But trust that golden treasure  
In Michigan thou wilt gain.

But keep thy clarionet  
Well tun'd for "God Save the King ;"  
When thou comest back again  
Thou wilt make the welkin ring.

## Lulu Bates.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BATES.

With this birthday, dearest Lulu,  
I bring some heather braw,  
For Scottish bluid rins thro' thy veins  
An' thro' thy luv'd kin a'.

May thy future be as bright  
As this November day,  
And may thy love for Heaven be  
Forever and for aye.

## I Will Offer Thee This Holly Sprig.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING LORD STANLEY (THEN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA) WITH A SPRIG OF HOLLY, WHILE ON A VISIT TO GODERICH IN 1893. THE POEM WAS ALSO PRINTED ON CREAM SATIN AND FRAMED IN WHITE AND GOLD, AND SENT TO RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, FOR WHICH LORD STANLEY RETURNED HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS TO THE POETESS.

I will offer thee this holly sprig in honor of thy home,  
Where Yuletide holds full sway across the grand old Atlantic's  
foam ;  
But our snow drifts are not purer than my love for England's  
Queen,  
And I honor you, her messenger, of truly noble mien.

May God with His Heavenly wisdom inspire thee in thy work,  
For our fair Canada's progress that lethargy may not lurk  
Within the bosoms of our statesmen, whose duty 'tis to guide  
The barque of Prosperity safe from Destruction's whirlpool  
tide.

## Glad Tidings.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF  
"GLAD TIDINGS."

Thy yacht is welcome to Huron's pride—  
Goderich—on fam'd Lake Huron's side,  
With banner unfurl'd to wave o'er men,  
That those in sin may be born again  
Of the Spirit that strengthens the good  
With true faith in God's Heavenly food,  
The Gospel, that with undying light  
Turns to early dawn the darkest night.  
Make thy anchor safe in ev'ry port,  
To draw men's souls to the Saviour's court,  
Unfurl thy banner, "Glad Tidings" will  
Echo Christ's voice in storm, "Peace, be still."



## A Bit o' Heather.

TO CHIEF A. P. M'LEAN, "SPRUCE GROVE," ON RECEIVING  
FROM HIM A BIT O' HEATHER.

How kind and how loyally true  
Wert thou e'en to me  
When thou gavest me the heather  
Brought frae o'er the sea.

From auld Scotia's banks and braes,  
Thy own belov'd land,  
The land o' bonnie Prince Charlie  
And his gallant band.

May thy faithful life be spar'd years  
In thy lovely home,  
"Spruce Grove," that ever is open  
To any who there roam

Through the land in joy or in fear ;  
To all thou lent a welcome ear.

---

## Jean.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. CUTT.

Jean, Jean, bonnie Jean,  
Curls of golden sheen ;  
With thy lov'd blue e'en  
Truly a fairy thou art,  
With steps light as air,  
Thy brow wears no care,  
Thou'rt beyond compare  
In thy dear grandmamma's heart.

---

## I Met Thee in the Twilight.

1903.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS BEAUMONT.

I met thee in the twilight eve  
Of our fair Dominion Day,  
And I thought of the kindly heart  
Thou hast had for me alway.

I gave thee a blossoming spray,  
To pay thee my homage true,  
And I pray that God in Heaven  
May roses o'er thy path strew.

Thou art truly a King's Daughter,  
Thy kindness is known to all,  
May thy life be spar'd many years,  
And o'er thee God's blessing fall.

## Ruth.

TO MISS RUTH WILLIAMS ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Dear Ruth, didst remember the sunflowers  
 You left at my cottage door  
 Just one year ago, in laughing mood,  
 In your modest, joyous maidenhood,  
 With your heart true to the core

To the teachings of home, to the mother  
 Whom now you must leave for life,  
 For the stranger who loves you faithfully,  
 And to-morrow his happy bride you'll be,  
 A most true and happy wife.

## I Give Thee This Pink Rose.

TO MISS MAIR, ON HER WEDDING EVE.

I give thee this pink rose,  
 But cannot compare  
 With the rose on thy cheek  
 Love has planted there.

May it grow in beauty  
 And keep thy heart true  
 For the lover who soon  
 Will be wed to you.

Wreathe her brow with blossoms  
 From the orange tree,  
 Fasten well the bridal veil  
 With the fleur-de-lis.

Her heart is fill'd with faith  
 In her artist love,  
 May he bring her blessings  
 From Heaven above.

## Fair Roses Strew Thy Pathway.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. ALFRED TEBBUTT.

Fair roses strew thy pathway now in life,  
 Thou'rt a happy mother, thrice happy wife ;  
 Thy husband's smiles are full of earnest love,  
 Thou know'st thy parents are happy above.

Thy lovely little son and heir with joy  
 Ev'ry moment of thy life doth employ,  
 No time hast thou for care, no time to mourn,  
 God heals the wounds of hearts that have been torn.

May thy life with true happiness be crown'd,  
 May thy harvests with vast richness abound,  
 Mayst thou live long with thy lov'd husband blest,  
 May thy son flourish, whom thou in youth caress'd.

## In Memoriam.

(ALDERMAN MURNEY.)

From his labors he rests,  
In quiet repose,  
Mourn'd by those he most lov'd  
Thro' life's joys and woes.

---

## Augusta Mary.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS AUGUSTA MARY MACLEOD,  
ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DR. J. M. MACLEOD.

Like a winsome little fairy  
Wert thou ever,  
With step as light as a fawn,  
Always for life's duty ready,  
Careless never,  
Happy at the break of dawn

And in the evening's twilight soft.  
God has thy heart,  
His love encompasseth thee,  
Forever in His lov'd service ;  
Ne'er from Him part,  
The cross leads to victory.

Early came the cross to thy fair home ;  
Thy mother dear  
Was taken to Heav'n above ;  
But never were thy youthful eyes  
Dimm'd by a tear,  
For thou hadst thy father's love.

But God always watches o'er thee,  
And loving friends  
Will guard well thy tender years ;  
Thy lov'd parents now dwell where God's  
Love never ends ;  
His hand wipes away all tears.

---

## Vera.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS VERA MURDOCK, HENSALL.

A holy calm shows in thine eyes, Vera,  
The meek and humble thou'lt not despise,  
A beautiful hope is within thy soul,  
A hope which takes birth beyond the skies,

Where music makes glad the angels, Vera,  
Singing God's praises from morn till night,  
And I know that thy heart with earth's music  
Will keep thee precious in His sight.

## May.

LINES INSCRIBED RESPECTFULLY TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES  
BUCHANAN.

Thou art fond of thy home, dear May,  
Near old Maitland's stream.  
Of leaving it to roam, dear May,  
Dost thou ever dream ?  
Let music be thy heart's delight  
And tune its chords morn, noon and night.

Thou'lt leave thy happy home, dear May,  
For some one you love,  
But ne'er forget thy duties, May,  
To the Lord above,  
And ask Him ev'ry night and day  
To ever be thy guide and stay.

---

## Cletia Irene.

LINES WRITTEN IN SYMPATHY AND INSCRIBED TO MR. AND  
MRS. HENRY SMITH.

Pride of thy father's loving heart,  
Truly thou didst long  
To be with the Father of Light  
At the evensong.

"A better home has He, mother,  
In Heaven above,  
Than any home on earth, mother,  
Where He dwells in love."

In her beautiful white casket  
They laid her to rest,  
With white roses and lilies fair  
Upon her pure breast.

And lovingly her schoolmates dear  
Press'd about her side,  
With hands fill'd with flowers of June,  
Fit for some fair bride.

But she is safe, no storms can mar  
Her bless'd peaceful rest ;  
She long'd to leave the cares of life,  
"For God knoweth best."

---

## To A Sprig of Mignonette.

Speak to him lovingly, O dear mignonette,  
Tell him that the giver will never forget  
His kindness like dewdrops upon her heart shine,  
And prays he'll be bless'd by the Healer Divine.

## Gladys May.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE H. FOWLER IN  
STRAWBERRY TIME.

Sweet innocent babe,  
With bonnie blue e'en,  
Lovely golden curls,  
Little fairy queen.

Couldst thou lisp thy name  
Proud would papa be,  
And mother dearest,  
Who watches o'er thee

'Mong the strawberries,  
Where Gladys sits oft,  
Pulling the green leaves  
With her fingers soft.

Lovely Gladys May,  
May our Lord bless you,  
And the strawberries  
That He doth send, too.

---

## Dorothy and Rosalind.

LINES INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES  
PASSMORE, ORGANIST KNOX CHURCH, GODERICH.

Sweet Dorothy and Rosalind  
Are pretty little girls,  
The one with hair like raven's wing,  
The other golden curls.

The one with eyes as black as night,  
The other turquoise blue,  
And as any Cupid chubby  
As ever artist drew.

'Tis sad to say farewell to them,  
Such happy days they spend  
Together in their pleasant home,  
Or as they homeward wend

When sometimes for a stroll they go  
To play beneath the shade  
Of spreading elm or maple tree,  
Down in some grassy glade.

So fare thee well, sweet Dorothy,  
And Rosalind so fair,  
Forget not Huron's sweet brier banks,  
Nor Huron's breezes rare.

## Chrissie Cantelon.

LINES INSCRIBED TO ALDERMAN D. AND MRS. CANTELON.

Thy face is very fair,  
 Chrissie Cantelon ;  
 Thy voice is rich and rare,  
 Chrissie Cantelon ;  
 Thou art bright and joyous ev'ry day,  
 Ready when duty calls thee from play.

Thine eyes are true,  
 Chrissie Cantelon,  
 As Heaven's blue,  
 Chrissie Cantelon ;  
 No sorrow reigneth when thou art near ;  
 To the hearts of all thou art most dear.

## Retta Clark.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. CLARK.

Thy face is like a pansy,  
 Retta Clark ;  
 Thy blue eyes shine like diamonds  
 In the dark ;  
 Thou art so beautiful and fair,  
 Modest as a floweret rare,  
 Happy always—without a care,  
 Retta Clark.

Thy voice is pure as songbird,  
 Retta Clark,  
 Ev'ry morn rising early,  
 Like the lark ;  
 Happy when school time is over,  
 Playing 'mid the grass and clover ;  
 May good angels o'er thee hover,  
 Retta Clark.

## Paul.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH MERRETT, LONDON.

How very plain and how truly firm  
 Stands here thy name, baby Paul ;  
 And now in thy curtain'd retreat  
 Thou art asleep when thee I greet  
 With a kiss on thy forehead sweet,  
 Baby Paul.

This sprig of mignonette I will lay  
 On thy pillow, baby Paul :  
 Thy mother left her home for thee,  
 And thou dost fill her heart with glee ;  
 May this sprig a talisman be,  
 Baby Paul.

### Ellie.

INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MRS. WEBSTER.

O Lily, fair one, I hope that soon  
Orange blossoms fragrant and fair  
And a bridal veil of silken mesh  
Will bind thy lovely golden hair.

Thy heart is light, sorrow has never  
Dimm'd the azure blue of thine e'en,  
And like the stars in Heaven so bright  
Be always as calm and serene.

### Of Hearts Thou Art a True Heaven-born Queen.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. POTTER PALMER, FOUNDER OF THE  
WOMAN'S LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COLUMBIAN  
EXPOSITION, 1893.

Of hearts thou art a true Heaven-born queen,  
All the nations are proud of thee, I ween,  
For thou wert the founder of the World's Fair,  
A crown like Semiramis shouldst thou wear.  
Did Columbus think when his proud ship rode  
The briny deep, to the Indian's abode,  
Like Queen Isabella, a woman too  
Would four centuries later garlands strew  
O'er his ashes, which immortal Fame won  
From ev'ry clime and nation 'neath the sun ?

### In His Little White Casket.

TO GEORGE THOMAS BATES. DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS.  
THOMAS BATES.

In his little white casket  
Rob'd in purest white,  
Thy babe lay 'mong the lilies,  
Lovely in thy sight.

The lilies of the valley  
In profusion spread,  
And the lovely roses white  
Lay around his head.

His beautiful auburn hair  
And lovely blue eyes  
Made him look like an angel  
Sent down from the skies.

Mourn not, Dell, dear mother, wipe  
From thine eyes the tears,  
Thy angel babe will meet thee  
In the after years.

## Ora Pro Nobis.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MESSRS. SHARKEY,  
MILWAUKEE.

Thy mother's day is night for thee,  
But God so will'd it—let it be ;  
Like mist that flies before the sun  
Her sorrow mov'd the Holy One ;  
He took her from the cares of life,  
Loving mother and faithful wife.

Thou'lt ne'er forget her—never will  
Her words so sage lie idly still.  
They'll rouse thy manhood to do right,  
To fight all evil with thy might,  
And ev'ry day, on bended knee,  
Thou'lt pray for her who pray'd for thee.

Her voice was gentle, sweet and low,  
Her faith e'en wore a rosy glow,  
Her trust in Him was great, sublime,  
To highest Heav'n did her thoughts climb,  
Like Sharon's rose her mem'ry sweet  
Will lie like incense at thy feet.

---

## Josie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES PRICE, ON THE DROWNING OF  
HER SON, JOSIE, WHO WAS ABOARD THE STEAMER  
ALBANY WHEN SHE COLLIDED AT POINT AUX BARQUES  
WITH ANOTHER STEAMER IN A FOG, NOV. 7TH, 1893.

The sailor boy, he sleeps  
'Neath Huron's crystal wave ;  
His heart beat but for thee,  
His heart so true and brave.

His parting words were full  
Of buoyant, manly hope ;  
Alas ! with Death's cold chills  
He had no pow'r to cope.

Tho' strong and willing hands  
The lifeboat's safety sought,  
The treach'rous fog grew dense,  
Yet thy boy fear'd it not.

His love was thine, all thine,  
To help thee his first care ;  
Weep not, O fond mother,  
For thy sailor boy so fair.

The mem'ry of his love  
Will light thro' life thy way ;  
In joy thou'lt meet again,  
No more to part for aye.



## Dearest Isobel.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERNHARDT, GALT.

"Jesus bids us shine  
 With a pure clear light,"  
 Sang a little maid  
 Like a lily white.

Her lovely brown orbs  
 With Heaven's light seem  
 To send around all  
 Love's undying beam.

Dearest Isobel,  
 Be thou always bright,  
 "Like a little candle  
 Burning in the night."

## Be Happy Like the Joyous Birds.

TO NIXON STURDY, ESQ., TOWNSHIP CLERK.

Be happy like the joyous birds,  
 Let not earth's care or sorrow  
 Lay their imprint upon thy soul,  
 Look for a bright to-morrow.

For you the sunset grand appears  
 And golden harvests for many years,  
 Let glory ne'er be bath'd in tears.

## Ellen St. John.

TO MR. AND MRS. HENRY ARMSTRONG, SNOWFLAKE.

The little white casket  
 They laid 'neath the snow,  
 With its wealth of roses,  
 Love's tribute to woe.

The cheek of thy darling,  
 Like marble so white,  
 Wore a radiant bloom  
 From their petals bright.

The links of love strengthen  
 Round Ellen St. John,  
 She now dwells 'mong the saints,  
 Gently leading on

Her lov'd ones here below.  
 To the throne of love,  
 To their Lord and Master  
 In the home above.

## Edna.

LINES WRITTEN TO MR. AND MRS. WM. TILT, ON THE DAY  
AFTER THE WEDDING OF CARLOTTA PATTI TILT.

O, Edna darling, thy large blue eyes  
And lovely flaxen hair charm me ;  
Like the maidens on the Rhine so fair,  
The Fatherland might well claim thee.

May music and song bring thee fortune,  
For thy race is well known to fame,  
And, dearest little Edna, remember  
To do honor to thy sweet name.

A little flow'r girl wert thou yestre'en,  
With basket of roses so fair,  
Within it a golden wedding ring  
Hidden among the roses there.

And so in thy young heart lie hidden  
The chords of music and of love,  
Which gifts will charm all in after years,  
From the Divine Father above.

## Rest.

Oh ! why should we sigh for days of rest,  
When our rest comes oftentimes with pain ?  
With tears in our eyes and aching hearts  
We pray to be busy again.

Then let us work with a joy sincere  
Howe'er on earth our lot be cast,  
And angels will strew our path with flow'rs,  
To delight us while life shall last.

## Emma.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. W. WALLACE.

Thou art like a little princess  
Of the fann'd olden time,  
When fairies turn'd the flowers rare  
Into a face sublime.

Golden ringlets cluster, Emma,  
Around thy neck so white,  
On thy cheeks crimson roses bloom,  
In thine eyes Heaven's light

Inspires thee with love so trusting  
In all the friends you meet ;  
Then be sure to grow, fair Emma,  
And always pure and sweet.

## What Will I Write ?

BARCLAY DOYLE, ESQ.

What will I write thee, fair Barclay, not written before ?  
 What praise can I now repeat not told thee o'er and o'er ?  
 Wert told that the fairies would truly crown thee their king,  
 And make thy young voice echo the chorus which they sing :  
"Honor thy father and mother" ?

To far fam'd "Ehren on the Rhine" then hie thee away,  
 Where music "Under the Lindens" o'er hearts holds full  
sway,  
 Where with gladness thy voice will rise in pæans of love  
 To Him Who gave thee this Divine command from above :  
"Honor thy father and mother."

---

### Annie.

TO MISS ANNIE DRIVER, "THE GLEE."

Never feast day dost thou forget me,  
 Christmas Day and fair Easter morn ;  
 Thy gentle voice and sweet smiling face,  
 A princely home wouldst thou adorn.  
 Oh ! Annie, may Heav'n ever be  
 Loving, trusting and kind to thee.

Happy art thou in thy loving home,  
 Where the grand waving wheat fields grow,  
 And the nodding maples around thee  
 When summer breezes idly blow ;  
 Then art thou happy, Annie dear,  
 Smiles wreath thy face, none see a tear.

---

### Ah ! Canst Thou Tell, Dear Gertrude ?

LINES INSCRIBED TO GERTRUDE GRAHAME, ON BEING PRE-  
 SENTED BY HER WITH A LOVELY FRAGRANT BOUQUET  
 OF DAY LILIES, GERANIUMS AND PURPLE BLOSSOM'D  
 HELIOTROPE.

Ah ! canst thou tell, dear Gertrude,  
 Whence do thy flowers their fragrance gain ?  
 They speak only of earth's joys,  
 Its bitter sorrow brings them no pain.

They grow in their true beauty,  
 Geraniums and day lilies fair,  
 The little purple blossoms  
 With sweet fragrance float upon the air.

Dear Gertrude, 'twas kind of thee  
 To bring me this floral gift so sweet,  
 I doubt not if rich jewels  
 Could give my heart so divine a beat.

## Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS ROSE PROUSE.

Thou art well nam'd, maiden mine,  
Bright is that sweet face of thine,  
Sparkling eyes with pleasure fill'd,  
Like the flow'rs on ground well till'd.

Music fills thy fresh young heart,  
Love is of thy life a part ;  
Love is in the crimson glow  
Of thy cheeks, full well I know.

When another's home you share  
May your heart be free from care,  
And to your love be as true  
As your parents are to you.

---

## I Gave Thee A Narcissus.

TO PHILIP KIELY.

I gave thee a narcissus—canst thou not tell  
What thou didst do with it ? Didst thou know  
That I only offer'd it to wish thee well ?  
For fame and fortune are thine, I trow.

---

## The Work Thou Hast Chosen.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. D. M'DONALD,  
REGENT OF THE AHMEEK CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS  
OF THE EMPIRE.

The great work thou hast humbly chosen  
Is work for the Lord,  
"Whosoever shall give you a cup,"  
Is our Saviour's word,

"Of water to drink in My name, I  
Say he shall not lose  
His reward." So thou wilt fully reap  
What our Lord doth choose.

Thy voice ringeth with gladness alway,  
Inspir'd from on high,  
Ever the friend of poor and needy,  
That others pass by.

Life's pain and sorrows bring the teardrops  
To many bright eyes,  
But thou hast begun a noble work,  
A work all must prize.

Then "life let us cherish" most gladly,  
And work for the Lord,  
And be true to our king and country  
And gain our reward.

## Bella.

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN M'DONALD.

With music I would charin thee, Bella dear,  
 Had I power o'er these dark eyes of thine,  
 And thy olive cheek with the crimson rose ;  
 I'd make thee a prima donna, ne'er fear.  
 And now, Bella dear, be faithful and true,  
 Improve thy mind, for some day thou mayst be  
 By wealth surrounded without measure,  
 For Fortune's wide door will open for you.

---

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

INSCRIBED TO REV. MR. MUIR, GRIMSBY.

MINNIE M'DONALD, ON HANDING THE AUTHORESS A HYMN-  
 BOOK AT KNOX CHURCH WHEN THE CHOIR WAS SINGING  
 "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

Ever will I remember, Minnie,  
 Thy loving act,  
 To hand me the hymn-book in silence,  
 With thoughtful tact.

"Jesus, lover of my soul," the choir  
 At Knox church sang,  
 "Let me to thy bosom fly" through all  
 The rafters rang.

No hymn-book had I, so Minnie dear  
 Gave me her own ;  
 So may the Jesus that she loveth  
 Never alone

Leave her to this world's thorns and briers,  
 But strew her path  
 With the loveliest of fragrant flow'rs  
 This fair earth hath.

---

May Eve.

WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH TWO SPIKES OF WHITE  
 HYACINTHS ON MAY EVE, 1895, BY MISS ADA CHILTON,  
 AT THE U. S. CONSULATE.

Could thy hyacinths bloom forever  
 And fill my heart with their sweet perfume,  
 How little I'd care for the sorrow  
 That oft filleth my heart with its gloom.

Yea, filleth my heart, for life has cares  
 That surge like a turbulent river,  
 But thy white hyacinths know not fear,  
 Emblems of thee, Ada, the giver.

## Florence.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. R. SALLOWS.

Lov'd daughter of an artist rare,  
Cherish'd with the tenderest care,  
Thou art like a flower so fair,  
                    Florence.

How I lov'd thy voice sweet and clear,  
When Santa came with his reindeer  
To Knox church, all our hearts to cheer,  
                    Florence.

And well I know you love the flow'rs  
And sweet songbirds in summer bow'rs,  
That come to cheer us in sad hours,  
                    Florence.

But thou nothing of sadness know,  
Thy parents love thee here below,  
And study is thy choice, I know,  
                    Florence.

---

## Live Not Thou for Life's Pleasure.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ST. GEORGE PRICE ON  
THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Live not thou for earth's pleasure,  
Live thou for the Lord,  
Then the Heavenly treasure  
Will be thy reward.

---

## Here's a Bouquet for the "Petrel."

LINES PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE  
GOVERNMENT TUG "PETREL" WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOU-  
QUET OF ANEMONES, MIGNONETTE AND SCENTED  
GERANIUM LEAVES.

Here's a bouquet for the "Petrel" that sails o'er Huron's blue,  
Its blossoms are white and pure, like the "Petrel's" wings so true,  
Its wings that bear it safely over ev'ry crag and brake,  
Guarding well the treasures of Huron's far-fam'd sounding lake.

May its white wings ne'er be stain'd with a sordid love for  
wealth,  
May the homes of those who guide them be blessed with perfect  
health,  
May their hearts be anchor'd to the cross that pilots their way  
To the haven where God's sunshine is one eternal day.

### The Wedding Ring.

'Tis not when the songbirds sing,  
Nor yet when the stars shine bright,  
That the hallow'd wedding ring  
Makes the trusting heart so light.

'Tis when life's storm-clouds gather  
And life's rude tempests prevail,  
We know our Heav'nly Father  
Gives them strength to stand the gale,

Who with His love makes that ring  
A circlet to wield a charm :  
When life's storms their fury fling  
Wedded love keeps all from harm.

---

### I Priz'd Thy Kindness.

TO MRS. JOHN CAMERON.

I priz'd thy kindness, for well I knew  
That thy Scotch heart was tender and true,  
Thy bonnie Scotch accent charm'd my ear,  
I knew I could trust thee without fear.

Long mayst thou live by Huron's fam'd shore,  
Long mayst thou live to open thy door  
To those who have their fortune to make ;  
Thou'lt help them, I know, for Christ's dear sake.

---

### How Well I Remember Thy Sorrow !

LINES TO MRS. M'EVOY.

How well I remember thy sorrow,  
Dear mother, when thou didst kneel  
By the casket of thy belov'd son,  
Who to thee was true as steel !

The casket was cover'd with roses  
And lilies fragrant and sweet,  
And thou didst lay all thy sorrow down  
At Christ thy Redeemer's feet.

And once again sorrow came near thee,  
Another son was born home,  
But God in His mercy has spared him  
To thee for long years to come.

I gave him a rose to remember  
God's mercy to him that day  
He fell doing his soldier's duty,  
Snatching him from death away.

## Dost Ever Sigh ?

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. EPHRAIM DOWNING.

Dost ever sigh for thy Devon home  
 By the rolling sea ?  
 Dost remember the rose on thy cheek  
 When first I met thee ?  
 'Twas years ago, but thou'rt still the same  
 In kindness to me,  
 And I pray that Heav'n will always send  
 Thee prosperity.

---

## Lina.

LINES DEDICATED TO LINA, THE CLEVER LITTLE ELOCUTIONIST  
 ACCOMPANYING THE BOSTON FADETTES LADIES' ORCHESTRA  
 ON THEIR VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT., APRIL 10TH, 1899.

Dearest Lina, let me now greet thee,  
 Lovely dark-ey'd child ;  
 Didst thou cherish that white carnation,  
 Pure and undefil'd ?  
 Just as pure and sweet, Lina, art thou,  
 Wondrous little maid,  
 A blossom sent from Heaven, of naught  
 In this world afraid.  
 Earth has many sorrows, may the rose  
 Always bloom near thee, in sweet repose.

—

In a bowl of massive silver that carnation white  
 On the altar table stood, in the Easter sun's light,  
 Just where my eye rested, in St. George's house of pray'r ;  
 And, strange, next day 'twas given me by a lady fair ;  
 The rector's wife I chanc'd to meet, who knows I love flow'rs ;  
 And may its mem'ry cling to thee many pleasant hours ;  
 Mayst thou draw inspiration from its petals so white,  
 And fill lives with fragrance and thine own with fond delight.

---

## An Easter Gift.

MRS. CHADWICK, WOODSTOCK.

For thy Easter gift I gave thee, fair maid,  
 A spray of blooming mignonette,  
 Fragrant, tho' the April showers never  
 Its clust'ring crimson'd flowers wet.  
 So, fair maid, if life's cares ever assail  
 Thy happy future, like this spray  
 Keep the bloom on thy cheek, for God's love  
 Is greater than the sun's warm ray.



## Laura Craig.

Dear Laura, thou art full of grace,  
Noble efforts in thee I trace;  
Hope is the anchor of thy soul,  
And true as needle to the pole.

Dear Laura, thou art always gay,  
Driving life's dull cares all away,  
Striving ever to serve the Lord;  
"The glory," saith the Divine Word,

"Which thou gavest Me I have giv'n  
Them;" so now our hearts are riven,  
And we must use our minds and pen  
To uphold God's mercies to men.

---

## By the Bond of Sympathy.

TO MISS WALTERS.

By the bond of sympathy  
Are we bound,  
Sorrows and care in this life  
Have we found,  
But God has led us in our way  
And turn'd the darkest night to day.

Thy friendship like a mantle  
Warm'd my heart,  
And bade the chill of winter's  
Snow depart,  
And God I trust will ope the way  
And be our constant guide and stay.

---

## Daisy.

INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES FISHER.

Dear little Daisy, as sweet as thy name,  
With train'd voice like a silver bell,  
Thou art trusting and loving, thy dark eyes  
Of a merrie maiden doth tell.

At heart be like the daisy red—"beauty  
To the possessor is unknown,"  
In the simple language of the flowers,  
And thy heart echoes it thy own.

The daisy white means "innocence," which now  
In thy school days thy heart proclaims;  
Be clever, dear Daisy, for now 'tis plain  
Thou hast the loveliest of names.

## Essie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS ESSIE SMITH.

Thy hair like glints of virgin gold  
 Crowns a forehead fair,  
 And roses of health on thy cheek  
 Make a picture rare.

Thy mind above earth's treasures vain  
 With wisdom is stor'd,  
 And happiness is thine alway,  
 For thou art ador'd.

The trusting love of thy parents  
 Is to thee a joy,  
 And thou for them ev'ry moment  
 Of thy time employ.

And duties well done have a price  
 More precious than gold,  
 The love of the Saviour, Essie,  
 For all in His fold.

May thy life's work as an artist  
 Soon be known to fame,  
 And may in letters of fine gold  
 Be written thy name.

## Maida.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ARMOUR,  
 WOODSTOCK.

Dost thou hear the birds call thee,  
 Maida, my true love,  
 When they so joyously fly  
 In regions above?

Thou art as happy, Maida,  
 As birds on the tree,  
 When they call to their lov'd ones  
 Sweet and lovingly.

Thou art fair as the lily,  
 Little Maida true,  
 As pure and as innocent  
 As the morning dew.

Methinks, Maida, thou art like  
 Some precious gem,  
 And with thy little sisters  
 Form a diadem.

A diadem of pearls in  
 Thy lov'd parents' crown,  
 And upon them I pray God  
 Will pour blessings down.

## "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. W. W. MACVICAR ON  
THEIR WEDDING DAY.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,"  
Keep thy armour bright,  
"On the Rock of Ages"  
Lean with all thy might.

"What a Friend we have in  
Jesus," the true light,  
The stars tell of His love  
Tho' far from our sight.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,"  
Clinging to the cross,  
Let the gems ye offer  
Be free from earth's dross.

Bright the rivers sparkle  
In the noonday sun,  
Saying to old ocean,  
"Our work is well done,

"We are true and faithful,  
Kneeling at thy feet,  
Where the 'Rock of Ages'  
Is for those a seat

"Who call on Him daily,  
As they course along,  
Fill our minds with courage,  
Fill our hearts with song."

---

## May Heaven Send You Wealth.

TO MRS. GEORGE EVANS.

May Heaven send you wealth  
To aid your friends in need,  
May Heaven send you health  
To sow the blessed seed

Of Him Who reigns above,  
Whose mercies never cease,  
Filling all hearts with love  
And never-ending peace.

Praise Him Who reigns above,  
The God of earth and sky :  
Oh, who could doubt the love  
Of the Ruler on High !

## Naomi.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

NAOMI RUTH SWAFFIELD.

Fair and queenly wert thou, the pride of Willowdale,  
 Roaming over the meadows with thy cheeks so pale,  
 To coax the roses growing 'mid the wild flow'rs rare  
 To nestle on thy cheeks in the warm summer air.

But thou'rt gone, dear Naomi, where the lilies bloom,  
 For like a pure, fair lily they laid thee in the tomb ;  
 Thy stately couch casket of purple velvet told  
 That nothing was too good for thee, pride of the fold.

For thou wert the pride of thy parents' hearts and home,  
 And now thou canst look down from Heaven's high dome,  
 And pray that God may guide and bless their way in life,  
 And keep them always happy, husband and lov'd wife.

## Isa.

TO ISA NIVENS.

Could I but roam in foreign lands,  
 No more queenly maiden would I see,  
 The Heav'nly light in thy dark eyes  
 Is grander than diadems to thee.

Thy crimson cheeks are well rounded,  
 Thy twin lips like the fam'd corals' red,  
 Thy dark hair like the raven's wing,  
 Thou must be soon to the altar led.

May God guard thee, Isa, dear one,  
 From ev'ry ill we meet in this life,  
 And may He send prosperity,  
 Whether you may be maiden or wife.

## Thy Large Brown Eyes, Alma.

ALMA STURDY.

Thy large brown eyes, Alma,  
 Tell of a soul so pure,  
 Thy clustering ringlets  
 Of rich brown I am sure  
 Would charm a prince, were he to come  
 And visit at thy pretty home.

Thou art lovely, Alma,  
 Thy pretty face so pale  
 Fram'd about with ringlets—  
 Many maidens bewail  
 The pure beauty of thy young face,  
 On which earth's cares have left no trace.

## It Was Hard to Part.

LINES TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. BAXTER ON THE DEATH OF  
THEIR SON.

It was hard to part from thy brave sailor boy,  
But God knoweth best ;  
In the eternal mansion he now doth lie  
On the Saviour's breast ;  
His soul was anchor'd on the Heavenly shore,  
He lov'd his happy home, but lov'd Heaven more ;  
His friends on this earth were many, leal and true,  
And now on his beautiful casket they strew  
Lovely wreaths and emblems of most fragrant flow'rs,  
Which will comfort thee both in the length'ning hours.  
May you to each other in health long spar'd be.  
And reap a rich reward in eternity.

---

## Thirza.

TO MISS THIRZA LEWITT.

Music fills thy pure heart with love  
Attun'd by Heav'nly chords above ;  
Be ever, Thirza, sweet and good,  
A pure type of fair womanhood,  
To lead woman to noble spheres  
And crown with joy thy later years.

---

## Leila and Dorothy.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO JUDGE AND MRS. CARPENTER,  
OF DETROIT (NOW OF LANSING, MICH.), WHILE ON  
A VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT.

I saw a pretty picture in an orchard yesterday,  
Where I met a "wee girlie," as her grandmamma would say,  
With eyes as black as any sloe's and hair like raven's wing ;  
'Neath an apple tree with doll the little maid was sitting.

"What is your dollie's name ?" I ask'd the little maiden dark ;  
"Dorothy," she answer'd quickly, with voice just like a lark ;  
And her little brother by her side look'd at dollie, too,  
And I wish'd I were an artist to sketch the lovely view.

Of course dollie had a table and a five o'clock tea,  
For dollies must be as stylish as any maid could be ;  
Then mother stood beside them and her dark eyes shone with  
pride  
As I bade her good-bye with her lov'd children at her side.

## Thy Heart is Tun'd to Suffering.

TO MRS. A. STRAITON.

Thy heart is tun'd to suffering,  
Thou knowest life has care :  
May God send to thee health and wealth,  
Will ever be my pray'r.

And God to thee has given much,  
Has spar'd thy husband dear,  
And now thou'lt pray that he may live  
Many a coming year.

## A Loving Friend Hast Thou Ever.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN DOUGLAS.

A loving friend hast thou ever  
    Been to me,  
Always giving of thy bounty  
    Full and free.

A kindly word hast thou for all,  
    Good and true,  
Faith and hope firmly in thy heart  
    Ever grew.

"Scatter seeds of kindness," motto  
    Which I feel  
Is engrav'd on thy heart of hearts,  
    True as steel.

Thy hair so soft and silvery  
    Crowns a face  
Where peace and contentment dwelleth  
    With God's grace.

## For Years Hast Thou Lived in Thy Lighthouse Home.

MR. R. CAMPBELL, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

For years hast thou liv'd in thy lighthouse home  
    Above old Lake Huron's waters ;  
Many a wild storm has pass'd over thee  
    And over thy wife and daughters.

But little dost thou fear, for storms pass by,  
    No cloudbursts ever assail thee ;  
Thou art happy in thy home as the ducks  
    That hover o'er Huron's wild sea.



## Stella.

TO HANDMASTER AND MRS. R. PARKER, UNO, LAKE NIPISSING.

Didst like thy father's old home  
 On old Lake Huron's shore ?  
 Thy hazel eyes seem'd to beam  
 At what it had in store

For thee and thy dear mother,  
 Who saw the busy mills  
 Down by the grand old harbor,  
 Where the Arnoldi trills

Its quaint, son'rous music, to  
 Keep the harbor in tune  
 And bring millions to our town,  
 Our greatest earthly boon.

## Edna Guest.

Love lies hidden, Edna, in thy pale blue eyes ;  
 Cupid, roguish fellow, has won a great prize,  
 A prize well may he boast of, full well I know,  
 For thou art fair and lovely,—none fairer. I trow.

Knowledge, too, thou lovest ; hard study for thee  
 Has not pal'd thy cheek nor check'd thy girlish glee,  
 For thou art like a child, yet a woman true,  
 And I hope the Saviour gives long life to you.

## An Honor'd Great-grandmother Art Thou Now.

LINES TO MRS. CARRICK.

An honor'd greatgrandmother art thou now,  
 Adding grand dignity to thy calm brow ;  
 Thou lovest little children all so well,  
 Like Longfellow—posterity can tell  
 Of the bless'd honors God has given thee,  
 For from all-pain and sorrow thou art free,  
 In perfect health, with thy dark eyes so bright,  
 Making lovely knitted gifts e'en at night,  
 Like the fair hands of our own belov'd Queen  
 Victoria, the Good, who oft was seen  
 With "Woman's Work" in her soft, loving hands,  
 Making gifts for many in far off lands.  
 Those lovely white octagons which I saw  
 Were for some pretty bridal gift (I draw  
 Conclusions from the loving pains you take  
 To have your work well done for some one's sake)  
 For some one, I know, who cares for you now,  
 Gladdens with love your eyes and keeps your brow  
 Calm and peaceful, and to you may God give  
 That bless'd peace you now enjoy while you live.



### Alice.

TO MISS SPENCE ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A PRETTY,  
STYLISH PENWIPER.

Thy pretty little thoughtful gift  
Of lovely chamois leaves  
Makes such a stylish penwiper  
That my poet brain weaves

A happy future for thee, dear,  
Of home and lover, too,  
Of one who wears the victor's crown,  
One worthy to woo you.

---

### Over on the Golden Shore.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

TO MR. AND MRS. D. BELL, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ELDEST  
SON, EDWARD.

Over on the golden shore  
He is waiting for thee ;  
The bright light in his dark eyes  
Will one hundredfold be  
Brighter now in the mansion  
Of God's eternity.

"Home and mother" were his thoughts  
Every night and day,  
Always eager to return  
When he was far away,  
Longing for the happy time  
When he with thee could stay.

But with God's precious jewels,  
On the golden shore,  
In the new land of Beulah,  
With those gone before,  
His dear face soul-lit will be  
With God for evermore.

---

### Thy Crimson Rose I Treasure.

TO MISS CRAIGIE, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A JUNE  
ROSE.

Thy crimson rose I treasure  
This lovely day of June,  
And thank you beyond measure,  
And hope white roses soon

May encircle thy fair brow :  
Minnie, maiden most fair,  
Mayst thou in faith richer grow  
To battle with life's care.

## Nessie.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MY COUSINS, MR. AND MRS.  
ARCHIBALD STUART, HAMILTON.

Beautiful little Nessie,  
With lips of coral red,  
Blue eyes like forget-me-nots,  
As if no tears they shed.

Beautiful little Nessie,  
With thy soft, flaxen hair,  
Twin cheeks with pretty rose tint,  
With dimples hidden there.

Thou dost well exalt thy name,  
"Stuart," the royal clan,  
But ne'er like Queen Mary come  
Under a nation's ban.

Beautiful little Nessie,  
Let me now welcome you  
From fam'd old Lake Ontario  
To Huron's waters blue.

---

Nellie Jamieson.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. S. E. HICK.

Dark-ey'd maiden, thee now I greet  
And cast my tribute at thy feet,  
For now before the hill of fame  
I have engrav'd thy pretty name,  
Nellie Jamieson.

But not like "Lasca" thou must live  
And to the world thy talent give,  
Thou, like "Lasca," hast not a fear,  
But thou'lt not meet with Texan steer,  
Nellie Jamieson.

Happy it is those days have past  
When "Lasca's" sky was overcast  
By clouds, a living madden'd mass,  
That man nor horse could not compass,  
Nellie Jamieson.

But, like "Lasca," thou wilt not swerve  
From doing thy duty. Thy nerve  
Is nourish'd by the Holy Word ;  
"Ask and thou'lt receive," says the Lord,  
Nellie Jamieson.

And may I, Nellie, live to see  
Laurels of fame given to thee,  
And may I know that thou art true  
To me, as I have been to you.

## In Memoriam.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN JOHN  
FREER, OF CHICAGO, WHOSE HUSBAND DIED ON THE  
"ADELAIDE DOWNING" IN GODERICH HARBOR.

Mourn not for thy belov'd husband,  
His earthly work is done,  
His work in the early morning,  
His work at set of sun ;  
Calmly at his post he died, 'mong  
The crew he lov'd so well,  
Whose tears slowly on his casket  
In rev'rent silence fell.

Weep not, dearest mother, weep not,  
God will e'er be thy stay,  
And take the place of him you chose  
Upon thy wedding day ;  
Flow'rs on his casket will wither,  
His ship will sail the main,  
But mate nor seaman ne'er will see  
Their captain's like again.

Gather the flow'rs in sweet springtime,  
When birds their carols sing,  
That they may on his vessel light  
When they are on the wing,  
And to this port echo his speech,  
"How glad I am to come  
To this harbor of beauty," ere  
Death made his senses numb.

Then mourn not for thy lov'd husband ;  
Thou didst kneel by his side  
In death, as thou knelt years ago,  
His loving, fair young bride.  
He was true to thee and country,  
To Him Who rules above,  
To the star that chain'd his compass,  
Anchor of Heavenly love.

He is safe from strife of warfare,  
He has cross'd Jordan's tide,  
Emblazon'd on his anchor is  
"Jesus the Crucified."

---

## Kate.

TO MISS CAMPAIGNE.

O may thy life be fill'd with sunshine bright, Kate, my dear,  
And may no storms arise to fill thy fond heart with fear,  
May the love that's in thy heart expand every year,  
And fill a happy home with another heart to cheer,  
And may chords of music sweet drive from thine eyes a tear.

## Walter.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. MALCOLM  
M'DONALD.

Dear little Walter,  
How eager art thou  
To become clever  
As a singer now !

In Oddfellows' Hall  
How the people cheer'd  
To hear their young friend  
Sing the song endear'd

To the Gaelic heart,  
In our land so fair !  
"Ho ro, mo nighean  
Doun bhoidheach" were

Words of the chorus,  
Sung by lumbermen  
On the Ottawa,  
Where many a glen

Sent into forests  
Men with axe in hand,  
Who with heart and soul  
Fell'd trees o'er the land.

"Ho ro, mo nighean,  
Doun bhoidheach" rang,  
Echo'd through forests  
As at work they sang.

But now, dear Walter,  
The forests are few,  
"Ho ro, mo nighean"  
Is just sung by you.

"Harlech cyfod dy  
Fau eri" will ever  
Be sung by Briton  
Who rules the beaver.

Now the lightnings flash  
And the thunders roll,  
"Ho ro, mo nighean"  
Overpow'rs my soul,

Thinking of the brave  
That lie under the sod,  
Who clear'd our forests  
In the name of God.

## I Miss Thy Kindly Face.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. COVENTRY, WINDSOR.

I miss thy kindly face,  
Which affection for me did tell,  
And know how thy sad heart  
Must have suffer'd to part  
From the one who lov'd thee so well.

When I met thee thine eyes  
Kind'd with a bright, joyous light,  
And the flow'rs from my hand  
Seem'd as if magic wand  
Made them like jewels in thy sight.

"God doeth all things well ;"  
The love of thy sons will e'er be  
Thy fond hope and thy pride,  
Forever at thy side,  
While life or earth lasteth for thee.

---

## Coral.

TO MISS CORAL VIVIAN, VICTORIA HOSPITAL, LONDON.

Blooming art thou, Coral, in thy fair womanhood,  
Lovely, Madonna-like face hast thou,  
And glorious dark eyes that must feel love's power,  
O'erarched by thy tranquil, thoughtful brow.

When first I kiss'd thee, dear Coral, thou wert a babe,  
So lovely that Cupid must e'er sigh  
That so beauteous a child ever came to earth  
And with his vaunted beauty must vie.

The fond wish that I made when I touch'd thy fair brow  
Was answer'd—it was for a letter  
From one I met so fair—the angels since garner'd  
Into a land brighter and better.

And now, Coral dearest, like a true red cross knight  
Thou wearest, like Florence Nightingale,  
The red cross of compassion and of sacrifice,  
A bless'd angel in earth's tearful vale.

---

## Dedication.

TO N. D. ROUGVIE, ESQ.

May I now dedicate to thee  
This short tribute of poetry,  
To thank thee for the flag you gave  
O'er the Oddfellows' hall to wave.

## Sweet Brier Blossoms.

WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED ON THE HARBOR HILL IN JUNE  
WITH A BOUQUET OF LOVELY. HALF-BLOWN SWEET BRIER  
BLOSSOMS BY MASTER THOS. E. SHEPHARD, TORONTO.

Thy pale blossoms so sweet,  
Fit for princess to greet,  
    Growing by Huron's side,  
Just came like answer true,  
From Heaven's dome of blue,  
    Over the hillside wide.

To the wish that I might  
Take some sweet buds in sight ;  
    But the thorns said "Beware !  
We are lovely and good,  
Fit for the angels' food,  
    But we warn you, take care."

And soon I saw a hand,  
As if at their command.  
    Fill'd with scented brier  
Ready for me, and coy,  
The face of a fair boy,  
    Who should to art aspire.

May kind Heaven keep him like these flow'rs  
He pluck'd for me in the sunset hours.

---

## "Verunna."

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE YACHTSMEN ON BOARD THE AMERI-  
CAN YACHT, "VERUNNA," THAT LAY IN GODERICH HARBOR  
AUG. 17TH, 1896.

The skies are blue,  
    All earth seems fair,  
While thy proud yacht at anchor lies ;  
    It woos the waves,  
    Which idly laves  
Its jaunty sides which seamen prize.

Right welcome is  
    Thy gallant yacht,  
With its fluttering pennons gay ;  
    Its snowy sails  
    Our harbor hails,  
And bids them "God speed" ev'ry day.

Then let my pen  
    The yachtsmen give  
A right good Canadian cheer,  
    May Heav'n above  
    Reward with love  
Thy sailor hearts, which know no fear.

## Thy Mother Lay So Peaceful.

TO THE FAMILY OF REV. MURDOCH M'KAY.

Thy mother lay so peaceful and calm,  
Over her heart the Heavenly balm  
Death's angel alone can give.

But call it not death—it is new life  
To the patient mother, faithful wife,  
In Heaven again to live.

The flowers she lov'd lay on her breast,  
Roses and lilies, all she lov'd best ;  
Upon her casket they lay.

Her life was pure, without earth's alloy,  
Her blue eyes shone with Heavenly joy,  
Waiting for the Judgment Day.

Then mourn not for her, daughters ; she is above,  
Anchored safe on the Father's bosom of love.

---

## Good Wishes.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AUSTIN, MONTREAL.

My good wishes brought to thee  
Good health and pleasure,  
And may they now bring to thee  
Wealth without measure ;  
But, here whate'er thou hast, lay up  
In Heav'n thy treasure.

---

## How They Mourned for Thee, Ada.

TO MRS. GEORGE AND MISS MARY MORRIS.

How they mourn'd for thee, Ada,  
In life their greatest joy and pride !  
Their love for thee was so pure  
That either for thee could have died ;  
But well they know thou art safe  
In the land of the sanctified.

With roses and lilies white  
Fair hands cover'd thy casket o'er,  
Thy wish was granted, thy pray'r  
Was heard waiting on this life's shore :  
"Take me to Thee, dear Father,  
To live in Heaven evermore."

Thy lovely dark eyes, Ada,  
Shone with compassion and with love  
On earth's suffering children,  
And now in realms of bliss above  
God has crown'd thee with vict'ry,  
And thou hast found the treasure trove.

## Ellen and Kate.

TO THE MISSES M'GILLICUDDY ON GOING TO RESIDE IN  
TORONTO.

Thou wilt not forget the days we met  
In "Auld Lang Syne,"  
When thou wert merry as joyous birds  
In love's sunshine,  
And my friendship will still, as then, be  
Forever thine.

Thou wilt ne'er forget in the city  
The sad, I trow ;  
Thy hands went out to poor and needy,  
Gifts to bestow,  
And God will encompass thee around with  
His love, I know.

---

## An Easter Gift.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MINNIE BALL, OF ST. GEORGE'S  
CHOIR, ON PRESENTING THE AUTHORESS AT EASTER TIDE  
WITH A BEAUTIFUL PURPLE HYACINTH IN FULL BLOOM.

For my Easter gift, this beautiful flower  
Of royal purple, a hyacinth filling my room  
With sweet odor, like some Mosaic tower,  
In all the Heav'nly majesty of its Easter bloom.

---

## Lillian.

TO LILLIAN FRASER.

Stately and tall,  
As thy name doth proclaim,  
Art thou, Lillian, dear,  
As bright as the morning,  
Thy lov'd face adorning,  
Wearing smiles, but no tear.

Yet tears oft fall  
On the cheek of the brave,  
Glistening in the eyes ;  
But thou art quite content,  
Alway on study bent,  
To win a golden prize.

Then, Lillian,  
Be thou up and doing ;  
Like the lilies e'er be  
As stately and tall,  
And honor'd by all.  
Fortune will smile on thee.



## As I Sat by My Window.

LINES ON RECEIVING FROM R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF THE  
BANK OF COMMERCE, A BOUQUET OF EXQUISITE LARGE  
PURPLE AND YELLOW PANSIES FROM HIS CONSERV-  
ATORY, JULY 3RD, 1903.

As I sat by my window,  
Looking out at the rain  
And writing a poem new,  
While I look'd thro' the pane,

There came a friend with pansies,  
E'en to my cottage door ;  
And how joy rose in my heart  
To feel the wondrous pow'r

Of knowing that the world takes  
Interest in my pen !  
And thus the lovely pansies  
Lisp'd in my ear again :

"See how we grow in sunshine,  
And we, thro' all the rain,  
Keep our sweet faces smiling  
And our hearts free from pain.

"Like the lilies in the fields  
We neither work nor spin,  
But God gives us the power  
Generous hearts to win.

"And may we wield that power  
So long as we do live,  
For we reflect the glory  
Of blessings He doth give."

---

## Ridgewood Park.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ATTRILL.

Proud art thou of "Ridgewood Park," thy beautiful home,  
By broad, historic old Huron's lake,  
With its grand old groves and beauteous, verdant glades,  
Growing in beauty for thy dear sake.

How lovely are its woods in the gay summer time,  
When thy guests wander through its bowers,  
And watch the sunset's golden rays on the water  
As they while away the ev'ning hours !

May Ridgewood Park grow in new beauty year by year,  
May rare flowers adorn its broad fields,  
May rich harvests uphold the glory of thy home,  
Which Ridgewood's proud domain ever wields.

And may the zephyrs whisper as they stray around  
Of the beautiful mansions thy lov'd ones have found.

## Christefero Columbo.

1892.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, ON BOARD THE GOVERNMENT TUG "DELISLE."

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. HEALE.

As I glide in the sunset  
O'er Huron's fam'd blue sea,  
I think that the true friendship  
Upon the bright "De Lis"  
Has on my heart set its seal,  
Awak'ning it anew  
In the golden sunset's path,  
Over the waters blue.

Did the sun in glory grand,  
Four hundred years ago,  
Woo the proud Menesetung,  
Whose waters daily flow  
Westward? Did the setting sun  
With Indian summer's glow  
Gild the red man's birch canoe,  
Four hundred years ago?

All hail thee, proud Columbus,  
A true, valiant knight,  
Who knelt with faith's devotion  
When our land came in sight!  
All hail thee, true Columbus!  
Like thee we bend our knee  
To ask kind Heaven's blessing  
O'er all on Huron's sea.

---

## Floral Farewell.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS JEAN MACARA ON HER WEDDING EVE, NOW MRS. GLASGOW, ROANOKE, W. VA.

As those lilies of the valley thou gavest me  
To-day when I wish'd thee much joy,  
As pure, my bonnie Jean, from Huron's banks and bracs,  
Art thou true, without fashion's alloy.

Be always like those fragrant flowers, bonnie Jean,  
Let thy works fill mankind with praise,  
And forget not thy home by Huron's sounding shore  
And the poetess who writes its lays.

And he who has won thy true heart, my bonnie Jean,  
Will find thee a treasure most rare,  
And the right hand of welcome thou wilt always give  
To Virginia's daughters fair.

## Oh ! Beatrice, Dear.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO BEATRICE M'COLL,  
ARTIST.

Oh ! Beatrice, dear, my heart goes out  
Unto thee more and more,  
Artist and singer, both combin'd ;  
God's love o'er thee doth pour.

Then cherish thy brush, dear Beatrice,  
For the Heavenly arts  
A great love for the Almighty  
To ev'ry soul imparts.

---

## Delia.

TO MR. AND MRS. CURTIS, NORWALK, OHIO.

Beautiful little Delia,  
With eyes of jet,  
Accept from me this bouquet  
Of mignonette ;  
The good-bye that thou didst waft  
I'll not forget.

Little blossom from Heaven,  
Sent down to cheer  
All the friends that thou dost meet ;  
Thou hast no fear,  
All the world is bright to thee,  
The skies are clear.

May they e'er be so, Delia,  
For thee and thine,  
May thy parents long, darling,  
Their arms entwine  
Around thee, little Delia,  
Is pray'r of mine.

---

## Grace.

TO MISS GRACE POLLEY.

Art has God for its Master,  
He guides both brush and hand ;  
Happy he who list'neth to  
His Heavenly command.

"Hide not thy talent under  
A bushel," Jesus says,  
So bask ever in, dear Grace,  
The sunshine of God's rays.

## Now Thou Art Gone, Lizzie.

TO MISS LIZZIE JOHNSTON.

Now thou art gone, Lizzie,  
A Muse's place to fill,  
To soothe life's pain, Lizzie,  
And lessen ev'ry ill.

To cool the brow, Lizzie,  
When fever rages high,  
To wipe away, Lizzie,  
The tear from ev'ry eye.

May God bless thee, Lizzie,  
And give a lasting charm  
To thee that will, Lizzie,  
Keep thee alway from harm.

---

## 'Twas Like Thee to Pick Me the Pansies.

TO HELEN NOBLE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

'Twas like thee to pick me the pansies,  
The flowers that I love so well,  
Their fragrance inspires me to action,  
Their faces new thoughts to me tell.

Their raiment is of finest velvet,  
Their hues are gorgeous to see,  
I feel their witchery 'round me,  
As they now lie upon my knee.

So accept my thanks, dearest Helen,  
'Tis all I have now to give thee,  
But I trust that Fortune will shower  
Some of her rich blessings on me.

---

## Alberta.

TO MISS ALBERTA YATES.

Thy golden hair like aureole  
Encircles thy fair brow,  
Showing life's glad rays of sunshine  
Are ever with thee now.

Happy art thou, only daughter,  
Wisdom shines in thine eye,  
Thy voice is sweet, like angels' strains,  
In Heav'n beyond the sky.

Then ever, my dear Alberta,  
Be as loving and sweet,  
That thou mayst, when life is over,  
Lay all at Jesus' feet.

## June Roses.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

TO THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHORESS, MARY RIELLY MASON  
SKIMINGS.

June has come again, with its fragrance  
From my mother's roses fair,  
And the loving hopes of my mother  
Seem yet to be center'd there.

My mother ! Oh how I miss her voice,  
Always so sweet and so low !  
But we had to lay her down to rest  
Many long, long years ago.

But she is with her belov'd ones, where  
There is neither grief nor gloom,  
And safely in the Heav'nly mansion  
My mother with them finds room.

And now happy, with my brother kind,  
For us her pray'rs will be giv'n,  
That we her footsteps daily follow  
And united be in Heav'n.

---

## I Prize Thy Friendship.

TO MRS. J. J. BERNARD ON PRESENTING THE WRITER  
WITH PANSIES FROM HER GARDEN, PAINTED ON SATIN.

I prize thy friendship, so loving and kind,  
And thy work of art will keep me in mind :  
When pansies bloom they'll speak gladly of thee,  
And keep fresh in my heart thy love for me.

---

## If Cupid E'er Knocks at Thy Heart.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE HALEY.

If Cupid e'er knocks at thy heart  
Send him not sadden'd away,  
For love of thy life is a part  
Wherever thy footsteps stray.

Thou art so fair and so lovely,  
Thy blue eyes soft like a dove,  
We know not how anyone could  
Fail to be with thee in love.

But forget not life is a dream,  
And that its children are toss'd  
Like breakers that rise in its stream,  
To be either sav'd or lost.

## Bessie.

LINES FONDLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRED. THOMSON,  
ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT.

Thy name exhales a fragrance  
As of some sweet flower,  
And thou to all thy duties  
Art faithful ev'ry hour.

Thou art like a budding rose,  
Thy cheeks are full and round,  
And thy bright, dark, laughing eyes  
New light seem to have found.

For love permeates thy bosom,  
Love for thy parents dear,  
And for thy clever brothers,  
Whom thou hast with thee here.

Then be merry, dear Bessie,  
Praise God with heart and voice :  
When you reach Fame's pinnacle  
True friends will all rejoice.

---

## Greeting.

TO LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN ON THEIR EXCELLENCIES' COM-  
ING TO GODERICH.

We will give a right good welcome  
To Queen Victoria's friends,  
A welcome fraught with loyalty,  
A welcome that never ends.

---

## "Quotations."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE OF NORTH-ST.  
METHODIST CHURCH, GODERICH, FOR PRESENTING THE  
AUTHORESS WITH A COPY OF "QUOTATIONS."

'Twould ill become me to forget  
The greatest boon the poets yet  
Ever received in ink like jet,  
"Quotations."

It was a noble act for thee  
To ask a line or two from me.  
And ever for my thanks will be  
"Quotations."

Many moods are there engender'd,  
Many thoughts of good are render'd,  
Many "Good Lucks" have been tender'd  
"Quotations."

## Allie.

TO MRS. HACKETT.

An artist fair,  
 Allie, thou art,  
 Loving nature  
 With all thy heart.

By Huron's shore  
 Mayst thou alway  
 Live and flourish  
 While life holds sway.

May love and joy  
 Alway be thine,  
 And to thy spouse  
 Thine ear incline.

---

 A Bird's Nest.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE "AGE," STRATHROY, ON FINDING A  
 BIRD'S NEST IN DECEMBER, 1883.

A bird's nest—only a bird's nest,  
 A little tiny woven house,  
 Found in December on the ground,  
 As if courting the genial spring.  
 But it was empty—gone whither  
 The lovely birds? I know not. Just  
 The little nest—but what power  
 Controll'd the architect? Who taught  
 That lesson of patient heart love,  
 Of joy and hope? That can only  
 Spring from the Author of our lives,  
 Controller of the universe,  
 Omnipotent God—The Supreme.

---

 Gerald.

TO MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HAYS.

Some day, Gerald, thy dark eyes  
 Will behold a foreign shore,  
 But always love Canada  
 And all those who love thee more  
 Than life e'en,—so forget not  
 Those lov'd ones till life is o'er.

And wherever thou dost go  
 Sow the divine Gospel seed,  
 Tell them of Christ the Saviour  
 Who will help them all in need,  
 And set a good example  
 To the world in word and deed.

## Laurel.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. W. H. BATES.

Well named art thou, "Laurel" dearest,  
For "glory" leads thee on,  
And even upon thy birthday  
From thy face glory shone.

Then ever be proud, fair Laurel,  
Of home and parents dear,  
And ever upon thy birthday  
Fill little hearts with cheer.

In flower language the "laurel"  
Signifies "glory," so  
Laurel dearest, never forget  
Thy home on earth below.

And God will bless thee, Laurel dear,  
And keep bright thy good name,  
That it may shine with all glory  
In the annals of Fame.

---

## Lovely Little Maiden of Fam'd Norwich Town.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS GLADYS WILSON, NORWICH,  
CONN.

Thy face is charming,  
And dark brown is thy hair,  
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town ;  
Thou art a treasure,  
None with thee can compare,  
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.

Wilt thou ever come  
With thy parents again,  
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town ?  
Wilt thou ever pick  
Such lovely berries red,  
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown ?

But do not forget  
Thy grandmamma so dear,  
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town,  
Who could not kiss thee  
In her flow'r wreath'd casket,  
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.

The fern you gave me  
And fragrant pink sweet pea,  
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town,  
I will now treasure  
In memory of thee,  
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.



## Thy Heart, fond Mother.

TO MRS. KIRKBRIDE, ON LEARNING OF THE DEATH OF HER  
ELDEST DAUGHTER, MARY, BELOV'D WIFE OF MR. JAMES  
C. THOMPSON, OF LEEDS, N. DAKOTA.

Thy heart, fond mother,  
Is sad to-day,  
But God is ever  
Thy shield alway ;  
Thy faith thou dost put  
In His fond love,  
Thou'lt meet thy dear one  
In Heav'n above.

---

## "Blessed Are They Who Die in the Lord."

(IN MEMORIAM ANDREW BEECHER STOKES.)

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JACOB STOKES.

In boyhood's youth he lay in peaceful rest,  
On St. George's Day, with red rose on his breast ;  
He seem'd e'en to know that his classmates dear  
Came reverently one by one. A tear  
Stood in the eyes of many, for they knew  
That their little comrade was good and true.  
His loving heart cost him his life that day,  
For he smiling said, "I was far away  
And I came back safe, father." Turning round  
Soon his father heard a crash—on the ground  
Lay his lovely boy, with his wheel, his pride,  
Broken and crush'd, like himself—by his side ;  
And a rider look'd aghast at the boy,  
Whose life was ebbing fast. The earthly joy  
Of the father was going to the land  
To join in Heaven Immanuel's band.

---

## Thy Sister has Pass'd Thro' the Beautiful Gate.

TO MRS. J. M'SWEEN, ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER, MRS.  
SUSAN VIDEAN HILTON, AT DETROIT.

Thy sister has pass'd through the beautiful gate  
That opens to all, either early or late ;  
If they love the Saviour and humbly obey  
He will lead them o'er safely the Heav'nly way.

Why should you weep ? Thy sister has gone before,  
For you she will wait when life's duties are o'er,  
For her sons she will wait, for her husband, too,  
Who lov'd her in life, so patient and so true.

## Vera.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK ELLIOTT.

Thou'rt bright, darling Vera,  
 With thy sunny ways,  
 Thou'rt ever ready to  
 Give the Master praise.

Ever true and thoughtful  
 Art thou at thy home,  
 Thy dear mother's helpmeet  
 When thou dost not roam

With thy little sisters,  
 Who all love to play  
 'Mong the dandelions  
 That grow by the way.

With pretty little dolls  
 Dress'd so gay and grand  
 By their loving sister,  
 Kindest in the land.

True as the sunflower  
 E'er is to the sun,  
 Is radiant Vera  
 To everyone.

---

## Samuel.

TO MR. AND MRS. MAX SHER.

In a white curtain'd bed there lay  
 One beautiful, bright September day,  
 A sweet babe on its dear mother's arm,  
 All rob'd in pure white—no fear of harm

In its dark eyes—no quivering sigh  
 Escaped its lips, when kind friends were by  
 To see the Jews' circumcision rite  
 Perform'd on the infant robed in white.

The Rabbi read the Jewish prayer  
 And perform'd the rite among all there,  
 And the Jewish babe's mother was glad,  
 When before the rite she felt so sad.

The room was fill'd with flowers so bright,  
 Gifts for the sweet babe's first birthright,  
 Since he obtain'd the power from God,  
 A power as great as Jesse's rod,

The power to be an heir of Heav'n ;—  
 Can any pow'r to mortal be giv'n  
 Greater—and God's promise full and free,  
 "I will make a great nation of thee."

## Sweet Brier with Berries Red.

TO FLOSSIE GRANT, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ON PRESENTING HER  
WITH A SPRAY OF SWEET BRIER WITH BERRIES RED.

Sweet Flossie, artist maiden,  
Hair of virgin gold,  
Like California's nuggets  
Lying 'neath the mould,

Can I forget thee ? Never !  
Thy blue eyes illumine  
Thy fair face, and by their light  
No soul feels life's gloom.

Artist maiden, could you tell  
What the berries said,  
When I broke the sweet brier  
With its berries red ?

"Tell her now that our flowers  
Have brought fortune sweet  
To all the fair young maidens  
Who bend at our feet.

And pull our ripe red berries,  
To grace some boudoir,  
But beware lest our sharp thorns  
Bewitch them no more."

---

## Bernard Reneldo.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. T. WALTERS.

Like a little prince charming is  
Thy dear son,  
His rosy cheeks and e'en of blue  
My heart won.

How lovely are his long curls of  
Auburn hair,  
And his pretty, dancing footsteps,  
Light as air.

Like his gallant soldier grandsire,  
Who kiss'd thee  
When first thou didst learn to prattle  
On his knee.

A happy, loving prince charming,  
May he be  
Spar'd to be a comfort and a  
Joy to thee.

## Pearl Woolgar.

Little Pearl,  
Winsome girl,  
Thou art a maiden fair :  
Liquid eyes,  
Lips I prize,  
Voice like a robin rare.

Pretty child,  
Sweet and mild,  
Thou art a precious gem ;  
Pearl of love,  
From above,  
Thou'lt wear a diadem.

---

## I Gave Thy Babe a Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. D. J. CURRIE, ON THE  
BIRTH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN SON, ARTHUR JAMES.

I gave thy babe a rose,  
Thy lovely babe so fair,  
With eyes of Heaven's blue  
And lovely golden hair.

Thy first-born—may his life  
Be fill'd with ev'ry joy,  
And may kind Heaven's love  
Protect thy darling boy.

May thy babe in beauty  
Bloom like this fair rose,  
May his works be fragrant  
Like it, at life's close.

---

## "Good Luck."

TO MRS. CAPTAIN JOHN CRAIGIE.

I opened up yestre'en my envelope,  
And what dost thou think I found ?  
Two double horseshoes of golden crystal,  
Which doth with "good luck" abound

For this new bound volume of "Golden Leaves" ;  
I fondly hope and I pray  
That God may over thy own happy home  
Be thy safeguard and thy stay.

For thou art truly noble—well I know  
Thy kindness took root at thy birth,  
It shines from thy dark eyes alway, and thy  
Smiles rival the flow'rs of earth.

## Lillian.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN GEORGE TRETHEWAY.

As I write thy pretty name  
 A spider ran across the page,  
 Which looks as if Dame Fortune  
 Keeps true her oft' cited adage.

I hope so, dear Lillian,  
 For you and I need Fortune's smiles ;  
 While I by old Lake Huron  
 Am parted from you many miles.

Your lily-white face I see  
 In every lily that grows,  
 But when you return I'll find  
 The lily gave place to a rose.

---

 What Can I Say of Thy Thorny Robe ?

What can I say of thy thorny robe ?  
 What true beauty dost thou wear ?  
 What perfume dost thou offer. I pray ?  
 What bloom do thy prickles bear ?

"Just put me in the earth, my dear friend ;  
 Your poet's soul will I charin  
 If you only wait for a brief time  
 And keep me safe from all harm.

"I will fill your eyes with my beauty,  
 Will fill your soul with delight,  
 For my blossoms speak of earth's gladness,  
 Their petals are purest white.

"Fit to enwreath a fair princess' brow,  
 Yea, fit for God's altar grand,  
 Fit for a bride on her wedding day,  
 The loveliest in the land."

---

 Mary.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. T. GRIFFIN.

Modest as a lily,  
 Madonna-like thy face,  
 Thou art truly passing fair,  
 So eager and so bright,  
 Thy parents' fond delight,  
 A maiden of wisdom rare.

Soon thou'lt be a woman  
 Of rarest loveliness,  
 Taking thy place in this life ;  
 And mayst thou ever be  
 Filled with humility,  
 A loving daughter and wife.

## Claire.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH BRANCHES OF  
WILD CHERRY BLOSSOMS BY MISS CLAIRE REYNOLDS, ONLY  
DAUGHTER OF SHERIFF REYNOLDS.

Dear white, starry blossoms,  
So pure and so white,  
Whose branches you gave me,  
The wild woods' delight.

They look'd like the bright eyes  
Of angels in Heav'n,  
So calm and so holy,  
To this fair earth giv'n

To fill our minds with love  
For all whom we greet,  
Whether in high places  
Or lowly we meet.

The wild cherry blossoms  
Have no garden fair,  
But they look as lovely  
As any flow'r rare.

So be like those blossoms,  
Delighted with all,  
Whether in peasant's cot  
Or in princely hall.

---

## The Prairie Hen.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS HATTIE ANDREWS.

Oh ! that grand Northwest is a gem  
Of the royal British crown,  
And how the old veterans' grants  
Will fill the land with renown !

The annals of our fair country,  
Where ev'ry mountain and glen  
Sing the echoing praises of  
The immortal prairie hen.

Its wings are sent from north to south  
And from the far east and west,  
Their colors blend so beautiful,  
Our eyes love on them to rest.

Golden brown and fine clouds of black  
And spots that defy my pen ;  
So like white lily buds they look  
On wing of the prairie hen.

And for that souvenir of a prairie hen's wing,  
Tied with ribbon crimson, the world will ever sing.

### Mrs. Boyer's Poll Parrot.

Can thy clear voice be human,  
 O ! pretty, pretty Poll,  
 Calling "Mother" and "Ethel"  
 And whistling in the hall,  
 Calling in a sweeter voice  
 Than persons oft I greet ?  
 Tell me, Polly, who taught you  
 To talk with voice so sweet.

On the shady verandah  
 You pass your time away,  
 Laughing like a gay child  
 When mother sits to play  
 "X Rays" on the piano,  
 Or "Hiawatha" sweet ;  
 So now adieu, dear Polly,  
 Your talents are complete.

---

### "Ave Maria."

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. D. O'CONNELL.

How lovely the silvery notes of thy pure voice do ring,  
 When at St. Peter's church the "Ave Maria" you oft sing ;  
 Thy voice is attun'd with gladness, born of a happy love  
 For thy home upon this fair earth and for the home above.

Long mayst thou sing those glorious hymns in St. Peter's  
 choir ;  
 Long mayst thou dwell on the beauties which lead the soul  
 higher ;  
 Long mayst thou give me the true friendship that thou  
 hast given,  
 And may our friendship on this earth be more closely riven.

---

### Like the Sun on Old Lake Huron.

TO MR. AND MRS. PALTRIDGE.

Like the sun on old Lake Huron  
 Is the glint of thy golden hair,  
 Thy pure face like alabaster,  
 With crimson roses nestling there.

Thou'rt truly a lovely picture,  
 With thy infant babe on thy knee ;  
 If Michael Angelo were here  
 He would with rare glory crown thee.

May Love's golden chain ever be  
 Links of joy for thy babe and thee.

## Aggie.

TO MRS. CASSELLS, OF STRATFORD, ON BEING PRESENTED BY  
HER WITH A SHAMROCK BROOCH.

Long may I wear the shamrock  
You gave me one morning fair,  
A shamrock fill'd with shamrocks ;  
None with it can e'er compare.

I prize it, for the em'rald  
Sparkles in it with great light,  
And wherever I may roam  
"Twill be precious in my sight.

---

## Don't Marry.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE "SIGNAL" BY F. C. C., ENGLAND.

Once I was young and smiling,  
Now I am old and cross,  
The men are so beguiling :  
Ah me ! it's been my loss.

My husband rues, and so do I,  
That ever we consented  
This foolish, irksome knot to tie ;  
Oh ! why was it not prevented ?

I scold my husband, slap the bairns,  
I always am fault-finding :  
My husband asks—yet never learns—  
Why the marriage was made binding.

---

LINES WRITTEN TO F. C. C., ENGLAND, ON READING HER LINES  
"DON'T MARRY."

What queer advice to give the girls,  
'Tis past my comprehension,  
But doubtless your poetic mind  
Has caus'd such dire dissention.

The beaux steer clear of rhyming maids,  
For rhyming wives are wilful,  
And lordly man asserts his sway  
In divers ways most skilful.

So please advise your friends, my dear,  
If to wedlock they incline,  
To be content with worldly prose,  
And the bonds will be divine.



## Be Happy in thy Boyhood.

TO WILLIE BROWN, PORT HURON.

Be happy in thy boyhood,  
For man's life is full of care,  
But let not thy happiness  
Embrace the false tempter's snare.

For life is beset with thorns,  
Altho' fragrant roses bloom,  
But God the Omnipotent  
Sends stars to illumine the gloom.

So let no cloud rest on thee,  
Let joy beam from thy dark eyes,  
And Heav'n will crown thy manhood  
With honor, which true men prize.

---

## Alix Eloise.

LINE3 RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX.  
SAUNDERS.

My sweetheart is a posy,  
With cheeks so red and rosy,  
And her voice is like a robin nestl'd among the maple trees ;  
Her teeth are white and pearly,  
Her hair so soft and curly ;  
Oh ! how I miss my darling, my fair sweetheart, Alix Eloise.

Her eyes are dark and dreamy,  
Her thoughts are ever of me,  
Oh ! my fair sweetheart has a thousand lovely little charms  
to please ;  
She is a lovely treasure,  
Her beauty without measure,  
A priceless jewel to me is my sweetheart, Alix Eloise.

---

## Lillian.

TO LILLIAN KING, "KING EDWARD" HOTEL.

How beautiful thy rosebud mouth,  
Dainty Lillian !  
And thy lovely violet eyes,  
Loving Lillian !

Like a little human rosebud dear  
Art thou, Lillian, with voice so clear,  
And thy flitting smiles when thou dost hear  
Thy name, Lillian.

## May Hyde.

MISS MAY HYDE, HAMILTON.

What can I say to you, dearest May ?  
What can I write ? Oh tell me, I pray !  
Tell me of your Lake Ontario,  
Over whose fam'd waters I'd like to go.

In a schooner I would like to sail  
And catch a breeze from the fresh'ning gale ;  
Your proud city I have never seen,  
Tho' on Ontario's shore I've been.

But here you are in answer most true  
To the fond wish, May, I made that you  
Would tell me what I would like to write  
To fill your young heart and make it bright.

Ah ! well, you have bro't me a flower,  
For which I have wish'd the last half hour,  
A beautiful, bright carnation pink,  
Which will, dear May, always make me think  
Of your short visit to Huron's shore,  
Altho' you love Ontario more.

---

## Tribute from an Irish Heart.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A LARGE BOUQUET  
OF CRIMSON ASTERS BY MRS. JOHN NEILON, NOW OF  
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S.

Can I ever forget thy rosy cheeks  
And laughing light in thy dark brown eyes ?  
Ah no ! thy Irish heart while life shall last  
Will keep thee bright, beloved and wise.

Thy children are to thee faithful and true,  
Thy husband's love is ever the same,  
Thy home is happy —what more can one wish ?  
Thy fond home, where all work in God's name.

Those flow'rs you handed me over the fence  
Make me think of your own native isle  
That you left for the home of the maple,  
To replant in Canadian soil.

But the shamrock sweet you treasure within  
For fear of far-fam'd old Huron's breeze,  
And I'm proud of your courage, mavourneen,  
To make your home 'mong our maple trees.

## Fizzie Ellen.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS  
KNEESHAW.

Like a waxen image lay thy dear babe  
                                           In casket white,  
 Cover'd with roses and lilies, look'd a  
                                           Glorious sight ;  
 Or, carv'd in marble, thy lov'd babe look'd like  
                                           Some statue grand.  
 While thy fond heart was breaking, trying thy  
                                           Grief to command.

But weep no more tears, Jennie ; God will be  
                                           Thy stay and trust ;  
 Thy babe has gone to a mansion where naught  
                                           Can ever rust  
 The armor of its unspotted life on  
                                           Earth here below ;  
 But mourn not, weep not, for thy babe, altho'  
                                           Thou lov'dst her so.

---

## Angelina.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ANGELINA DANCEY, DETROIT,  
MICH.

An acrostic to you, Angie, I think I'll indite,  
 Not knowing at this present moment what else to write ;  
 Genius ne'er thinks of me, tho' in vain I implore,  
 E'en for a little while, until this effusion's o'er ;  
 Love for my friends should sufficient inspiration lend  
 In evening's quiet hour, when care from me I send.  
 Now must I confess to you, tho' your name is pretty,  
 A short one is best for verse, unless one is witty.  
 Dear Angie, may music be the flame thy heart to fill,  
 And may thy young life guarded be from every ill ;  
 Ne'er let wealth nor fame thy friends forget in years to  
                                           come,  
 Cherish the faithful love which surrounds thee now at  
                                           home.  
 Ever when I think of thee 'tis with affection true ;  
 Your face and voice I'll not forget. Chere Angie, adieu.

---

Since I wrote this ode many years have pass'd, Angie dear,  
 But fame and a princely fortune greet thee year by year ;  
 Thou now dost wear the red cross, the emblem of the brave,  
 Who go out for their country's sake many lives to save.  
 And now as when I knew thee first thou art still the same  
 To me, and to thy home, though thou hast not chang'd thy  
                                           name.

## Norma.

LINES INDITED TO MR. AND MRS. OLIVER WHITELY.

Thou art thy father's treasure,  
 Norma, so fair and bright ;  
 Thy sweet voice rings with gladness  
 At morning, noon and night.

Thy voice, sweetest of music,  
 In song is often heard,  
 Vieing with lark and linnet,  
 Carolling like a bird.

Then keep thy voice pure, Norma,  
 While thro' life you will roam,  
 To swell the angels' chorus  
 When call'd to their fair home.

Hear me, Norma,—thy name was echo'd long ago,  
 Hear me, Norma,—on these few lines thy mind bestow.

---

## Dear Friend of My Youth.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM LEE.

Dear friend of my youth, many sad moments  
 Life has brought unto thee,  
 But God's bless'd light envelopes thy lov'd ones  
 In spotless purity,  
 And thou'lt again meet them with crowns of pearls  
 In God's eternity.

---

## Oh ! Kathleen Mavourneen.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS KATHLEEN HAMLIN, ONLY DAUGHTER  
 OF DR. AND MRS. HAMLIN, DETROIT, MICH.

Oh ! Kathleen mavourneen, you're fresh as the daisies,  
 The red and white daisies that grow upon the lawn ;  
 You're so sweet and beguiling,  
 An' you're all the time smiling,  
 An' your step on the greensward is light as a fawn.

Dost remember, Kathleen, the rose that I gave thee ?  
 Fresh from St. George's rectory gardens it came :  
 But with all its sweet perfume  
 And its beautiful pink bloom,  
 Only the shamrock can do honor to thy name.

Oh ! Kathleen mavourneen, you're bright as the morning,  
 Sparkling like the dew that upon the flowers lie ;  
 Your light-hearted and merry  
 As a Colleen from Kerry,  
 An' joyous smiles light up thy true Irish grey eye.

## Nina.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. DRIVER.

Nina dearest, thy dark blue eyes  
Will some future day magnetize  
Some belov'd one, as they did me  
When this morning I did meet thee,

With such fair, such bewitching curls,  
Making you, Nina, queen of girls ;  
But, Nina dear, every day  
Pray the Lord to keep you alway

In grace—as pure as you are now,  
With innocence upon thy brow,  
Stamp'd there by an unerring hand,  
By Him Who rules o'er sea and land.

---

## Madelin.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. E. WHITEMAN, DETROIT.

Madelin is pretty,  
Madelin is fair,  
We give her a welcome  
To our breezes rare.

How thy mother loves thee,  
Charming Madelin,  
And with patience each day  
Tries thy smiles to win.

Thy blue eyes are lovely,  
With peach bloom on cheek,  
No other joy but thee  
Doth thy mother seek.

---

## Anna Hayn.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. MESNER.

Thou dost live for the great glory  
Of the Lord, Anna dear,  
Ever thinking of the needy,  
Filling sad hearts with cheer.

Long mayst thou live for His glory,  
And through the coming years  
Gather new jewels for His crown,  
Gems fraught with pearly tears.

He doth strengthen thee, dear Anna,  
Thine eyes shine bright as stars,  
Thy voice is ever merry, no  
Sorrow thy spirit mars.

## Mary.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN  
CLUNESS, LONDON.

Were I but to ask the dewdrops  
What name they fain would choose  
I am sure they would say "Mary,"  
"Mary" echoes my muse.

Then, Mary dear, like the dewdrops,  
Eyer as modest be ;  
Thy beautiful brown curls, Mary,  
Are a treasure to thee.

And brown, velvety eyes, Mary,  
Of love and gladness tell,  
So always be loving and kind  
To those who love thee well.

Like Mary, mother of Jesus,  
Who fled from Herod's wrath,  
Thou wilt ever flee, dear Mary,  
From the tempter sin's path.

---

## Welcome to Senator Hogan.

TO WILLIAM HOGAN, ESQ., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We welcome thee back heartily  
To our home by Huron's sea,  
The loveliest spot on our earth  
Ever it seemeth to me.

Your capitol city is proud  
Of its historic lore,  
But we can claim no classic date,  
Only Old Huron's fam'd shore.

We know not whether nations  
Sent ships with rich merchandise  
Centuries ago, from foreign  
Shores, our eyes to magnetize,

But this we know—you're welcome back  
To our old romantic town  
With your fair Canadian bride,  
Whose smile-wreath'd face knows no frown.

May Heaven bless and prosper thee,  
And fill thy heart with love  
For the beauty of this fair earth,  
Sent down from Heav'n above.

May life be ever calm for thee,  
May strength to thee be giv'n,  
And mayst thou lay up rich treasure  
In the portals of Heav'n.

## Celia's Charms.

CELIA RUTH ROBINSON.

Celia's charms are many,  
Her flaxen curls charm'd me,  
And her pretty blue eyes  
Fill all with ecstasy  
Who listen to her when  
They meet her in some place,  
When some pretty poem  
She recites with great grace.

---

## Welcome to the Barge "Abercorn."

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY AND ENGINEER  
BAXTER, OF THE BARGE "ABERCORN," CLEVELAND.

Welcome to the barge "Abercorn,"  
From Cleveland's busy town,  
The home of President Garfield,  
Of most famous renown,  
Who by some kleptomaniac  
Was cruelly shot down.

Welcome to the barge "Abercorn,"  
Own'd by sons of our land ;  
May the ocean water fairies  
Over them raise their wand,  
May the Almighty King of Heav'n  
Sanctify their command.

Then welcome the barge "Abercorn,"  
Strew flowers while they lay  
At anchor in our harbor grand,  
Bright as in Naples Bay,  
And may her pretty cabins white  
Bring treasure every day.

Then three cheers for the "Abercorn,"  
Three for her owners, too ;  
May their cargoes increase threefold,  
Their courage to renew ;  
And may the lilies that we brought  
Bring "good luck" soon to you.

---

## Birdie.

TO MISS BIRDIE HAYS.

To Art thou art wedded,  
On Art thou dost hold a claim,  
And may Art command thee  
To ascend the hill of Fame.

## Bertha.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS BERTHA FARROW, ELDEST  
DAUGHTER OF A. FARROW, H. M. CUSTOMS.

Thou art constant, Bertha dearest,  
E'en as constant as the sun  
That returns every morning  
After night's long course is run.

Thou art so bright and courteous,  
Thy sweet voice pleasing to hear :  
Always sowing the good, sound seed  
As year follows after year.

Then long may thy happy home here  
Hold all you so dearly love,  
Who guided in youth thy footsteps  
To the land of light above.

---

## Jean.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JEAN HODGE, TORONTO.

I have miss'd thee, Jean, miss'd thee, and my heart  
Has felt the pain ;  
But I trust in joy and gladness I'll meet  
Thee here again ;  
Thy parents' friendship was given me, so  
Sincere and true,  
That I pray God in Heav'n has treasures rich  
Waiting for you.

---

## Odebolt.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOSIAH SKINNER, ODEBOLT, IOWA.

Odebolt, Odebolt, where in the world  
Did you find your odd, old name ?  
Does it tell of some fierce chieftain  
Whose prowess led to fame ?

Or does it tell of some miller  
Who ground your ripe golden grain ?  
Or does it speak of a river  
That flows onward to the main ?

Or mayhap some poet wander'd  
Through your greenwood's leafy shade  
When the moon was brightly shining  
Over mountain, field and glade.

Au revoir, my kettle's singing :  
"Lay aside your busy pen,  
Lay aside your idle dreaming,  
Write of Odebolt again."



## Hollyhocks.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. WILLIE TWEEDIE.

Thou art welcome to my garden,  
 Red and white hollyhocks so rare,  
 With all the flowers around me  
 It is hard for thee to compare ;  
 But thou art fill'd with ambition,  
 Their floral criticism dare.

Long may you live in my mem'ry,  
 Red and white hollyhocks most rare,  
 And may the giver good fortune  
 Reap in this busy world of care ;  
 And keep on the armor of Christ,  
 To withstand His enemy's snare.

## Tribute of Love.

TO MRS. J. H. EDWARD, BRITANNIA ROAD.

How well I remember  
 Thy mother so calm,  
 Who left thee in dying  
 A Heavenly balm.

The love of pray'r daily,  
 To Him her safe guide,  
 For well did thy mother  
 Stem life's stormy tide.

And may thy sons bring thee  
 Love and happiness ;  
 The talents God gave them  
 He will surely bless.

## Promptitude.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER HOSKEN, THE "SIGNAL"  
 CARRIER BOY.

On the pavement a white flower lay,  
 A beautiful spike of stocks so white,  
 And for "good luck" I pick'd it up, for  
 To my eyes 'twas a most lovely sight.

"Promptitude" is the apt language told  
 By that modest, sweet-scented flower ;  
 And now I feel to this great world it  
 Will give a lesson every hour

Of love to all who read these pages,  
 Whether old or young be their ages,  
 Ne'er to let opportunities pass,  
 But better the world in ev'ry class.

## Edna Straiton.

Dear Edna, no one can portray  
The Scottish tongue more perfect than thou ;  
The audience prepares to listen  
When on the platform you make your bow.

And well they may for thou'rt prepar'd  
To carry them most truly by storm ;  
We hope the sons of the heather  
Will extend to thee their friendship warm.

And when thou wearest the tartan  
All hearts are won, dear Edna, by thee,  
For thou art graceful as any  
Who e'er wore it at Bonnie Dundee.

So keep thy heart light, Edna dear,  
A Highland lover will come some day  
I trust, to make thee rich and glad  
Forever, Edna dear, and for aye.

## August Musings.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS EVA TURNBULL.

Oh ! birdie, sitting on the maple tree,  
What message of love dost thou bring me ?  
The sun is shining after the rain,  
And thou art twitt'ring of love again ;  
Oh ! birdie, love and true friendship to me  
Are both the same in their quality,  
But whoever loves me, well I know,  
Tell them, birdie, to Heaven they'll go.

## No Danger Did He Fear.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE LOVING FAMILY OF  
DR. FRANK C. TURNBULL, WHO RAN THE MAITLAND IN HIS  
CANOE ON 14TH MARCH, 1903, LOSING HIS BRIGHT  
YOUNG LIFE THEREBY.

No danger did he fear, thy brave boy, thy darling pride ;  
With a sweet smile on his face listed he to the prayers  
Of those who well knew the Maitland's whirling, madden'd tide ;  
But, alas ! the conqueror Death rode with him unawares  
And chill'd his patient heart, saving him from earthly cares.

God chastises those He loves, our loss is his own gain ;  
In sweetest memory will he live in all our fond hearts ;  
God will wipe the tears away and soothe the bitter pain,  
For the Father is ever with us when the soul departs  
And wafts it to the Homeland, illum'd by Love's Divine darts.

## Carnegie Hall.

LINES INSCRIBED TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My thanks must I tender  
 For my own share  
 Of interest in Carnegie Hall,  
 To the brave defender,  
 Whose love and care,  
 For the pleasure of our people all,  
 Has built a fine building,  
 A library,  
 Which may have no gilding  
 That we can see,  
 But will do honour to our town  
 Through all the rolling ages down.

---

## In Memoriam.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE PARENTS AND SISTERS OF THE LATE  
 MISS M'IVER.

In a couch casket they laid thee to rest,  
 Of royal purple ; and garlands of flowers  
 Cover'd thy casket and cover'd thy breast  
 Whilst thou lay in death calmly sleeping for hours.

Thy race was run, thy busy life broken,  
 By death's unwelcome mandate thou wert set free ;  
 Thou wert ready, thy calm life the token,  
 For every duty was sacred to thee.

As I pass'd oft have I watch'd thy sad eyes,  
 The glory of Heaven beam'd from thy calm face,  
 But when thou wert taken all felt surprise,  
 And tears on the faces of friends could I trace.

But thou'rt gather'd into the Heavenly fold,  
 Where the path thou dost tread is pav'd with fine gold.

---

## An August Sunflower.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. W. LASHAM.

An August sunflower,  
 With heart of emera'd green,  
 Was the wish of my heart  
 When I call'd on you yestre'en.

And as I hope and pray  
 Good health will be giv'n thy spouse,  
 And that both may be spar'd  
 Long to keep thy sacred vows.

## Aggie.

TO MRS. R. M. CASSELS, STRATFORD.

Long may I wear the shamrock  
You gave me one morning fair,  
A shamrock fill'd with shamrocks,  
None with it can compare.

I prize it, for the em'rald  
Sparkles in it with Faith's light,  
And wherever I may roam  
"Twill be precious in my sight.

And now I wish you fortune  
With your lovely children three,  
Love's token of the shamrock  
You so kindly gave to me.

---

## Bridal Wishes.

TO DR. W. CASH, OWEN SOUND.

I wish thee good fortune and fame,  
With thy fair young bride,  
Like her name, "Myrtle," she will cling  
Ever to thy side.

Her violet eyes did attract thee  
Like Huron's azure blue,  
That oft twinkle with merriment,  
Dull care to subdue.

We welcome you to your old home,  
Happy bride and groom,  
May love for God in your fond hearts  
Forever find room.

---

## Harry Babb.

LINES INSCRIBED TO HARRY BABB, YOUNGEST SON OF CAPTAIN  
WILLIAM BABB.

How oft hast thou dream'd of  
Being a sailor bold !  
How oft hast thou fear'd thou  
Wouldst not live to be old !  
But, Harry, thou hast found  
Thou'rt in the Father's fold.

He has watch'd over thee  
Thro' all thy bitter pain ;  
Now thy cheeks are rosy,  
Health makes thee smile again,  
For now Heaven's sunshine  
Has o'ercome sorrow's reign.

## To Someone Far Away.

WRITTEN ON AUG. 3RD, 1903, ON RECEIVING A HANDSOME  
PRIVATE POSTCARD FROM ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

From New Brunswick came  
This morn to me  
A handsome postcard,  
Lovely to see,

With cathedral grand  
Printed thereon,  
Which is a fair sight  
To gaze upon.

The unicorn and  
Lion so bold  
Also appear in  
Design of gold.

So now the giver  
Has perfect taste,  
But I can have no  
Moments to waste

To spend in guessing  
The giver's name,  
But ask God's love for  
Him all the same.

---

## Agnes.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. EZEKIEL SMITH, ST. LOUIS.

Thy tresses are like virgin gold,  
Worn by the goddesses of old ;  
Thy cheeks are like the lily white,  
Who doth the rose's blush invite.

Then, dear little Agnes, may you  
Ever be as gentle and true  
As is the harmless, gentle dove,  
Emblem of the Christian love ;

Emblem of the Holy Ghost, too,  
That Christ sent down to His chosen few  
Who felt His Almighty power  
Growing greater every hour.

And in the form of tongues of fire  
The Holy Ghost fill'd His desire  
At Pentecost, and sat on each,  
That to all nations they would preach

Man's great redemption from the fall  
Of Adam—by Christ, Who for all  
Died upon the cross, that we might  
Live pure, Agnes, in His sight.

## Maggie Cameron.

(NOW MRS. LAY, DAWSON CITY.)

Can I forget thy playful wiles,  
                                           Maggie Cameron ?  
 Thy mouth enwreath'd with sweetest smiles,  
                                           Maggie Cameron ?  
 Thy hand outstretch'd in friendship true,  
 Sweet flow'rs of kindness dost thou strew,  
 Thy life is pure as ev'ning dew,  
                                           Maggie Cameron.

Years have pass'd since this I wrote :  
 Sorrow thy fond heart hath smote ;  
 Thy lov'd father pass'd the bourne,  
 No more on earth to return.  
 But now in fair Klondyke's mine,  
 With husband and heir now thine,  
 Thy sorrow has turn'd to joy,  
 For thou lov'st thy little boy ;  
 And I trust this tribute may  
 Bring "good luck" to Maggie Lay.

## Courtesy.

MR. WM. WILSON, BANK OF COMMERCE.

Courtesy is a virtue ;  
           May it ever be  
 The motto of thy whole life  
           To be frank and free.

## Alma.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO BARRISTER AND MRS. LOFTUS  
 EDWIN DANCEY.

If thou wert a boy, Alma,  
 A sailor thou wouldst be,  
 For I know full well, Alma,  
       That thou dost love the sea.

Thy heart is light, dear Alma,  
 Thou knowest naught of fear,  
 Thy life is full of gladness,  
       Thy love for home is dear.

So may thy talents, Alma,  
 Bring forth rare golden fruit,  
 And in thy daily studies  
       Let the love of God take root.

### Vesta.

Thou dost mourn thy mother, Vesta,  
 Mourn her most lovingly ;  
 Thou wert her last born, dear Vesta,  
 Her heart prided in thee ;  
 And when the flowers in springtime  
 Bloom so bright and so frail  
 Thou must think that like thy mother,  
 When health began to fail,  
 She pass'd away like the snowdrops,  
 To the land beyond the sun,  
 And with her last breath in prayer  
 The victory was won.  
 And now in the summer, Vesta,  
 When lilies are in bloom,  
 And lovely crimson roses fill  
 Thy garden with perfume,  
 Thou'lt think of the bloom of Heaven.  
 Of the long, endless day  
 Of her home of bliss and glory  
 Beyond the sun's bright ray.

### Golden Glow, Farewell.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. WILLIAM HOGAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I prize thy friendship like this Golden Glow  
 You gave me this August morning before we may part ;  
 Truth is the essence of friendship, I know,  
 Altho' silence reigns in the Golden Glow's petall'd heart.

### Take Care, Beware !

TO ANNIE CASSADY, SISTER OF THE LATE DR. J. F. CASSADY.

Cupid's snares surround thee,  
 Take care !  
 Love flashes from thine eyes,  
 Beware !  
 For the chain thou art weaving  
 O'er someone you'll be leaving,  
 An' for you he'll be grieving  
 Sae sair.

An' when you come again  
 Take care  
 How you leave a lover,  
 Beware !  
 An' be not too deceiving,  
 For two can play at leaving,  
 An' someone's heart be grieving,  
 Sae sair.

## Tribute.

LINES TO MRS. GEORGE ACHESON.

I listed with great pleasure  
To the sketch you read so well  
Of your lovely trip to the Golden Gate,  
And I sigh'd for the leisure  
Which would allow me to tell  
In verse the glories of the Golden State.

But I can never travel,  
And must be content at home ;  
So no foreign clime have I ever seen ;  
Some time I may unravel  
The wherefore I cannot roam,  
For far from Huron's tide I have never been.

---

## Mary Evelyn.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM EBERTS, CHICAGO.

Sweet as cherub, Mary Evelyn,  
Eyes so large and so full of soul,  
Only four summers hast thou yet seen,  
My darling, bright Mary Evelyn,  
But thy pure voice thou dost control.

Thou didst sing, dear Mary Evelyn,  
Of Jesus, when thee I did meet,  
And sat like a little reigning queen,  
Touching the keys, Mary Evelyn,  
Of the piano, soft and sweet.

---

## The Sunshine of Thy Mother's face.

LINES TO LIEUT. JAMES WELLS.

The sunshine of thy mother's face,  
I see it yet—  
Thy dear mother, with hair so white  
And eyes of jet ;  
How fondly she did love thee, I  
Cannot forget.

She lov'd the Maitland's winding stream,  
And could not leave  
Her home upon the green hillside,  
For it would grieve  
Her heart to do so. But when death  
Came to bereave

Her of her loving spouse so true  
She left her hillside home for you,  
Until Death's angel call'd her to  
Her husband's side.



Victoria.

**VICTORIA BLACKSTONE.**

Victoria, well, nam'd I trow,  
As thy easy manner doth show,  
When with thy violin and bow,  
And rosy cheeks with healthful glow,  
Before the audience thou dost go,  
Victoria.

Victoria thy name will be,  
May God give fortune good to thee ;  
May thy fame spread from sea to sea,  
And like a bird keep thy heart free,  
But forever remember me,  
Victoria.

**Dera.**

**..LINES TO VERA DOWNING COX, LEAMINGTON.**

Little darling all dress'd in pure white,  
With arms outstretch'd in gleeful delight,  
Surely thou wert a rare charming sight,  
When first I met thee, dearest Vera.

Those dark eyes of thine, their light can I  
Forget, as Time's chariot passes by ?  
No, never ! if I e'en feign'd to try,  
    Could I forget thee, dearest Vera.

## How Thy Mother Lov'd Thee.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISSES MAUDE AND FRANCES  
JOHNSTON.

How thy mother lov'd thee,  
And yet the angel Death  
Came and took her to Him  
She prais'd at latest breath.

Ah well ! I know thou dost  
Miss her ev'ry day,  
For thou wert ever near,  
Never from her far away.

**Remember her teachings,  
Cover her grave with flowers,  
But let not too much grief  
Disturb thy leisure hours.**

**For all have once to die,  
To give up all we love,  
But cherish her mem'ry,  
Until you meet above.**

## Adelaide.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO ADELAIDE, THE LITTLE  
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. R. W. LOGAN, OF MONTREAL.  
THE LAST TWO VERSES WERE PENNED BY MR. FRED-  
ERICK MEYER, MONTREAL, AFTER THE DEATH OF  
HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, WHO DIED WHILE  
ON A VISIT TO MONTREAL WITH HER MOTHER,  
JAN. 28TH, 1894, AGED 2 YEARS AND 8  
MONTHS.

Who dances like the bounding fawn  
At mother's side, from early dawn,  
Charming all hearts that look upon ?  
Adelaide.

Whose little voice is tun'd to song,  
As if she dwelt where linnets throng,  
Making home happy all day long ?  
Adelaide.

Long may your heart be free from care,  
Long may your eyes with brilliance rare  
Look on your mother's face so fair.  
Adelaide.

Alas ! our joy is turn'd to pain,  
To think we ne'er shall hear again  
Thy voice, while we on earth remain,  
Adelaide.

Yet shall our grief at last be o'er  
When we shall meet on that bless'd shore  
Where parting shall be never more,  
Adelaide.

---

## Pearl.

LINES TO MISS PEARL VIVIAN.

Why do I never hear thy voice  
Rippling in song ?  
Why dost thou no music give us  
The whole night long ?  
For God gave thee those precious notes ;  
To Him a wrong  
You do, to let your talent rare  
Lie mute—unheard,  
For God's pow'r is manifested  
E'en by a bird  
That warbles so sweetly, unprais'd  
By e'en one word.  
Now truly, Pearl, thou'rt very fair,  
With sunny glints in thy soft hair ;  
True modesty shines from thine eyes,  
To someone, Pearl, thou'lt be a prize.

## Charlie.

LINES TO CHARLES WATSON, GOLD MEDALIST, NEW YORK.

Thou art the type of fair manhood,  
Full of strength, of vigor and pride,  
In thy search for more knowledge,  
Which is now so far and so wide.

When thou dost gaze upon the sea  
Where New York's ocean steamers ply,  
Thou must crave for foreign shores  
And knowledge thou wouldst gain thereby.

But preserve thy manhood, Charlie,  
Gird the armour of knowledge on,  
Pray God to keep thee safe from harm,  
And bless thy lov'd home when thou'rt gone.

## I Love Thee, O Erin.

DEDICATED TO RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

I love thee, O Erin, with thy shamrock so green,  
Belov'd by thy people, by thy priests and thy Queen.  
Oh ! I love thy green hills with thy lochs and thy dales,  
An' the sunburst that proudly floats over thy vales.

The fond hearts of thy people, Oh ! I love them too,  
To St. Patrick's pure faith they are good and true—  
As true as the music to thy harp and thy lute,  
As firm as the tree with its flowers an' its fruit.

I love thee, O Erin, the proud land of Boru,  
Belov'd home of my parents so good an' so true,  
The home of the minstrel with his harp an' his lute,  
That only oppression can ever render mute.

## Nellie.

LINES TO MRS. HARRY EDWARDS.

May thy dark eyes know no sorrow,  
May they shine with pure delight,  
Mayst thou know no sad tomorrow,  
Mayst thou praise God day and night.

'Twas thus I wrote in thy album,  
Before thy fond lover came,  
And now thou hast a loving spouse  
And a babe to bear his name.

A lovely babe, with Heav'n's blue eyes,  
That reflect his mother's soul ;  
May he be to thee a blessing  
While Life's long years onward roll.

## The Library Rose.

LINES TO A. DUFF, ESQ., LIBRARIAN CARNEGIE HALL.

May the rose that I send thee  
For long years recall  
To thee sweetest memories  
In Carnegie Hall.

---

## Marie.

LINES TO MISS MARIE M'GREGOR, NOW MRS. T. KIDD,  
MUSKEGON, MICH.

Those flame-color'd flowers in October  
Fann'd the flame in my poet heart ;  
May they be a type of thy life, Marie,  
When from thy lov'd home thou'lt depart.

For one is coming who loves thee, Marie,  
Whose strong heart is true as tried steel,  
Who'll wreath thy brow with Love's blossoms, Marie,  
When at the altar thou dost kneel.

---

## Gracie.

LINES TO MISS GRACIE MARTIN.

Bright little Gracie,  
A rare jewel art thou ;  
Music rules thy heart  
And rules thy classic brow.

Always a treasure  
Be to thy mother dear ;  
God will fill thy measure  
With pure love, not fear.

---

## Tribute.

TO J. W. BRODERICK, SOLOIST, LONDON.

Of Jesus thou dost love  
Alway to sing ;  
May thy pure voice to thee  
Rich blessings bring ;  
And may all thy works be  
An offering  
To the Saviour, from Whom  
All blessings spring.

## Lily Newell.

LINKS WRITTEN ON LITTLE LILY NEWELL'S PRESENTING  
LEADER BELCHER OF THE VICTORIA STREET CHURCH CHOIR  
WITH A LOVELY BOUQUET.

Like a little rose didst thou look, Lily,  
Or like a pink carnation most rare,  
In gown of rose satin, trimmed with lace white ;  
Thou wert truly the sweetest flow'r there.

The bouquet thou didst hold was beautiful,  
And clustering curls that crown'd thy brow ;  
We know all at Victoria church that night  
Were well pleas'd with thy right queenly bow.

The leader, to whom thou didst give the gift  
From the Victoria street church choir,  
Was proud of the sweet little lily  
Who so well fulfill'd their hearts' desire.

Then be as pure as thy namesake, Lily,  
And be always as sweet as the rose,  
And grow in new beauty every day,  
That thy soul in God's faith may repose.

---

## Celia.

CELIA M'GRORY.

"I'll take this apple and fill it with cloves,"  
Said a lovely young girl to me ;  
Showing how much she cherish'd the favor,  
Although such a trifle it be.

Oh, Celia ! could I give thee an em'rald  
'Twould then be worth keeping, my dear,  
But an apple fill'd with cloves, tho' fragrant,  
Is "une pauvre souvenir," I fear.

But never mind, Celia, 'tis a spicy  
Compliment for me to receive,  
But hope this apple, "Souvenir Primate,"  
Will not let you suffer like Eve.

'Twas in the sunset I met this fair maid,  
When blue and gold tinted the sky,  
And with modest mien and most tuneful voice  
She bade me a loving "Good-bye."

## Mamie.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. RICHARD FRITZLEY, SALTFORD.

Mamie darling, how they miss'd thee,  
Thou wert so cheerful and gay.  
Always singing like songbird sweet  
At the close of ev'ry day.

Thy dark eyes with their depths of love,  
Hidden by modesty's veil,  
Thy dark wavy hair was thy pride,  
E'en when thy cheeks grew so pale.

A fond lover woo'd and won thee,  
For his faithful, cherish'd wife,  
But when thy infant op'd its eyes  
His joy was bought with thy life.

And now thy infant and thou together reap  
The promise, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

## I Am Thinking of Thee, Erin.

LINES TO HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

I am thinking of thee, Erin, an' hoping that thy sorrow  
May like thy "sunburst" turn to joy some very near tomorrow ;  
I am thinking that thy harp strings would thrill with rapturous  
joy  
Could my voice reach and my hand touch thy chords like the  
minstrel boy.

O dear Erin, could I help thee, at thy loving feet I'd kneel,  
I'd charm thy foes, as well as friends, with love's pure voice,  
whose silv'ry peal  
Would arouse their dormant hearts to deeds of honor bright an'  
true,  
And bury deep their deadly wrong and tune their fond hearts  
anew.

## Winifred.

TO MR. AND MRS. H. I. BRIDGETTE, GRAND RAPIDS.

Sweet-fac'd Winifred,  
Who could not love thee, with thy dainty ways !  
A born little aristocrat,  
And not the slightest doubt of that,  
A little queen who will earn worldly praise.

Blue-ey'd Winifred,  
Vieing with Heaven's cerulean blue,  
As modest as a daisy white,  
Thou wilt surely be the delight  
Of all who gaze upon thy little face so true.

## Hide Not Thy Talent.

ERNIE HORTON.

I prided in thy poetic taste,  
 So let not thy Heav'n-born talent waste,  
 For now in thy youth it is the time  
 To pass from the gay to the sublime ;  
 So take up thy pen, invoke the muse  
 To help thee thy rich talent to use ;  
 Thou knowest well what the Scriptures say  
 Of one who hid his talent away.

## Vera and Ruth.

TO THE MISSES WIGGINS.

None know thy worth, Vera, who meet thee  
 Day by day,  
 How much tender compassion in thy  
 Fond heart lay  
 For one you knew, who suffered so much  
 Earthly pain,  
 But thou wert ever near to soothe the  
 Aching brain.

And oft when I look into thy soft  
 Violet eyes  
 I pray that thou mayst to rank and to  
 Fortune rise ;  
 And Ruth, thy sweet-faced sister, with her  
 Love for art,  
 I trust God will give to her no sad  
 Aching heart,  
 And keep you both in happiness naught  
 Can sever  
 And when thy work is o'er dwell with  
 Christ forever.

## "Asa Boy."

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. C. A. SHANE, OF DETROIT, ON SEE-  
 ING HIM ACT "ASA BOY" IN "THE AMERICAN COUSIN,"  
 MAY EVE, 1895.

Golden blossoms for thee I bring,  
 To wish thee joy,  
 For summer cometh in beauty,  
 Without alloy,  
 A God-given beauty, free to all,  
 Whether in hut or in castle hall,  
 But let not folly thy heart enthrall,  
 Thee, "Asa Boy."

## Wheels of Lace.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS KATE M'INTOSH, "LAKEVIEW."

May those wheels of lace  
 Carry my love  
 With them, where'er thou dost roam :  
 May they have the grace,  
 Like wings of dove,  
 To waft blessings to thy home.

---

## Shamrock IV.

LINES TO MISS JENNIE LAWSON.

Thy yacht, Shamrock IV., must lead the race,  
 She sails old Lake Huron with such grace ;  
 A right merrie party you will be,  
 Your dear parents and their daughters three.  
 Thou art clever, Jennie, and I feel  
 Thou art a friend for woe or for weal ;  
 Sincerity is a virtue rare,  
 Foster'd by thee with a gentle care ;  
 Prosperity is thy heritage,  
 Which will give thee power to assuage  
 The grief of many an aching heart  
 Who from this fair world has soon to part.  
 So keep thy mind fill'd with God's great love,  
 Who sends thee rich blessings from above ;  
 And may thy yacht, Shamrock IV., soon bring  
 Aboard to thee, dear, thy future king,  
 And may the Shamrock remember me  
 When riches are found in Huron's sea.  
 For riches lie deep hidden in caves  
 As well as wealth that floats o'er its waves.

---

## Alwyn.

TO DAVID ALWYN BARRY LINDSAY, LONDON.

Sleep, sweet babe, sleep,  
 Heaven doth keep  
 Constant watch over thee and thine ;  
 Mayst thou live,  
 And ever give  
 Meet praise to the Saviour Divine.

Pretty thy name,  
 For thee I claim  
 Kindred to the old Celtic kings ;  
 But better far,  
 Thou art a star  
 Whose light tells of Heavenly things.



## friendship.

MISS DELIA WARRINER, DETROIT.

Thy friendship is like molten gold,  
 Purified by the fire,  
 And showing by thy daily life  
 A heavenly desire  
 To teach the world the Christian way  
 Of going up higher ;  
 And now may the garland I gathered all for thee  
 Be accepted as a poetic due from me.

## Maggie Cameron.

Our friendship is not new,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 Sanctified with the dew,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 God sends to ev'ry heart,  
 Cleansing dross from each part,  
 Maggie Cameron.

The dross of mother earth,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 Which comes with us at birth,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 Till fungi-like it grows,  
 And ruins our repose,  
 Maggie Cameron.

But the dew from Heaven,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 Is God's great grace given,  
 Maggie Cameron,  
 To all, to you and me,  
 So that heav'n we will see,  
 Maggie Cameron.

## Harold Taylor.

Thou art a sportsman bold,  
 As fond of water as of land ;  
 Thy yacht would be complete,  
 With thy rifle so neat,  
 If only a deer thou couldst strand.

Thy aim is true, Harold,  
 May it forever be the same ;  
 Aim to be first, be sure,  
 If it be ills to cure ;  
 Whatever it be, take good aim.

## Thelma.

TO THELMA CARLYLE, DETROIT.

Thelma, blue-ey'd darling,  
I must welcome thee back again  
This cool August morning  
That portends a shower of rain.

Thou'rt ready for the beach,  
With dear Bella and the tin pails :  
Georgie follows with hooks  
And all his fishing rod details.

Thou must try Sol to charm,  
For his light is obscur'd to-day  
After the grand sunset  
I watch'd upon my homeward way

Yestere'en, as I saunter'd  
Along the silent country road :  
I saw the sun, like ball  
Of fire, sink to his lov'd abode

Beyond fair Canada,  
The land thy mother loves so well ;  
And now of this morning,  
Of your good luck I hope you'll tell.

---

## Sines to Flossie McDonald.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT, 1893.

Dost remember the night we sang,  
You and I ?  
To do glory to old Erin  
We did try ;  
And now many St. Patrick's days  
Have pass'd by.

But Erin has won a jewel,  
Not a loan ;  
Her sons have freedom to buy homes  
Of their own ;  
The sorrows of Erin have for  
Ever flown.

---

## flora.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

Flora, sweet maid with dove-like eyes  
And voice so sweet, I highly prize ;  
Mayst thou this day resolve anew  
To be like Mary, fair and true.

## Derby Smith.

1892.

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN W. SMITH, SUPERINTENDENT OF  
THE GOVERNMENT DREDGE, OTTAWA.

Who waits for her papa all day,  
And every night for him doth pray,  
That God will send him home to stay ?  
Lov'd Derby.

Who waits with eager, bright blue eye,  
And sings her ev'ning lullaby  
When gloom surrounds the starlit sky ?  
Sweet Derby.

Lake Huron wafts its healthful breeze,  
The Maitland's shores with graceful ease  
Send the true love of centuries  
To Derby.

---

Faithful and True.

LINES TO MRS. RICHARD POSTLETHWAITE.

Faithful and true  
Ever are you,  
Trying the Saviour to serve ;  
Trusting and bright,  
As stars at night,  
From His law you'll never swerve.

Like a fond dove,  
True to your love,  
Thy home is a sacred place ;  
May life for you  
Bring pleasures true,  
And the blessing of God's grace.

---

Helen.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES BRIGHT BELL,  
OELIEN, IOWA.

Thou art lovely, little Helen,  
Merry all day long,  
Rivalling the songbirds, Helen,  
With thy sweet-ton'd song.

So mayst thou always, dear Helen,  
Be fill'd with the love  
Of our Divine Saviour, Helen,  
Who reigneth aboye.

## John.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN GALT, JR.

In fancy now I picture thee  
     An orator tall,  
 With nice melo-dramatic air,  
     In some classic hall

Dilating on the "Guinea Stamp"  
     That should crown us all ;  
 And I pray that you some day this  
     Poem may recall.

---

## Maitland's Greeting.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. STANBURY, BAYFIELD.

Many a time have I wonder'd  
     How Father Time far'd with thee ;  
 Whether thy locks turn'd to white,  
     Or brown, as they used to be.

The same sweet smile pervades thy face,  
     The same light in thy blue eye  
 Tells the glad tale—thou art reaping  
     Love's harvest—as time rolls by.

Many a time didst thou listen  
     To the peal of Knox church bell,  
 While three decades of years or more  
     The same story doth it tell.

And though thy reverend father  
     And mother have join'd the fold  
 Still thou art the same as ever,  
     Thy fond heart would not grow old.

I send thee proud Maitland's greeting  
     To Bayfield's meand'ring stream,  
 And hope that this loving tribute  
     Will be sweet as "Love's Young Dream."

---

## Geoffrey Holt.

Thou art a scholar rare, Geoffrey ;  
     The seed of knowledge in thy heart  
 Will ripen as the years roll on,  
     For thou to others will impart  
 That which will make them as true  
 To Heav'n above as to you ;  
 Whilst thy soul's music will pour  
 Out to Him thou dost adore.

## Ralph.

LINES INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. HERALD, MEDICINE HAT.

Wilt thou come again to see us  
From thy Ranchero's side,  
Bringing thy lovely mother, Ralph,  
Whom I knew when a bride—

Thy beautiful, dark-ey'd mother,  
Who to thee is so true,  
Reading and writing in German  
And teaching it to you?

And some day you all may travel  
Over both land and sea  
To study with famous Lorenz  
In studious Germany.

---

## Florence Fraser.

Florence, how light thy heart,  
How merry thy ways!  
Thou art well skill'd in art,  
Thou hast won much praise.

Thy eyes are like velvet,  
So soft is their blue,  
And buried in their depths  
Is thy soul so true.

---

## Christmas Day, 1902.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO J. W. VANATTER.

Bring holly and mistletoe, fill ev'ry home with mirth,  
For it is the day of gladness, the day of Christ's birth,  
The day upon which He brought peace and goodwill to earth.

And may this bright Christmas Day be a day of pure peace,  
A day when war's terrors among all nations may cease,  
And bring joy to all who from sin's bonds their souls release.

Let us, like dear old Santa, bring cheer to every heart,  
For he, as Christ's messenger, fulfilleth well his part  
And brings gifts alike to homes of poverty and art.

Let us live in happiness, happy in our sphere,  
Happy and grateful to the friends who bring good cheer,  
And pray that Heav'n may send to all a Happy New Year.

## The Engineer's Choice.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO E. TILT, C. E., M'GILL  
COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

Thou hast chosen to roam  
'Mong gold and silver mines,  
And leave thy happy home  
To revel 'mong the pines  
And trees of the hillside  
That grow in regions high,  
To make fame and fortune  
As the long years roll by.  
I pray that the future  
May fill thy soul with love  
For the priceless jewels  
Found in Heaven above.

## Clarice.

TO MISS CLARICE LAITHWAITE.

Sweet is thy name, Clarice dear,  
None sweeter can there be ;  
Thine ear is tun'd to music,  
Thy name must well please thee.

Thou art a graceful rider  
Upon thy fiery steed,  
Erect and truly winning,  
Fair and lovely indeed.

Thou'rt smiling always, Clarice,  
Naught ever dost thou fear ;  
May Huron's rosy sunset  
Tinge thy cheek ev'ry year.

## To a Day Lily.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. WALTER NARTTEL.

Sweetly thy white petals unfold,  
Making fragrant the world around,  
And yet thy lovely pale green leaves  
With modesty lie near the ground.

All day thy flowers their petals,  
So pure and so lovely are they,  
Open out to their admirers  
The chaste beauty they hide away.

When ev'ning's twilight gathers o'er  
Thy buds close, more fragrance to gain  
By their sweet rest beneath the stars,  
Which makes thee thy beauty retain.

## Baby Mary.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. MELVIN HOWELL ON THE  
NIGHT OF THEIR EPWORTH LEAGUE GARDEN PARTY, 1903.

Merry voices fill the air  
Under the silver poplar tree ;  
While the flambeaux brightly burn  
Thy mother is thinking of thee.

Hark ! she lists, she hears thy cry,  
While "Crown Him" in chorus is sung,  
But she hears naught but thy voice  
That out on the August air rung.

Ah ! Mary, with crown of curls,  
Black as the raven's shining wing,  
In after years with God's will  
"Crown Him," too, mayst thou sweetly sing.

---

## To a Half-blown Water Lily.

LINES INSCRIBED TO BARRISTER BOWBEER, WYANDOTTE,  
FORMERLY OF THE GODERICH POSTOFFICE STAFF, WHO  
PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH A HALF-BLOWN WATER  
LILY FROM THE MAITLAND.

Pride of my heart, doth whisper to me  
A secret of wealth from Huron's sea ?  
Opening from out thy leaves of white  
A heart of gold so pure and so bright ;  
I stand enthralld at thy beauty rare  
And feel that genius is hidden there,  
Who bids me paint, with the muse's pen,  
The glory thy beauty gives all men,  
And wafts to me, in its sweet perfume,  
Incense so sweet, like a rose in bloom ;  
And may the hand of the friend that gave  
To me a tribute from Maitland's wave  
Be fill'd with strength and power to live,  
And to the world thy example give,  
To keep his heart free from this earth's dross  
And gain a crown, through Christ's loving cross.

---

## Thou'rt Very Fair.

LINES TO MRS. RICHARDS.

Thou'rt very fair, and very kind,  
Although thy purse with gold's not lin'd ;  
Thou'rt very true, and that is worth  
More than gold to honor thy birth.

## Adela.

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES ROBINSON, DRAYTON.

O dear Adela, will we see thee no more ?  
 Thou art going so far from Huron's fam'd shore ;  
 Thou didst love to play on thy emerald lawn  
 That the petals of thy roses fell upon.

But thou mayst return a young woman most fair,  
 With voice like a songbird's upon the pure air,  
 But wherever thou art, dear Adela, be  
 A blessing to thy parents, who have but thee.

## Genevieve.

LINES WRITTEN TO THE MISSES ETHEL, FLORA AND GENEVIEVE  
M'GREGOR, DETROIT.

Thy name has oft  
 Been tun'd to song,  
 Genevieve,  
 So sweet and soft  
 The whole night long,  
 Genevieve.

Thy graceful form I think I see,  
 Thy easy manner, frank and free,  
 And eyes that speak of constancy,  
 Genevieve.

Thou'rt rob'd in white,  
 Like virgin bride,  
 Genevieve,  
 A lovely sight,  
 Thy father's pride,  
 Genevieve.

A picture of innocence pure,  
 A smile that ev'ry ill can cure :  
 The love of all thou wilt ensure,  
 Genevieve.

## Contentment.

LINES TO MRS. GEORGE BISSETT.

Always merry, never sad,  
 Thy heart seemeth always glad ;  
 Kindness oft hast thou shown me,  
 May kind Heaven reward thee,  
 And rich blessings on thee pour,  
 Though thy hair is silver'd o'er ;  
 But all they who love the Lord  
 Will from Him get their reward.



## What Charms Thou Hast.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES DALYRIMPLE  
STEWART.

What charms thou hast,  
Dearest friend, for me,  
With thy clever,  
Happy children three.

Thou'rt fit to dwell  
In some regal hall,  
Thou'rt so queenly,  
Gracious and tall.

Art in thy home  
Is treasur'd with care ;  
May God's love shine  
On all who dwell there.

---

## Loch Lomond.

LINES TO MR. JOHN CARRIE.

Oft hast thou sung Loch Lomond's praise,  
And fair Annie Laurie's too,  
And now thou'rt in the grand Northwest,  
To sing their praises anew.

Keep thy voice tun'd to sacred song,  
To lead men's souls unto God ;  
"The Holy City" is for those  
Who have pass'd "Under the Rod."

---

## Katie.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MISS KATIE  
M'GROVIE WITH EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

Thy fair hair is like virgin gold, Katie,  
Like a crown o'er thy pale white brow ;  
Thy brow, which speaks of truth and love, Katie,—  
May it e'er be as pure as now.

Thy true love for noble deeds, dear Katie,  
Will inspire thee with fervent zeal  
To keep thy young mind unstain'd, dear Katie,  
In this short life of woe and weal.

And be firm as these flowers, dear Katie,  
Whose brightest colors never fade,  
And ever lend a helping hand, Katie,  
To all those who most need thy aid.

## May Peace and Plenty.

TO MR. AND MRS. ROBERT YOUNG.

May peace and plenty,  
Like thy roses so fair,  
Always surround thee,  
And may thy flowers rare  
Grow so beautiful  
None with them can compare.

---

## Roses and Clematis.

Thy red rose full of perfume,  
This perfect October day,  
Made me feel thy kindness  
Much greater than I can say ;  
And the pure white clematis  
Seem'd to feel the quiet pow'r  
Of the opals brought to thee  
By thy husband—love's sweet dow'r—

From far Honduras' mountains,  
Where the sons of sunny Spain  
Woo'd the Honduras maidens,  
Quite content with modest gain,  
For they know life is fleeting,  
And fatigue would cloud their sky,  
So they leave Honduras' mines  
To the men who travel by

Land and water o'er mountain,  
Over torrid, scorching plain,  
For opal, gold and silver,  
Which for ages will remain  
To draw men from foreign climes  
To see God's most wondrous hand  
Making winter's tropic rains  
Fertilize Honduras' land,

Where the corn grows like magic,  
Gladdening the native's heart,  
Whose wealth lies 'mong its tassels,  
And to him more joys impart  
Than all the golden treasure  
Buried in earth's deepest cave,  
And the laden orange trees  
Their lives from misery save.

---

Fred.

MR. FREDERICK SHANNON.

May St. Patrick  
Pour down blessings on thy head ;  
May thy talents  
O'er the world their lustre shed.

## To a Pink Aster.

LINES TO ISABELLE BISSETT.

Thou wert given me by a  
Maiden frank and free,  
With ringlets clustering round  
Her face, fair to see,  
And from her breast she took thee  
And gave thee to me.

O beautiful flower, with  
Petals rosy pink!  
Canst tell me if her fortune  
With mine e'er will link,  
If I tell thee her gift will  
Be printed in ink?

---

## Easter.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM PROUDFOOT.

The heavens with joyful tidings now doth ring,  
Earth's bonds are broken, the Lord Jesus is King;  
For sinners He liv'd and for sinners He died,  
To save them the deep crimson flow'd from His side.

The thorn-crowned head sank low upon His breast,  
The nailed hands and feet to a rude cross were press'd,  
But now He is triumphant—His love holds sway,  
Enveloping mankind with its Heav'nly ray.

Rejoice, mankind! Ev'ry nation lend an ear;  
Chant, chant His praise, all ye people far and near;  
Sing Alleluias this holy Easter morn,  
Jesus has made thee pure, as the child new born.

---

## Ernest.

LINES TO ERNEST PORTER.

Long mayst thou make  
Thy pavilion ring  
With thy pure notes,  
"God Save the King."

So young thou art,  
So pure and high  
Thy notes, which seem  
To reach the sky.

So, Ernest dear,  
Thy notes oft raise  
To God above  
In hymns of praise.

## Ora.

## LINES TO MISS ORA BATES.

How sweetly sounds thy name,  
 Like vesper bell  
 When it calls the faithful  
 Their heads to tell,  
 And thou, Ora, art sweet,  
 I know full well.

Like the wisteria,  
 With purple bloom,  
 All 'round thy pretty home,  
 Where sweet perfume  
 From the other flowers  
 Fills thy whole room.

Then, fair, blue-ey'd Ora,  
 Mayst thou e'er be  
 Fond of thy lov'd home, where  
 The maple tree  
 In the twilight whispers  
 "Ora pro me."

---

 Fairy fingers.

## LINES TO ETTA SAULTS.

What fairy fingers hast thou,  
 Modelling in clay,  
 Or drawing with thy pencil  
 Some beautiful fay,

With bows and ends of ribbon  
 On her classic head ;  
 Yet thou art very young to  
 Be by Fashion led.

Fashion is a shining light  
 Akin to high art,  
 So, Etta, keep thy pencil  
 In touch with thy heart.

For God gave thee this talent,  
 Thank Him while you live,  
 And some day rare pictures  
 To the world you'll give.

## Ivy.

IVY ELLIOTT.

Ivy dearest, thou dost cling  
To thy parents' love,  
As the ivy to the oak  
Climbs to heights above.

Thy long, fair curls are lovely,  
Befitting thy name,  
And mayst thou like the ivy  
Win garlands of fame.

---

## June Honeysuckles and Fleur-De-Lis.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. D. TYE, ON BEING PRESENTED BY  
HER WITH A PRETTY BOUQUET OF WILD HONEYSUCKLES  
AND FLEUR-DE-LIS.

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve the shining hours ;"  
Then must I seem as busy too,  
For I'm always 'mid the flow'rs.

Each day some loving friend I meet  
Who straightway fills my hands  
With the lovely flow'rs which adorn  
Their homes like fairy wands.

'Twas the honeysuckle woo'd me  
This lovely summer day,  
And Juno here, I must admit,  
Doth surely lead the way

To the home of my friend, who gave  
The bees' priz'd flow'rs to me,  
And with it the emblem of France,  
The royal fleur-de-lis.

---

## The Iron Boot.

LINES TO MR. OLIVER. GALT.

That match-box you made me,  
A lovely wrought-iron foot,  
Caus'd the seed of esteem  
For thy genius to take root.

Thou'rt a cunning master  
Of Vulcan's noble old art,  
And that Fortune woos thee  
I will pray with all my heart.

## St. George's Rose.

TO MRS. GEORGE STANCOMBE.

How lovely thy garden,  
With its roses rare,  
And lovely geraniums,  
All nurtur'd with care.

To thy country thou'rt true,  
For all the world knows  
That England's fam'd flower  
Is St. George's rose.

---

## Kenneth.

TO THE PARENTS AND BROTHERS OF MR. KENNETH M'CAULEY,  
WHO MET WITH AN ACCIDENT ON HIS STEAMER AND DIED  
THEREFROM AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

Thou art gone, dearest Kenneth, to the  
Land of light,  
Where there is no more suffering, and  
No more night ;  
The blue waves of lov'd old Huron, how  
They charm'd thee,  
Thou brave sailor laddie, none braver  
Could there be ;  
Thou didst not once fear death when in the  
Greatest pain,  
But thou didst pray to see thy lov'd ones  
Once again ;  
But thou wilt meet them in the mansions  
Of our King  
Where thou wilt wear the martyr's crown while  
Angels sing  
Loud Hosannas to the Babe who came  
Full of love  
To join all who bear the cross in His  
Home above.

---

## To a Twentieth Century Dahlia.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. BISSETT THOM, ON BEING PRE-  
SENTED BY HER WITH A TWENTIETH CENTURY DAHLIA.

O whence hast thou come, thou  
Magnificent flow'r ?  
So gorgeous a red, like velvet dahlia  
So grand,  
And thy petals surround  
A centre of gold.  
Thou dost crown the twentieth century in  
Our land.

## Gaden.

LINES INSCRIBED TO REV. DR. AND MRS. DANIEL.

Wilt thou, like thy father dear,  
 Ever eloquent be ?  
 How oft, Gaden, he must pray  
 Night and morning for thee;  
 How long, too, he must wait  
 Thy eloquence to see.

But Talmage, too, had to wait  
 And pray for long, long years  
 To see his son a divine,  
 Amid his joys and fears ;  
 But Heav'n, I trust, will guide thee  
 Safe through this vale of tears.

---

 Bessie Brimacombe.

LINES ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET AT  
 "CHESTNUT FARM."

O Bessie, thy bouquet is fit for a queen,  
 Of flaming azaleas, orange and red,  
 And lovely, large white asters, it must be seen  
 Would look as if I were a bride to be wed.  
 But neither a queen nor a bride am I yet,  
 But, Bessie, thy courtesy I'll not forget,  
 And the next time you give me beautiful flow'rs  
 I know you will paint them in your leisure hours.

---

 List Tae The Sang.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO INVERNESS CAMP, SONS OF  
 SCOTLAND.

List tae the sang o' the robin  
 As he flits from tree tae tree,  
 For he kens that the winter's ow'r  
 An' he sings richt merrily.

An' noo he woos his bonnie mate,  
 Sae winsome, sae blithe an' true,  
 An' thegither they'll wark an' sing  
 Under Heaven's dome o' blue.

Nae storm dae they fear, for they ken  
 That their time o' joy has come ;  
 Sae should oor faith mak labor licht  
 Till we reach oor Faither's bame.

## Fair Norah O'Dea.

LINES TO MRS. J. C. M'INTOSH.

Dost thou e'er remember the rose on thy cheek  
 When you left old Erin to cross the blue sea?  
 Didst thou come to our land to win a lover?  
 O tell me, now tell me, fair Norah O'Dea.

But sorrow oft pal'd thy cheek like a lily  
 When Death's icy touch took thy lov'd ones from thee,  
 But now thou'rt happy with husband and children,  
 But I'll never forget thee, fair Norah O'Dea.

---

## Tribute.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. H. COLBORNE.

Thy young daughters are fair,  
 None fairer than they;  
 The care thou hast giv'n them  
 They daily repay,  
 For they, like their mother,  
 Are faithful and good,  
 Which is the highest type  
 Of fair womanhood.

---

## Annie Darling.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM MEGAW,  
 VERNON, B. C.

Annie darling, thou didst never  
 Think that Death so soon could sever  
 Thee on this fair earth forever  
 From thy dear mother.

I think I see thy tresses still  
 And hear thy voice in gladness trill  
 From Kamloops' busy, rippling rill,  
 "Come back, dear mother."

But now she sleeps sweetly in peace with God,  
 And, Annie, all must "pass under the rod."

---

## Clara Gatzke.

Dear Clara, be bright  
 As the bright fuschia I sent to you;  
 Do ev'rything right,  
 Good St. Valentine to you is true.



## Sweet Florence Smith.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

Thou art bright and fair to see,  
 Sweet Florence Smith,  
 So loving and kind to me,  
 Sweet Florence Smith ;  
 To meet thee is a pleasure,  
 Thou art truly a treasure ;  
 May Heaven fill thy measure  
 With o'erflowing love for thee,  
 Sweet Florence Smith.

---

## Adeline.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM WILSON, CHICAGO.

Lovely Adeline, how strange  
 I guess'd thy sweet name so well ;  
 Thy curls and bright eyes of jet  
 Inspir'd me thy right name to tell.

Thou dost love the sweet twin babes  
 God sent to thy home, dear child ;  
 When they cry, dear Adeline,  
 Be thou always meek and mild.

For dear, mamma must love them,  
 And take good care of them, too,  
 For some day in God's mansion  
 They'll sing forever with you.

---

## Gussie Taylor.

Oft do I think of thee, Gussie,  
 So modest and sweet,  
 As the lilies of the valley  
 That lay at my feet ;  
 And you silently took them from  
 Their quiet retreat  
 And lovingly gave them to me,  
 That I might ever think of thee.

---

## Thy Heart is Sore.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN OKE.

Thy heart is sore and sad thy face,  
 For the father thou didst love  
 Has gone to join the angel throng  
 In the Saviour's home above.

## Tribute.

TO HURON LODGE, NO. 62, I. O. O. F.

May the golden links of friendship  
That bound me to you  
Ever shine like the morning star,  
And may I forever deserve  
Your friendship so true,  
E'en if I dwell from thee afar.

## My Easter Gift.

TO MISS BALL (NOW MRS. JAMES CLARK) OF ST. GEORGE'S  
CHURCH CHOIR, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A  
BEAUTIFUL PURPLE HYACINTH.

For my Easter gift this beautiful flower  
Of royal purple, a hyacinth, filling my room  
With sweet fragrance, like some mosaic tower,  
In all the Heav'nly majesty of its Easter bloom.

## Ricci.

TO THE MISSES COUSINS.

Quite a little coquette,  
Ricci, art thou,  
Fair thy hair and lovely  
Thy fair arch'd brow ;  
Woe betide the lover  
Who doth ignore  
The goddess Fashion, whom  
Thou dost adore.

## Frieda.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. J. WALTERS, REGENT STREET.

Queenly thy name,  
Well mayst thou claim  
Kindred to the old Saxon Kings;  
But well I know  
A rosy glow  
Thy love to thy mother's face brings.  
Yet a stranger maiden to me thou art,  
But so lovely, for in thy trusting heart  
Love's magic charin lies—of one thou'rt the pride,  
Who has claim'd thee for his fair promis'd bride—  
As his loving wife—and may thy dark eyes  
Be forever to him a heav'nly prize.

## Ernest Lee.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES LEE,  
"MOUNTPLEASANT."

Dear little Ernest,  
With lovely dark eyes,  
Lake Huron thy heart  
Doth magnetize.

Watching ev'ry sail  
As it enters in  
To our fair harbor,  
Thy heart it doth win.

---

## Tribute of Love.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1890 ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A HONEY-  
COMB BY MRS. JOHN M'INTOSH.

(1890.)

May the honey that flows from these waxen cells  
Be sweet like the mem'ry thou hast for me ;  
And may thy life flow like chimes of magic bells,  
And mayst thou many years of happiness see.

(1903.)

And many years hast thou seen, dearest lady,  
God has honor'd thee with a long life,  
For to Him daily thou hast given all praise,  
As faithful daughter, mother and wife.

---

## Doris.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MEGAW.

Thou art happy now, Doris,  
With thy brother dear,  
Whose bonnie eyes of deep blue  
Shine with light so clear.

Thou art lovely, Doris dear.  
Happy all the day,  
Thy blue eyes always twinkle  
When you think of play.

So, Doris, my dear, pray God to spare  
And keep you safe in His loving care,  
And little Robert and you must sing  
Hymns of praise to the Heavenly King.

## Nannie.

TO MISS NANNIE KNOX, GODERICH POSTOFFICE STAFF.

Nannie, gifted Nannie,  
Nannie with hair so fair,  
And eyes of liquid blue,  
Merriment lurking there.

Nannie, gifted Nannie,  
I'll not forget thy face,  
And pray that thou wilt reap  
The harvest of God's grace.

---

## In Memoriam.

SAMUEL STANLEY WARNOCK.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM  
WARNOCK.

Thy fair, lovely boy, with his beautiful face,  
Has fought the good fight, he has won the good race :  
His brown eyes now rest upon the golden gates,  
And for thy coming he now calmly awaits.

Then mourn not for thy heir, he was true in heart,  
And always in this life chose the better part ;  
He was pure as the flow'rs that grow in the field  
And to life's temptations he never would yield.

Then cover his casket with beautiful flow'rs,  
For safely he now rests in Heavenly bow'rs,  
Where no cloud can obscure the rays of God's light  
And where there is no more darkness, no more night.

---

## Mayst Thou, Like Thy Namesake.

LINES WRITTEN TO THOMAS HOGARTH.

Mayst thou, like thy fam'd namesake,  
Great honors win ;  
His name through all centuries  
Will for his kin  
Reflect the true grandeur that  
His soul within

Inspir'd his artist mind to  
Paint pictures rare,  
And to-day all homage pay  
To his great care  
Of the grand artistic fame  
His name doth bear.

## How to Reason.

TO MR. THOMAS HAWLEY, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO REASON."

How to reason,  
 Ev'ry season,  
 Is shown within thy clever book,  
 And I must say  
 'Tis Logic's way  
 To make things go right by a look.

## Bruce Hogan.

Dear little Bruce, how all admire  
 Thy ringlets as they flow  
 Around thy face, when merry winds  
 Among them lightly blow.

## fashion.

TO MISS BAKER.

Fashion is thy goddess,  
 Thou art true to her,  
 But thy life is noble,  
 For her thou'lt not err.

## Auburn.

To thee, dear Auburn, I owe  
 A friendship most sincere,  
 True as the Maitland's ripples  
 Are to old Huron here.

## Annie Helwig.

(MRS. R. JONES.)

I only met thee, Annie,  
 When June's roses were in bloom,  
 But now, in sweet September,  
 For e'en me thou hast found room

In thy heart so true, Annie,  
 So full of Heavenly joy ;  
 None thy friendship can forget,  
 Untarnish'd by earth's alloy.

## Lizzie MacKay

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN DAN. AND MRS. MACKAY.

Winter's magic charms thee, Lizzie,  
And sends its glow through thy healthful veins,  
Making thee look most beautiful,  
While the ice covers rivers and plains.

Then, Lizzie, ne'er lose thy courage,  
Be brave, like Scotland's daughters of yore,  
Always cling to the anchor Hope,  
Like Jessie, heroine of Oawnpore.

"Jessie's Dream" is sung the world o'er,  
'Twill be sung forever and aye, but  
No heart possesses more courage  
Than heart of thine, fair Lizzie MacKay.

---

## Little Evelyn.

LINES DEDICATED TO EVELYN GREIG, SEAFORTH.

I sent thee a shamrock,  
My dearest little Evelyn,  
For I know thou'rt loyal  
An' true as any Irish queen  
That e'er wore a shamrock  
On fair old Erin's throne, I ween.

Some day Erin may have  
A royal princess of her own,  
And none fairer than thou  
Will ever wear old Erin's crown ;  
But thou'lt be as regal  
As any who e'er grac'd a throne.

---

## How I Priz'd Thy Dahlias !

MISS MABEL SHARMAN.

How I priz'd thy dahlias grand,  
So pretty this August day !  
But I prize thy kindness more  
Which is ever thine alway.

Thou art a jewel indeed  
In thy belov'd mother's crown,  
For her wish is e'er thy law,  
Thy fair brow weareth no frown.

Then, Mabel, e'er be gracious,  
Thou wilt gain thy just reward,  
Both in thy own happy home  
And the mansion of our Lord.

## Evelyn.

TO EVELYN M'LEAN, GRANDDAUGHTER OF CHIEF ALLAN P.  
M'LEAN.

Oft in memory sweet, I ween,  
I'll think of charming Evelyn ;  
So fair her curls and blue her eyes,  
She is a jewel all must prize ;  
And e'er mayst thou, charming Evelyn,  
On the "Rock of Ages" always lean.

---

## Mabel's Dream.

(LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE DREAM OF MABEL PRICE  
BEFORE THE ANGEL DEATH CALLED HER FROM EARTH.)

TO NELLIE AND VANETTA PRICE, SAULT STE. MARIE,  
MICH.

"I had a dream, a glorious dream  
Of Christ the Saviour dear ;  
He clasp'd His hands around my head  
Why should I ever fear ?"

Thus spake a youthful Christian maid,  
Whose strength is almost gone ;  
But she in dreams has seen the Lord,  
Her face He look'd upon.

She saw Him so tall and stately,  
Rob'd in the purest white,  
And now she feels earth has no charms  
To fill her with delight.

'Twas but a dream, but powerful  
To strengthen her young soul  
To leave all those she lov'd so dear,  
And all earth's joys control.

In Heav'n thou'lt join the glorious throng ;  
No rude winds enter there ;  
With Him thou wilt be face to face,  
As in the dream you were.

---

## Charles Herbert Switzer, M. D.

LINES TO DR. CHARLES HERBERT SWITZER, GAINES, MICH.

A lifelong friendship oft remains  
After an acquaintance short ;  
May thy friendship remain for me  
Close seal'd in thy heart's retort.

## Janet Gardiner.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGE GRKEN.

Dost remember thy school days, Janet ?  
 Dost remember me,  
 A quiet, studious child, Janet,  
 Much attach'd to thee ?

And for thy loving kindness, Janet,  
 I pray God will bless  
 Thy loving spouse and beautiful home  
 With great happiness.

Thy beautiful home, dearest Janet,  
 Where the maple trees  
 Whisper all day with thee, dear Janet,  
 Like old Huron's breeze.

There's naught on earth so good and so true  
 As Huron's breeze to us and to you.

---

## Floral Welcome.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A CARNATION PINK, SENT FROM  
 BENWOOD, W. VIRGINIA, TO THE AUTHORESS, BY HER  
 COUSIN, MISS TASSIE MACCABE.

Welcome, truly welcome, art thou, from Ohio's winding shore ;  
 Pure, ardent love is the language thou dost hold for me in store ;  
 Imprison'd in a letter thou didst bring that message to me,  
 Upholding the sender's tribute when I pay homage to thee.

Thou didst not pine and die, but op'd out thy fragrant petals red,  
 To deck my room with beauty and around me thy perfume shed ;  
 Thy tale of love I'll ne'er forget wheresoever I may roam,  
 E'en though it be in foreign lands, o'er the blue sea's waves of  
 foam.

---

## Annie Chisholm.

I remember thee, dearest Annie ;  
 Fair wert thou to see  
 On the Maitland's banks, thy hillside home,  
 So happy and free.

And now the bitter change has come that  
 You all fear'd so long,  
 But though thy mother lives not, she is  
 With the angel throng.

Then happy must thou be in thy lov'd  
 Husband's home and heart,  
 And pray that long may be the day that  
 Thou from him must part.



## Herbert Booth.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. D. H. ROSS.

Thy little laddie is  
A soldier of the cross,  
And may he always choose  
Life's joys without its dross.

Fair and lovely is he,  
With his banner unfurl'd,  
I pray that he may be  
A blessing to the world.

---

## Dora.

LINES TO MISS DORA CAMPION.

Thy name speaks of constancy,  
Of faith and love ;  
May no sorrow blight thy life,  
May God above  
Shield thee with His all powerful arm,  
That no ill in life may do thee harm.

---

## No Cross, No Crown.

TO MR. AND MRS. GRAHAME, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT,  
1903.

Under the rod pass,  
Trust in God, fear not ;  
Thy dear little babe  
A lesson has taught

That to bring thee near  
To the Saviour's love  
Thy infant has gone  
To be crown'd above.

---

## Hattie.

TO MISS HATTIE DONOGH, VIOLINIST.

Dost remember, Hattie, thy mother's pure love,  
Thy dear mother who left thee for realms above,  
Where thy father and sister waited to greet  
Her lov'd coming to remain at Jesus' feet ?

The chords of thy soul with music sweet abound,  
The pure notes of thy violin do resound  
Through thy happy home, where love and perfect peace  
Will reign here with thee until thy life doth cease.

## Annie.

LINES TO MRS. ANNIE BEDFORD GREEN, DETROIT.

1890.

Thy love is like the ivy  
 That round the oak doth cling,  
 May Heaven smile upon it  
 That grace from it may spring.

1903.

And grace has come, dear Annie,  
 For Art has woo'd thy soul,  
 And may the brush and palette  
 Help thee to win the goal

That this world has for all those  
 Who use their talent rare ;  
 And now I pray that Heaven  
 Will you for long years spare

To thy lovely young children,  
 Whom thou hast to teach  
 The grand glories of Heaven,  
 That all want to reach.

---

 Many Years Have I Known Thee, Mothers.
LINES TO MRS. GEORGE SHEPHARD, NILE, AND MRS. CAPTAIN  
JOHN KANE, GORRIE.

Many years have I known thee, mothers,  
 When thou wast young and gay,  
 But the rose is still upon thy cheek,  
 Thou art smiling alway.

Thy gifted sons and daughters flourish  
 In lands across the sea,  
 In the fertile land of the Northwest  
 And in Sault Ste. Marie.

For many years mayst thou yet enjoy  
 The pleasure thou hast won,  
 And that when "Life's Sweet Dream" is over  
 Thou'lt hear those words, "Well Done !"

---

 Lena.

TO MISS NEVILLE.

Fair is thy hair, Lena,  
 Blue is thine eye,  
 Many a lover, Lena,  
 For thee will sigh.

## Under My Lamp.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MISS WELDON, CHÂT-HAM, WITH A BOUQUET OF LA BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA.

Under my lamp thy bouquet shall flourish  
 As long as its fragrant perfume will last,  
 For dear to my eye is La Blanche Ferry sweet pea,  
 The most fragrant of all sweet pea blossoms to me,  
 For o'er my heart brightest joys they cast.  
 Many kind friends I meet among strangers,  
 My lamp is a tribute of their esteem,  
 And many rare bouquets from belov'd friends, perfume.  
 Tiny fern leaves, lily buds and roses in bloom.  
 Its pendants of emerald, like a dream  
 Of that beautiful land that lives in song in my heart,  
 Of the land from which I pray all sorrow may depart.

---

## Gladys Marling.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MARLING, MONTREAL.

Thou art so gentle and kind,  
 With a cultivated mind,  
 That it would be hard to find  
 One more so than thee.

Thou dost wear a pleasant smile,  
 In thy heart there is no guile,  
 And I'll love thee all the while,  
 Because thou lovest me.

---

## To My Sunflower.

Tall and stately, thou rulest supreme,  
 Bowing thy head as if in a dream,  
 And wooing the sunbeams thou dost seem,  
 My sunflower.

What can vie with thy petals of gold,  
 Fringing thy breast with beauty untold !  
 This year on Fame's banner thou'rt enroll'd,  
 My sunflower.

E'en a goddess, such homage is thine,  
 Since Moore wrote of thee in days lang syne,  
 Emblem of life, most truly divine,  
 My sunflower.

Queen of my garden, waft me a kiss,  
 Whisper to me brightest thoughts of bliss ;  
 When winter's gloom settles I'll not miss  
 My sunflower.

## Jack Swarts.

(HURON HOUSE.)

Thou art a favorite, dear Jack,  
As we all may plainly see  
E'en by thy pretty, smiling face  
That with you, Jack, all agree.

But, Jack, do not let our praise  
E'er intoxicate thy heart,  
But study hard, that thou mayst  
In life's grand work take good part.

Always be merry and bright, Jack,  
And always be good and true;  
"Do unto others as you would  
That they all should do to you."

---

## Katie's Wedding Day.

1902.

I wore flowers at thy wedding, dear Katie,  
Lovely chrysanthemums white,  
To begin the new-born New Year, dear Katie,  
My heart fill'd with pure delight.

Thy home was bedeck'd with bunting, dear Katie,  
With flags of our nation dear,  
And with the merrie Scotch pipers, dear Katie,  
All hearts were fill'd with great cheer.

And now, dear Katie, may wealth thy lot be,  
And may I never be forgotten by thee.

---

## Gertrude Porter.

LABOR DAY, 1903.

Those lovely purple and gold  
Pansies so rare  
Thou didst bring on Labor Day,  
Tribute most fair,  
To reward my constant work  
With loving care.

And, darling little Gertrude,  
Thou'rt full of love  
For those who guide thy footsteps  
To Heav'n above;  
And in thy pure innocence  
Thou'rt like a dove.

### Vera Whitely.

Thou art kind and good, Vera,  
 Courteous to all,  
 Always ready for duty  
 At life's bugle call.

May you still grow in beauty  
 And in knowledge too ;  
 Like perfume of the rose, may  
 All remember you.

---

### "After the Ball Is Over."

LINES INSCRIBED TO DONALD M'GILLIVRAY, OF KINGSTON,  
 WHEN 5 YEARS OF AGE.

"After the Ball is Over,"  
 Sang a fair-hair'd boy,  
 While his mother listen'd  
 With maternal joy  
 To the pure, clear notes of her only son,  
 Thanking God for the treasure she had won.

"Two Little Babes Were Born  
 In the Selfsame Town,"  
 Sang the youthful singer  
 Who will win renown ;  
 And his mother's heart swell'd with loving pride  
 When listeners flocked round every side.

And now he wants to sing  
 In the city choir,  
 To praise God his aim  
 And earnest desire,  
 Tho' only five summers had fann'd his brow ;  
 No wonder his mother rejoices now.

---

### Ethel Sharman.

Thou'rt fair to see, Ethel,  
 Of thy home the pride,  
 And some day of one who  
 Will make thee his bride.

But always be, Ethel,  
 As daughter or wife,  
 The joy of thy household  
 While God gives thee life.

## Florence Beavers Johnston.

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Dear little Florence,  
How thine eyes of jet shine  
With love when you sing  
Of the Saviour Divine.

Sing His praise daily,  
Let His love rule thine heart ;  
Love thy dear parents,  
Of their lives thou'rt a part.

Thy great-grandmother  
Will tell thee oft of me,  
How I sing that hymn,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The hymn that brought her  
Through this life's weary way  
To the crown of love  
She now wears ev'ry day.

## Daisy Mosely.

Golden thy hair,  
Golden thy heart,  
From me thou hast  
Not dwelt apart.

Thou'rt ever kind,  
As frank and free  
As if a dow'r  
Belong'd to me.

## A Tribute.

TO MISS MARY L. GREEN, LOYAL, DIPLOMIST OF GUELPH  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

True advocate, Mary, art thou  
Of helping those who wield the plough  
By taking thy share of the duties of life,  
Preparing thyself for someone's wife.  
But, whether thou'rt wife or daughter,  
Thou'rt a jewel of the first water ;  
A dairymaid with college lore,  
Studying with professors o'er  
The best plan of testing rich cream.  
Problems, too, of which none would dream.  
Thou dost demonstrate clearly, too,  
Of what value dairies to you  
Are, and to all who wish good health  
More than riches of untold wealth.

## My Easter Gift

1900,

LINES TO REV. S. J. ALLIN, LONDON.

Thy gift I priz'd most highly,  
 A hyacinth rare,  
 It fill'd my heart with perfume,  
 No room for despair ;  
 Then I hope thy own lov'd home  
 Will be bless'd with grace  
 To help thee to win Heaven  
 In this life's hard race.

## Vergissmeinnicht.

TO PROFESSOR HUNTER, DETROIT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

If my words or good wishes will bring you good fortune  
 Then you'll have of them truly a pretty good store,  
 For like dew on the flow'rs they'll inspire you to action  
 To burnish your armor as it ne'er shone before.  
Vergissmeinnicht.

When you cross grand old ocean to homes of the fairies,  
 To the homes of the maidens with soft golden hair,  
 Let not your dark eyes lose sight of Huron's good genius  
 Who drives from all hearts every cloud of despair.  
Vergissmeinnicht.

Work hard for the Master, Who says, "Hide not your talent,"  
 In His praises pour forth the grand thoughts of your soul,  
 Let "Dieu et mon Droit" be engrav'd on your banner  
 While the waves of prosperity 'round thee do roll.  
Vergissmeinnicht.

## Ruth.

LINES INSCRIBED TO RUTH, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF REV.  
 AND MRS. JAMES A. HAMILTON.

Wilt thou go, darling, to India,  
 The little children to love,  
 And train their little minds, darling,  
 To worship our God above ?

Thy hair is white, like their rice fields,  
 Thine eyes like beautiful stars ;  
 Thy name sounds so sweet, Ruth darling,  
 No sorrow its beauty mars.

## Kathleen.

LINES TO KATHLEEN JOHNSTON, LITTLE DAUGHTER OF JUDGE  
AND MRS. JOHNSTON, SAULT STE. MARIE.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem"—list !  
I hear dear Kathleen sing ;  
And hark ! "Hosanna in the Highest,  
Hosanna to your King."

There in the grand September sunset  
Her voice in sweet cadence rang,  
And touch'd my heart with the high notes in  
"The Holy City" she sang.

In her grandpa's piazza she stood  
And sang that beautiful song,  
"Hosanna in the Highest"—O list  
To Kathleen, ye angel throng.

---

## Morris Garbraid.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGE STEWART.

Often I look at thy beautiful face,  
Made bright by thy beautiful eyes  
And lovely crimson of the roses that  
On thy twin cheeks lie—Nature's prize.

Many a rose in fam'd Garbraid doth grow,  
Many a flower, large and small,  
But to me thy mind is more beautiful  
Than the loveliest flow'r of all.

---

## Hazel Hartwell.

Thou'rt joyous and bright,  
Thy grandpa's delight,  
Dear little Hazel so true ;  
Thou'rt comely and fair,  
With thoughtfulness rare  
Beaming from thine eyes of blue.

Like flax thy hair, dear Hazel,  
Thy face is wondrous fair,  
Thy little eyes like diamonds,  
Thy voice so sweet and rare.

Thy father oft quotes, Hazel,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"  
And will teach thee to sing it  
While you sit on his knee.



## Warren Rutledge Parnham,

DETROIT.

O Warren, be never deceitful,  
Be always loving and true,  
And ever be cheerful and bright,  
There's always something to do:

Something to do for thy mother,  
Something to do for a friend ;  
But always remember our Father  
And His kingdom without end.

---

## William Henry Skimings.

Mayst thou have a rich reward,  
Mayst thou be proud of the bard  
That wields the pen in thy home,  
Who could of gold ringlets tell,  
That crown'd thy brow once so well,  
Before from home thou didst roam.

But now, although thy curls have gone,  
Thou'rt still the same to ev'ry one ;  
Thy heart is proof against all ill,  
Thou'rt the same loving brother still.

---

## J. O. O. f. Friendship.

May the golden links of thy friendship open  
And within their clasp draw me,  
For friendship like thine is a jewel rare  
That never can broken be.

---

## We Welcome Thee Right Merrily.

TO MRS. CHARLES HARPER.

We welcome thee right merrily  
To old Lake Huron's shore,  
And sad should the Queen City be  
For one so fair and bright as thee  
To dwell with her no more.

But we trust that Dame Fortune still  
Woos thee, with smile so sweet,  
And pours her riches down on thee,  
So that thou wilt not sorry be  
To leave her fam'd retreat.

## Caroline.

1903.

TO MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL EVANS BELL, ON RECEIVING A  
BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF NASTURTiums FROM THE LATTER.

Those lovely nasturtiums of flame color,  
This bright, beautiful September day,  
Inspire in my inmost soul the sweet hope  
That their flame may become a bright ray

Which may illumine this new volume of poems  
And reflect from them thy love for me,  
For many a loving tribute I have  
In the long, long years receiv'd from thee.

---

## To Mrs. William Stewart.

(BANK OF MONTREAL.)

Every year a tribute you gave  
From your garden grand and fair  
To me, so please accept my poor thanks  
For your flowers truly rare.

Thy kindness I will never forget,  
And trust that I always will  
Receive my floral tribute, as token  
That I merit thy love still.

---

## Alice K.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RUFFEL, 1903.

"A bud Thou hast pluck'd from the garden,"  
Said a minister that day,  
When dear little Alice, so lovely,  
In her little casket lay,

Cover'd with flowers so beautiful,  
Tributes from many dear friends ;  
But Alice is safe in the garden  
Where happiness never ends.

---

## Frank Beattie.

From turner to engineer  
Is a step in the right direction,  
But keep on the Grand Trunk path  
Without any more reflection.

## Little Johnnie Farr.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL FARR.

"Give me that sunflower,"  
Said little Johnnie Farr,  
And I then, not wishing  
His youthful heart to mar

Nor yet to lose my gift,  
For the centre was green  
Of that grandest sunflow'r  
The world has ever seen,

I promis'd to give him  
Another some fine day,  
And so little Johnnie  
Was happy in his play.

His bright black eyes seem'd full  
Of perfect faith in me,  
And I pray Johnnie will  
A hero some day be.

---

## Elaine Proudfoot.

Thou art beautiful, Elaine,  
You have so charm'd my heart,  
I feel that I never can  
From thy presence depart.

---

## Ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

DEDICATED TO GAVIN GREEN, HAMILTON STREET.

Ye are of old tomes a preserver,  
Of etchings and paintings rich and rare,  
And only for thee much would be lost  
Of precious art left to thy care.

If I were but famous like Dickens  
I truly should for one moment stop  
To take my pen, and a poem crisp write  
To ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

And Dickens and all ye old authors  
Will always find a safe place to drop,  
And all old artists and composers,  
In ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

### To Mrs. B. J. Sauls.

Thy friendship like magic is nectar to me,  
 Distill'd from the fountain of love ;  
 And may thy life a garden of beauty be  
 In the beautiful land above.

### Three Times Three Cheers for Ye, Bowlers A'.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO W. LANE, ESQ.

Three times three cheers for ye, bowlers a',  
 Who make physical culture your law,  
 An' may your minds keep as fresh an' green  
 As the West street lawn at morn an' e'en,

In summer time,  
 When roses climb  
 Around thy garden bow'rs ;  
 But that green lawn  
 Needs nerve an' brawn  
 To fill thy leisure hours.

### Keep the Pure Love of God.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS EDITH HALLIDAY, LONDON, ONT.

Keep the pure love of God  
 Forever in thy heart :  
 Thou'rt fair, but not too fair  
 From His ways to depart.

Thou'rt young and full of grace,  
 Modest as lily fair ;  
 But ever keep His law,  
 To which naught can compare.

### "Only A Rosebud."

IN MEMORIAM, ENGINEER FREDERICK J. LOVE.

"Only a rosebud," oft' so lightly he sang  
 When his work was done as the even bell rang ;  
 From gaiety to sadness, often his mind  
 Wove chains of memories, for the lov'd he pin'd.  
 "I'm wearin' awa', Jean, through snaw wreaths, I feel  
 I'm wearin' awa' to the 'Land o' the Leal."  
 No tear bedimm'd his blue eyes—that night he sang—  
 His last night on earth—for next morn the news rang  
 That Death's angel call'd him from his busy life,  
 Taking him from earth's daily turmoil and strife.

## Work Hard for The Master.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE, GODERICH MARINE HOSPITAL BOARD.

Work hard for the Master ;  
He worketh for thee ;  
And ne'er be discouraged ;  
He ruleth the sea,

And He ruleth the land,  
And for thee will raise  
His omnipotent hand ;  
So work in His praise.

---

## Johnnie's Bronchos.

LINES INSCRIBED TO JOHNNIE PORTER, PORTERFIELD FARM.

Thou carest for naught but thy bronchos, Johnnie,  
The one so pretty and white,  
The other piebald—both true to thee, Johnnie,  
A truly attractive sight.

They help thee to lead a true life, dear Johnnie,  
Thou'rt up with the rising sun,  
And when evening comes your duty to them  
Ends the work the day begun.

Both winter and summer always you greet us  
With your bright and cheerful smile,  
And may manhood find thy faithful heart strengthen'd  
Against this life's sordid guile.

---

## Grand Is Thy Art.

DARIUS DOTY SALLOWS, PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST, WOODSTOCK.

Grand is thy art;  
The Master of all  
Will fill thy heart  
When thou dost call

Upon Him night  
And morn in pray'r ;  
Thou'lt feel His might  
In wondrous care

That He for thee  
Will ever take ;  
Then ever be,  
For His dear sake,

Full of true love,  
Darius dear,  
For Him above  
Who rules all here.

## So fair and So Comely Art Thou.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. RICHARD RANSFORD, CLINTON, ONT.,  
ON PRESENTING HER WITH A VIOLET CALENDAR FOR 1904.

So fair and so comely art thou,  
Thy white locks crown a noble brow,  
Thy eyes bespeak a soul so pure  
That ev'ry ill thou fain wouldst cure.

Like lily in the valley sweet  
With sweetest smile thou didst me greet ;  
No riches could make thee forget  
The humblest friend thou e'er hast met.

And pray accept this souvenir  
Of violets thou dost love so dear,  
And may God give thee length of days  
To offer Him eternal praise.

---

## Tribute.

LINES DEDICATED TO DR. MABEE, ON PRESENTING HIM ON NEW  
YEAR'S DAY WITH A BOUQUET.

I give these bright green leaves to thee  
To flourish in thy memory,  
That thou mayst gain a fit reward  
For all thou doest, for the Lord  
Will truly bless all those who take  
Care of His gifts for His name's sake.

---

## A Sunflower Tribute.

TO BERT. SMITH.

I accept thy faithful tribute, Bert,  
Of golden sunflowers two,  
Which decorated thy horse's head,  
A glorious sight to view.

As I reclined in a cushion'd chair  
In Lieut. Wells' fair home,  
Thro' the window the sunflow'rs' beauty  
Caus'd my mind o'er all to roam.

I saw thee, Bert, so youthful and bright,  
And thy father's will thy law ;  
I saw thee proud of thy noble steed,  
And its golden wreath I saw.

I saw that thy aim in life was bright  
As thy horse's coronet,  
While you drove through Saltford's busy street  
At the charm'd hour of sunset.

## To Life's Work Be True.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. H. J. MELVILLE ON PRESENTING HIM  
WITH A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

To life's work be true,  
As the bloom to the heather ;  
With thy courtesy  
Bind many hearts together.

Let "Dieu et Mon Droit"  
Be thy firm purpose alway,  
And allow no doubt  
E'er to stand in thy pathway.

---

## Violet Day,

1904.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CHAPTER OF  
THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE AT THEIR "VIOLET TEA."

May the perfume of thy  
Violets sweet  
Ever surround thy works,  
And like sweet incense lie  
At Jesus' feet.

---

## So Peaceful and So Calm He Lay.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE PETER  
M'EWAN.

So peaceful and so calm he lay  
On that cold February day ;  
Upon his breast a fair white rose  
Lay in a most blissful repose,  
And o'er his face the golden ray  
Of the winter's sun seem'd to say :  
"The Master waits for him afar,  
Within the golden gates ajar."

---

## The Cosmos Spray.

Cosmos violet, cosmos white,  
Cosmos, everyone's delight ;  
Cosmos, so innocent and sweet,  
Growing in some sacred retreat.

The poor child's glory too art thou,  
Yet, bending o'er thee, rich men bow  
And wonder how the cosmos spray  
Blooms lovely in a poor child's way.

## Eyes of Violet Blue.

DEDICATED TO MISS ARIEL VAN VALKENBURG, NORWICH, ONT.

Fair as a lily,  
With eyes of violet blue,  
Rose bloom on thy cheeks,  
Fed by Heaven's pure dew.

Thou'rt not too lovely  
To blossom here below,  
And with thy presence  
Cheer all hearts fill'd with woe.

Happy he who wins  
The love of thy pure heart ;  
That great heav'nly love  
From thee will ne'er depart.

---

## Canada's Tribute.

TO HER EXCELLENCY, THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1904.

Fair Canada should crown thee, Countess fair,  
With a wreath of bright, golden maple leaves  
As yellow as the maple leaf in the  
Lovely autumn time ; for well hast thou gain'd  
Her love and her admiration for zeal  
In her work of soothing the great distress  
To which our frail humanity is heir.  
Thy name will be honor'd while life doth last  
And flowers of love at thy feet be cast.

---

## Dost Thou Remember Me ?

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. ROBERT YOUNG, WHO SPENT THE  
WINTER OF 1903-1904 IN CALIFORNIA.

Dost thou remember me  
When roaming 'mong the flow'rs  
That grow so proudly in  
California's bow'rs ?

Dost think the roses bloom  
As lovely as thine own,  
Or the pansies purple  
Have your own quite outshone ?

Thy pansies will greet thee  
And nod their heads and say,  
"The snowflakes frighten'd us,  
We're glad thou'rt come to stay."



## September,

1903.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. D. BUCHANAN.

Roses yellow and roses red,  
Blooming around about the bed  
Of mignonette, with perfume sweet,  
Growing so proudly at thy feet.

Pansies purple, pansies golden,  
Pansies fragrant, like times olden :  
Dahlias of brightest crimson, too,  
Gay September smiles upon you.

---

### Tribute.

O. A. C., 1903.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE PIN.

The old Province grand  
Of Ontario will flourish  
As long as our land  
Can the Nation's mind nourish.

---

### Tribute.

G. T. R. A.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING CAPTAIN LAITHWAITE WITH A  
BADGE FOR THE GODERICH TOWNSHIP RIFLE ASSOCIATION  
HALL, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1904.

To Old Huron ye have all been true  
As the plough ye draw the furrows through.  
Steady your nerve and as true your aim,  
Which soon will inspire ye on to fame :  
And may this badge that I humbly give  
Prepare ye for higher aims to live.

**FIRST EDITION**

**-OF-**

**GOLDEN LEAVES**

**(ABRIDGED)**

**BY -**

**ELOISE A. SKIMINGS**

**PUBLISHED 1890**

## INTRODUCTION.

---

**L**IKE whisperings from soul to soul may these GOLDEN LEAVES inspire my readers, as I have been inspired, to acts of benevolence, to a study of our beautiful English language, to keep it pure and unsullied, and to acts of kindness, no matter in what sphere of life we are placed.

Trusting my many readers may agree with H. R. H. Princess Louise in styling my poems "graceful poetry," I present GOLDEN LEAVES to a music loving and poetical public.

ELOISE A. SKIMINGS,  
Composer of "National March," etc.

## POEMS.

---

### Baby.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. T. M'GILLICUDDY.

Rosy, dimpled cheeks and chin  
Has our baby.  
How it loves our smiles to win,  
Pretty baby !  
Laughs loud when our pet bird sings,  
Does our baby,  
And clasps its hands, chubby things,  
Sweetest baby.  
Tries to walk across the way,  
Clever baby.  
Kisses its hands, when we say,  
"Good-bye, baby."

---

### Happy Thoughts.

Happy thoughts—how little they cost,  
Yet are they pearls of value rare  
To those who on life's sea are tossed,  
Whose earthly lot is hard to bear.  
Happy they who know their power,  
Know the goodness that from them springs,  
Hope 'gain conquers every hour,  
And from High its blessing brings.  
Happy thoughts, like the April sun,  
Melting away the winter snows ;  
And when life's happy goal is won,  
Grand among thorns appears the rose.

---

### Impromptu.

ON READING "LINES" BY FATHER RYAN, THE POET OF THE SOUTH.

Drop a tear for the Bard, a pæan of praise,  
An offering from the heart, to the poet priest whose lays  
Hold our souls spellbound with his Heaven-inspired pen ;  
Wreath the laurel round his brow, illustrious of men.

Drop a tear for the Bard, who eschews all praise and fame :  
Who humbly asks for tears, to immortalize his name.  
May his name by generations be upheld with love  
After his spirit takes its flight to Heavenly realms above.

### Willie Stewart.

The storms may rage on thy hillside home,  
 Albeit their wild mirth thou dost not fear ;  
 But thy parents' hearts will joyless be  
 As the Maitland's banks thou lovedst so dear.

Long will they mourn thee, child of their love,  
 Earth's gladness ever wreathed thy sun-lit face :  
 In glory now this New Year, thy soul  
 Has triumphed over earth's valiant race.

In the mem'ry of thy friends thou'lt live,  
 Thy comrades who the tree of knowledge guard,  
 All loved thee for thy bright, happy smiles,  
 A smile that lifted the soul Heavenward.

I write these loving words that they may  
 Ever fill thy loving brother with zeal  
 To follow in thy steps ; that the Lord  
 A soldier of Christ his life will seal.

---

### In Memoriam.

MISS ADELAIDE LORRAINE WATSON.

Gone is thy loved one to that land of beauty  
 Where the immortals bloom divinely fair ;  
 Where innocence blossoms with love and duty,  
 Brought by earth's pearls so rich and rare.

Thy darling has pass'd thro' the beautiful gates  
 To the fair, golden City of Rest ;  
 With her angelic robes she patiently waits  
 For those whom she lov'd on earth the best.

---

### Sines

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR.  
 AND MRS. L. ELLIOTT.

Thy boy is safe—no pain, nor grief,  
 No woe that cannot find relief  
 Can reach his soul. No parting tear  
 To shed, no worldly strife to fear,  
 But peace—a holy peace—a calm  
 Unknown to mortals, the Heavenly balm  
 That death alone can bring to those  
 Who are found pure, whose life o'erflows  
 With God's holy grace. Like a vine  
 Round thy heart did its tendrils twine  
 Until the truth shone out. The flow'r  
 Was only lent to earth's fair bower  
 To bloom in Heaven, to pray for thee  
 That joy be thine in eternity.

## Children of Mary.

DEDICATED TO MONSIGNOR BRUYERE.

Children of Mary, happy band,  
Blossoms of virtue rare ;  
Were ye in the spirit land ?  
Thy faces wear no care—

But modesty, most precious gem,  
Illumines ev'ry face ;  
Ah me ! what mortal could endure  
This monument of grace.

Children of Mary—be sincere,  
Let no vain thoughts arise,  
But daily, with our Mother dear,  
Praise Him who rules the skies.

Praise Him Who formed thee of the dust,  
Praise Him Who rules thy soul ;  
And in our blessed Mother trust,  
She will your hearts control.

And with the blessed Bernard sing  
(That saint who homage paid),  
“None have ever found Thee wanting  
Who have called upon Thy aid.”

---

## To Sloane Martin.

WHO HAS LAIN FOR YEARS ON HIS COUCH.

Little martyr, how patient art thou,  
Always a smile on thy face and brow ;  
The Saviour has spared thee to know His love,  
That when health is thine His might you'll prove.

---

## Lines

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO CAPT. AND MRS. A. E.  
M'GREGOR, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT SON,  
CLIFTON PLAYFAIR.

Thy babe, in its blooming beauty,  
Unfolding new love each hour,  
Was too pure and too sweet to leave  
In earth's decaying bower.

He has gone where no sorrow yet  
Has entered the golden gate ;  
And with joy, among the angels,  
The lov'd ones he will await.

Love's anchor now will hold the chain  
Among the angelic band ;  
The bonny blue eyes will greet thee  
In that far-off, beauteous land.

## Lines

INSCRIBED TO THE SISTERS OF THE LATE MISS JANE M'MAHON.

The Reaper Death ne'er tires,  
A true, faithful servant  
Of a loving Master ;  
And she, thy lov'd sister,  
Has op'd the golden gates,  
Has entered the portal,  
Has trod her Master's steps,  
Ne'er faltering by the way,  
The "via crucis"—trod  
By all whom God creates,  
E'en from the beginning  
To the resurrection.  
Then faint not, ye sisters,  
Let her soul rest in peace,  
Her soul that feared not death,  
That loved the Lord her God—  
And now from earth's pain is free,  
She wears an angelic crown,  
Type of immortality  
To hearts bow'd down.

---

To Mr. and Mrs. Straiton,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED ALLIE. "HE GIVETH HIS  
BELOVED SLEEP."

So sweetly the breezes play  
Above thy darling Allie's breast :  
The song birds nestle 'mong the leaves,  
Disturbing not her new-found rest.

Sweet, gentle Allie, too fair for earth,  
O, why should thy fond parents weep ?  
Thou hast enter'd thro' the pearly gates,  
Where He giveth His belov'd sleep.

---

Elegy.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Many years have pass'd since they laid thee down to rest,  
True child of Erin, thou didst love that land the best ;  
Thou wert loving and kind in my childhood's early days,  
I prize thy mem'ry yet—thou art worthy of all praise.

Thy daughters, too, have joined thee in the spirit land,  
How oft they pray'd around thy knee, a happy band ;  
But had they liv'd they ne'er could mourn thee more than I.  
Yet I hope with thee they're happy, praising the Most High.

### Impromptu.

Come, gentle muse, thy light diffuse,  
 However dim, I'll not refuse  
 Assistance from thine inspired pen,  
 Real type of genius among men.  
 Leave on this page a souvenir,  
 E'en if it valueless appear,  
 S'il vous plait,—que voulez vous me dire ?

Methinks the sailor's love of home  
 Contentment mars, when billows foam ;  
 In storm or calm tho' 'tis the same,  
 Not e'en an ardent love for fame  
 Triumphs o'er it. Borne on the breeze  
 O'er Huron's breast, or southern seas,  
 Sounding above the ocean's roar,  
 Home, home, sweet home, till life is o'er.

---

### Marguerite.

IN MEMORIAM, D. B. HODGE.

Kind friend, O bear awhile the warfare of this life,  
 Now a widowed mother—once a happy wife ;  
 Thy loving husband needs not now thy tender care,  
 In a world of glory he waits thy coming there.

His works were works of love in our Canadian land ;  
 His words were words of truth, on India's coral strand ;  
 But now his labor's o'er, his sands of life have pass'd,  
 And sorrow o'er his happy home its clouds have cast.

But rejoice, widow'd mother, be happy, I pray,  
 Love will surround thee and illumine the way ;  
 When the snowflakes fall upon his new-made grave  
 Remember his bravery, and be thou brave.

---

### "I Am Happy."

LAST WORDS OF THE LATE NEIL DOUGLAS MOORE, OF STRATH-  
 ROY, WHO DIED AT LONDON, ONTARIO.

"I am happy." Yes, my darling,  
 Tho' our hearts are bowed with grief ;  
 God has placed thee 'mong His angels  
 To grant thy wearied soul relief.

"I am happy." Yes—the halo  
 Always shone around thy brow ;  
 And thine eyes of Heavenly azure  
 Beamed with love on us below.

"I am happy." Mother, father,  
 Sister, brother, weep not so ;  
 For the God of glory calls me,  
 "I am happy"—I must go.



## Thy Will Be Done.

A mother weeping stands  
O'er the casket of her son ;  
Meekly, with folded hands,  
She whispers, "Thy will be done."

She kissed the calm, cold brow  
And smoothed the soft, fair hair :  
"Tis hard to lose thee now,"  
"Thy will be done," her prayer.

What words from human tongue  
In this, the hour of weeping !  
And her fond heart so wrung,  
Its pulses wildly leaping,

O God, our Sovereign Lord,  
Comfort her who trusts in thee :  
Strengthen her with Thy word :  
"Ye that are laden come to me."

And may she ever know  
That peace to mortals given ;  
"Thy will be done below,  
As it is done in Heaven."

---

## The Lord, He Guideth Me.

TO A FRIEND.

O my heart is light  
And my songs are bright,  
My voice is full of glee ;  
No dark cloud of care  
My heart can ensnare—  
The Lord, He guideth me.

The vesper bell peals,  
My heart joyous feels  
At its sweet minstrelsy.  
While I list, these notes  
On the light air float,  
The Lord, He guideth me.

Then with lasting love  
I will look above  
In all humility ;  
In notes of sweet song  
Sing the whole day long,  
The Lord, He guideth me.

O my heart is light  
And my songs are bright,  
My voice is full of glee ;  
No dark cloud of care  
My heart can ensnare,  
The Lord, He guideth me.

## Edna.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. C. HARRISON, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR  
INFANT DAUGHTER, EDNA MAY.

The pretty, tiny, dimpled hands  
Are closed on earth for aye ;  
The ruby lips and pearly teeth  
Are covered with the clay.

But Edna's tiny human soul,  
That looked from eyes of blue,  
Has entered now the Heav'nly goal  
And beams with love on you.

---

September.

TO CHARLES MITCHELL, ESQ., "FREE PRESS," OTTAWA.

The summer breezes play among the autumn leaves,  
All nature seems more gay, and Flora garlands weaves.

The peach with glowing cheek crimsoning in the sun,  
And golden pippin meek ; Eve's work has just begun.

The fruit she gathers in, a basket by her stands ;  
Adam helps—her smile to win, that smile a price demands.

The dahlia's dazzling head rivals the sunflow'r grand ;  
September takes the lead, gorgeous-hued her wand.

The aster's modest bloom and clust'ring mignonette  
With delicate perfume, by far the sweetest yet.

Creamy blooming tea rose and amaryllis rare ;  
The flaming gladiola grows, a flow'r without compare.

September, we crown thee, loveliest month of all !  
The ripen'd fruit we see heralds the Master's call.

---

Hymn.

To Thee, O God, to Thee  
Be praise forever given ;  
Look down with love on me,  
And raise my soul to Heaven.

Be Thou my Guide and Stay,  
My Hope when sorrows come ;  
To all who watch and pray  
Thou'lt give a Heavenly home.

Then cease, O aching heart,  
And throb no more with pain ;  
Ne'er from thy God depart,  
A crown in Heaven thou'lt gain.

## In Memoriam.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. C. M'INTOSH, ON  
THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

Child of Mary, be strong, the angel of death  
Came but at the voice of thy God ;  
Thy bright little darlings escaped sin's breath ;  
God loves thee, pass under the rod.

Thou'rt nearer Heaven now than yester eve,  
The gates have been open'd for thee,  
To draw thee to Him, the chain to weave  
That leads to immortality.

---

## Resurgam.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. PATRICK M'DONALD.

Child of Mary, O do not weep,  
Christ giveth His beloved sleep ;  
From this glorious Easter morn,  
Although thy heart with grief was torn,  
Thy husband's voice on high was borne  
To the angelic shore.

First ye mourned when the Angel Death  
O'er your lov'd blossom drew his breath ;  
A blossom, yet the bud was dear,  
And now the heart which gave you cheer,  
Which bade you wipe away the tear,  
Has only gone before.

"Thy will be done," the Christian's prayer,  
Safe within His sheltering care,  
Strengthen'd by His Heavenly grace,  
The great Redeemer of your race,  
Our hope, our comfort and solace  
Now and forever more.

---

## Elegy.

BEATUS VIR QUI TIMET DOMINUM.—MATTHEW J. LEONARD.

Oh ! why did God send His Angel Death  
To thy home of comfort and peace ?  
Thou wast good and true, an earthly saint,  
And now thou'rt gone where sorrows cease.

To the suffering thou didst give joy,  
To the weary thou didst give rest ;  
And in thy heart faith ruled supreme,  
Life's ever beatific guest.

And she to whom thy fond love was given  
Mourns thee at noon and eventide ;  
For thee will she pray, while life doth last,  
Thy ever-faithful widow'd bride.

## Loved Isie.

DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LATE MRS. CHARLES  
GIRVIN, JR.

What can I say thy hearts to comfort and cheer?  
Thy comfort is taken, the daughter so dear,  
A loved wife and mother now lies in her bier,  
Loved Isie.

Fairest among women, so gentle and sweet,  
Thy voice like nightingale's in sylvan retreat,  
Always ready through toil thy husband to greet,  
Loved Isie.

Thou art gone to the mansion the crown to wear,  
The reward of virtue, God's glory to share,  
Thou'lt not be forgotten, earth's flow'ret so fair,  
Loved Isie.

Thy husband will mourn thee forever and aye,  
Thy child he will cherish until called away,  
Her young heart to him is a Heavenly ray,  
Loved Isie.

Farewell, dearest friend, thou art gone from all pain,  
Thou wouldst not return earth's grand titles to gain,  
"All is but vanity," why should you remain,  
Loved Isie?

---

## Lines

IN MEMORIAM, DEDICATED TO MRS. E. J. COPELAND, ON THE  
DEATH OF HER SON, AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

How I miss thee, my first-born, my well-beloved son!  
And I'll try on bended knees to say, "Thy will be done,"  
Every morn and night, until my race on earth is run—  
God knoweth best.

The birds are carolling gaily o'er thy new-made grave;  
Sweet flow'rs are shedding their fragrance o'er thy heart so  
brave;  
'Mong the trees the breezes play, as if thy love they crave,  
While thou'rt at rest.

Thou art happy in thy home by the golden river,  
Pouring forth thy praises to the Heavenly Giver  
Of celestial and terrestrial joy, who sends Death's quiver  
To mortal breast.

There we will meet again, to dwell in rapturous joy,  
With cherubim and seraphim will sing, my dearest boy,  
Where no stain of sin or tarnish of earth's alloy  
Can mar thy crest.

## Resurrexit Sicut Dixit.

EASTER, 1885.

The April sun is shining,  
The world is bathed in light,  
For Christ to-day is risen  
In majesty and might—  
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Christians, rejoice—let your lives  
Like spring flow'rs fragrant be ;  
Do unto others as ye would  
That they should do to thee—  
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Let peace and love sway your hearts,  
That God's blessing may fall  
On this fair Canadian land,  
The home of bliss for all—  
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

---

## "Faithful Unto Death."

THOS. WYATT, KILLED AT G. T. R. STATION.

Died at his post in the early morn,  
Valiant and strong—a soldier born ;  
Shirk'd not life's hardships, of sterling worth,  
Faithful and true at his fireside hearth.

God knoweth all things—God is all love,  
Let us always look to Him above ;  
He will reward thee, He bore the cross,  
Which shews us all earthly things are dross.

Faithful unto death, the engineer's call,  
Sure as the cannon, sends death to all,  
But will in glory, when Christ comes again,  
Call him to His ranks on the Heavenly plain.

---

## Philomene.

I thank you for your baby's gift—  
Her portrait and her flowers—  
On this feast of Corpus Christi,  
When Dame Nature fills her bowers

With sweet buds of rarest beauty,  
June roses and lilies white,  
Crimson tipp'd daisies—Burns' lov'd flow'rs,  
My passion and fond delight.

May your babe advance in beauty,  
May her life no sorrow know ;  
And may her maidenhood be crown'd  
With the joys of earth below.

## Awake Unto Righteousness.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE MRS. ANDREW BECK, OF SALTFOED,  
WHO DIED, ESTEEMED BY ALL, 14TH JULY, 1884.

Awake unto righteousness,  
Not idly dreaming ;  
A loving wife and mother  
With hope's rays streaming  
From eyes, whose modest beauty  
Told of the soul within,  
Told of the faith and homage  
That kept her free from sin.

Mourn not—her prayer was heard  
That her daughter's face  
A woman's soul would illumine  
With a heaven-born grace ;  
So weep not, Christian friends,  
With flowers deck her grave,  
To bloom among the grasses  
While o'er her tomb they wave.

---

## May Dunlop.

Thine eyes are like twin stars in the heavens above,  
Twinkling so merrily, with their light of love ;  
Thy face like the angels', so pure and sweet,  
Budding into beauty, unclouded by deceit.

Thy locks of waving hair are like the raven's wing,  
To thy parents' hearts much happiness wilt thou bring,  
A merry, merry maiden mayst thou always be ;  
May thy voice always carol in its innocent glee.

---

## Long Will Ye Mourn.

DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MRS. ARCHIE  
DICKSON.

Long will ye mourn your sweet mother's care,  
Long will ye listen to her oft repeated prayer,  
Thy will be done on earth, O Lord, even unto me,  
Thou art my Guide—my all—I will place my hope in Thee.

"Heaven will be my home, and from the eternal shore  
My voice will echo back the love to you I bore ;  
Help each other day by day, with a loving hand,  
And be ready all to meet me in the better land."

A few short years have roll'd along—death knocks at thy  
door,  
Again art thou bereaved, thou'rt sadder than before ;  
Thy fond father whom I lov'd has left thee—God is thy  
Guide,  
He will ne'er forsake the children of the bridegroom and  
bride.

## Album Verses.

TO CARRIE SMITH.

Like the lilies of the valley, Carrie,  
That grace this album of thine,  
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie,  
And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty, Carrie,  
Preserved from the sun's strong light,  
May the great love of the Saviour, Carrie,  
Keep you lovely in His sight.

---

## National Hymn.

O Lord our God, Who rules above,  
Accept our earthly works of love  
And fill our souls with faith to prove  
Thy majesty.

Let the Gospel's seed take root and bloom,  
And flowers of faith expel the gloom,  
For Christ has risen from the tomb  
In majesty.

Let ev'ry tongue Thy praise proclaim,  
Let ev'ry knee bow at Thy name,  
For Jesus Thou art still the same  
In majesty.

The Heavens with Thy name shall ring,  
And countless angels endless sing,  
We'll live with Thee, our Lord and King,  
In majesty.

---

## Grandpa.

DOUGAL MOORE, ESQ.

With wavy locks of silv'ry white,  
With soul as pure as morning light,  
With voice as sweet as bird on wing ;  
May Heav'n to him new blessings bring.

May many days to him be giv'n,  
That he may lead more souls to Heav'n.  
And be a joy to those on earth,  
To those who owe to him their birth.

And when death seals his mortal eyes,  
With his lov'd ones in Paradise  
He'll praise his God in endless song,  
For now his faith is firm and strong.

## Sursum Corda.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK  
LAWRENCE, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER,  
GRACIE.

Lift up your hearts to the Most High,  
To your olive branch beyond the sky—  
To the decree, all men must die,  
Must ye fond parents bow.

For now ye know your chain of love  
Has one pure link in Heaven above,  
A link—your greatest treasure trove,  
Your angel Gracie now.

For thee her angel voice will ring,  
And to your hearts God's grace will bring,  
That now with her God's praise you'll sing  
Until you meet above.

Weep not—courage ! her pain is o'er,  
Safe in Christ's arms for evermore,  
Safe anchor'd on the Heavenly shore  
With the Father of Love.

---

## Asperges Me Domine.

GEORGE CARROLL, OF ST. PETER'S CHOIR, GODERICH, WHO DIED  
IN CALIFORNIA IN 1888.

Far, far from those who love thee,  
In a strange land,  
Didst thou leave this world of pain  
At thy God's command.

But thou didst see the beauties  
Of that golden shore ;  
To fit thee for the treasures  
Won by those before.

And with them now you're singing  
Hosannas soft and sweet ;  
For "Not ashamed of Jesus"  
Oft our ears did greet.

In the holy Christmas time,  
Or on Easter Day,  
Didst thou fill St. Peter's choir  
With jubilant lay.

"Adeste Fideles" soon  
Will float thro' the air—  
Grand tune, humbly sung by thee,  
Now a crown you wear.



## Blossom.

WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MISS BLOSSOM ROBERTS WITH A COPY  
OF MY "FORGET-ME-NOT" WALTZ.

Dear Blossom, thou'rt well named, I trow,  
For thy face is bright and fair ;  
Thy dark eyes shine  
With light divine,  
Madonna-like is thy hair.

Music will wake to life thy soul,  
And soon will we hear thy name ;  
A brilliant star  
Thou'lt shine afar  
On the treasur'd Book of Fame.

To thee this pretty waltz I give,  
Which I named "Forget-Me-Not" ;  
Its strains are sweet  
For pretty feet,  
It will charm some one I wot.

---

## Stanzas to Lord Cecil.

Huron welcomes thee, Cecil, Albion's saint,  
Thy banner will float o'er the hearts of the faint ;  
Thy banner unfurl'd bears the crescent of truth,  
Life's harvest in old age, from seed sown in youth.

Thrice welcome, Lord Cecil, in hut and in hall,  
Thy mind is a diamond, superior to all ;  
The mines of Golconda yield nothing so bright  
As the Gospel of Him Who turns darkness to light.

A poet's pen traces this tribute to one  
Who lives only to praise the Eternal Son,  
Whose jewels are crosses, whose sword is the Word,  
Whose crown is the helmet of Jesus our Lord.

---

## Mrs. Fanny Armstrong.

(FLORIST.)

Like thy flowers that bloom  
In spring time,  
Erst the frost has said good-bye,  
In thy prime  
Wert thou stricken—thou didst lie  
Nearing the silent tomb.

The June roses crowned thee  
With their wealth,  
And the lilies bade thee rise  
In good health :  
And now each floweret vies  
In Te Deums with me.

## Ruby.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. EDWARDS.

When flowers were in their budding beauty,  
With fragrance so pure and sweet,  
Thy flow'r, thy babe, was taken to bloom  
In Heav'n at the Saviour's feet.

Her love for thee will ne'er decay,  
Tho' her infant lips are mute ;  
In Heaven she sings with the angels  
To the sounds of harp and lute.

A ruby in the heavenly crown,  
'Twill shine among diamonds bright ;  
Its rays will ever o'ershadow thee  
And lead thee with heav'nly light.

---

## To a Physician's Wife.

Loving, kind and gentle,  
Happy mother and wife ;  
May sorrow's darkened cloud  
Ne'er enshroud thy life.

May thy friendship ever  
Be true and sincere ;  
And if thy helping hand  
Some sad heart can cheer,

Let thy love like sunshine  
Illumine their path,  
And God will reward thee,  
For love of those He hath

Who go about doing  
Good to those in pain.  
Kind acts to whom will be  
Sunshine after rain.

Then may God spare thee long,  
Thy noble husband, too ;  
May thy son have talents  
That are given to few.

---

## To Lena.

Thou hast a face, Lena, a princess might envy,  
On thy cheeks blossom the roses ;  
Thy coral red lips whisper of Love's happiness,  
In thy presence joy reposes.

Ever may thy hand be given to succor the needy,  
May thy voice chase all care away,  
May the blessings of Heaven descend on thee daily,  
With the sun's effulgent ray.

## In Memoriam.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE SORROWING FAMILY  
OF THE LATE MR. JOHN LUBY, WHO DIED 22ND AUGUST.  
1886.

Thy father has gone to the land of rest ;  
On his grave shines the August sun,  
A molten sea of gold, a fitting crest  
For the Christian prize he has won.  
Requiescat in pace.

Weep not ; his spirit rejoices above,  
Earth's battles for him have no care,  
But ye, for whom he cherish'd untold love,  
Daily breathe for his soul this pray'r,  
Requiescat in pace.

---

### To Mr. and Mrs. J. Shepherd.

(ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER.)

Sweet blossoming flow'ret,  
Of tender mould,  
More precious to thee  
Than gems or gold ;  
Thy sweet earthly treasure,  
Now in the fold  
Of the Lamb.

Lay her 'mid the flow'rs,  
Fragrant and bright,  
Emblems of the glory  
Before her sight,  
In the beautiful land,  
The saints delight,  
With the Lamb.

---

### A Love Token.

TO MRS. LAMPREY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, ROBERT.

Just before midnight came the summons,  
"Christ wants thee for His angelic band,  
For hast thou faithfully done thy work,  
Come now with Me to the better land."

Why should we weep when the rose is pulled ?  
If left it would die upon the tree ;  
We want its fragrance, and break the stem,  
So God took him from earth and thee.

Weep not ; he's safe on the golden shore ;  
Temptation cannot sully his heart.  
Weep not ; Christ will thy wounded soul heal  
And to thee His great blessings impart.

## In Memoriam.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FRIENDS IN JESUS OF THE  
LATE REV. CHARLES M'MANUS, WHO DIED IN HIS PARISH  
AT WINDSOR, BELOVED BY HIS PEOPLE. "THOU ART A  
PRIEST FOREVER ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF  
MELCHISEDEC."

Tired and weary, like the martyrs of old,  
Day by day didst thou draw souls to the fold ;  
On thy heart's banner these names are enrolled,  
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Before God's altar, a High Priest wert thou,  
Humbly kneeling, teaching mankind to bow  
To the glorious light that beams on thee now,  
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Like the minstrel boy, thy harp is at rest ;  
Its sacred chords ever filled thy pure breast  
With these hallowed names, thy Heavenly crest,  
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

---

## Thy Mother.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MRS.  
JAMES SAUNDERS, WHO DIED JUNE 17TH, 1884, BELOVED BY  
ALL WHO KNEW HER.

Thy sainted mother has found rest  
Upon her Saviour's loving breast,  
She has only gone before.  
Her pain has ceas'd, her spirit's free,  
Her joy is for eternity,  
Upon the Heavenly shore.

Her faith was strong, her love sincere ;  
Her children to her heart more dear  
Than gold from Afric's sands.  
Her voice so sweet, in praise oft heard,  
Her life so pure, God's holy word  
Her well obey'd command.

"I will not forsake thee," she said  
To lov'd ones 'round her dying bed,  
"Nor leave thee," firm in truth,  
Firm in salvation's holy name,  
To love her God her highest aim,  
The God she lov'd in youth.

Weep not, lov'd ones, God in Heaven  
Knew her earthly love was given  
To him ; her time had come,  
Her strength had gone, her spirit cried  
To be with the Lamb, the Crucified,  
Her earthly race was run.

### "Sed Libera Nos A Malo."

Deliver us, O Lord, each day  
From ev'ry ill that comes our way ;  
Teach us submission to Thy will  
And with piety our hearts fill.

Deliver us from sordid strife,  
With which the human heart is rife.  
Teach us to obey Thy command  
To lend sorrow a helping hand.

Teach us to curb all vain desire,  
And to holier things aspire ;  
Deliver us from greed of gain,  
And from scoffing at others' pain.

Teach us all angry thoughts to chase.  
That we may conquer in the race ;  
Our helmet be Thy divine word,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord.

---

### Miss Myrtie Irene Johnston,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER, 1887.

"Friday's child is loving and giving,"  
So saith this album wise ;  
Then, Myrtie, the Father of Heaven  
Will guide thy loving eyes

To things of beauty, which fill the soul  
With the grandeur above,  
And tune thy innocent, childish voice  
To trill sweet notes of love.

---

### Meet Me In Heaven.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. JAMIESON REID, ON  
THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER BELLE (MRS. WHITE),  
MAY 3RD, 1886.

"Meet me in Heaven," how cheering the last words  
Of the child bride, thy daughter, so sweet and so pure :  
Her husband will weep, but the grief at thy bosom  
Will each May time be more than thy soul can endure.

Blossoming May, may her memory be fragrant  
In the hearts of her friends, who saw the rose fade  
Day by day from her cheeks, tho' her eyes kept their  
brightness,  
Till her pure soul went to Him Who all things has made.

Pure, innocent wife, her love was devotion,  
Truth ever dwelt on her lips and shone in her eyes :  
So God will reward her, and may all who loved her  
Be ready to meet her when our Lord says, "Arise."

## God Knoweth Best.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. WM. SMITH, ON THE  
DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, THE LATE W. SMITH, ENGINEER.

In peace let him rest  
In the mercy of his God,  
Whilst thou feel'st the chastening rod.  
Whilst thou weepest o'er the sod,  
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest ;  
His life on earth is run,  
His earthly task is done,  
Toil's golden crown is won ;  
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest ;  
The Brotherhood will mourn,  
Thy heart with grief is torn ;  
He's safe beyond the bourne,  
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest ;  
In blissful realms above,  
The home of Heavenly love,  
He sees the treasure trove ;  
God knoweth best.

---

### To Gertie S.

Gems of starry blue seem thine eyes,  
Ever thy love I'll highly prize ;  
Refrain from idleness alway,  
Try hard to study every day ;  
Implore God's blessing, Gertie dear,  
Ever your parents' hearts to cheer.

---

### Ida.

Soon will the wreath and bridal veil  
Encircle thy queenly brow ;  
Thy modest and angelic face  
Tells of sincere love I know.

Thy voice that trills the Father's praise  
Has charmed a fair stranger's heart ;  
And I, perchance, must lose thee, too ;  
Alas ! Ida—must we part ?

May loving hands clasp thine alway,  
May sunny smiles, love's Heavenly ray,  
Be thine forever and for aye—  
Loved Ida.

### To Miss Frances Hincks.

Fair as a flower  
Is thy sweet young face,  
Like a liquid stream  
Do thy blue eyes gleam,  
Robing thee with grace.

May you bloom thro' life  
Like a lily pure ;  
May your talents rare  
Be nurtured with care  
God's love to ensure.

---

### To Jessie.

Like a rosebud opening in spring,  
Thy name is soft and sweet,  
Filling the heart with rapturous throbs  
When thou art by.

Like the dew on the morning flowers  
Before the sun's rays fall,  
Love and friendship hoyer around us  
When thou art nigh.

Faith is written on thy noble brow,  
Firm as the pyramids ;  
Thy sweet voice trills in rapturous chords  
To the Most High.

---

### To Vera.

Sunshine surrounds thee,  
Pride of your home ;  
Happy as the birds  
'Neath Heaven's dome.

May your life be spent  
In doing good,  
If God spares you, Vera,  
To womanhood.

---

### To Helena Reid.

Thou art kind, Helena, kind and fair,  
A coronet might grace thy hair ;  
Thy love of home shines from thine eyes,  
The love of truth thy lips do prize ;  
Aim at perfection, 'tis the best part ;  
Love your Creator with all your heart.

## To Willie Sheehan.

ON RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT.

Your face is lovely, Willie,  
But not too good to serve  
Before God's holy altar,  
From which wish you'll not swerve.

'Tis a good resolve, Willie,  
To heal the wounded soul,  
For sin's rude billows, Willie,  
Like lofty mountains roll.

So, Willie, pray ev'ry morning.  
And at evening's tide,  
That you will be spar'd to preach  
The Lord Jesus crucified.

---

## To Kate.

(MRS. W. RHYNAS.)

Faithful to a mother's love,  
Nobly hast thou filled her place ;  
Trouble never banished hope  
From thy youthful, smiling face.

Kate, mayst thou in future  
Have no grief nor pain to bear ;  
May thy chosen friend protect thee,  
And with thee his blessings share.

---

## Phoebe.

Purest love flows from thy soul,  
Happiness dwells in thy heart ;  
Other friends can I enroll,  
Each to me love's joys impart ;  
But I love thee best of all,  
E'er thy friendship I recall.

---

## Bertha Bain.

Sing the praise of Christ the King.  
Sing His praises all day long ;  
Let the air with anthems ring,  
Tune thy voice to sacred song.

Thou art modest as a violet,  
Bertha Bain, dear Bertha Bain ;  
Ever may you happy be,  
In your heart may Jesus reign.



## To Miss Annie Doyle.

(CHURCH STREET.)

Annie so true,  
Thine eyes of blue  
And hair of tinted gold ;  
Thy gentle face,  
And air of grace,  
Fresh from Nature's mould.

Forget me not,  
Where'er thy lot  
On Life's broad sea be cast ;  
May no rude wind  
Disturb thy mind,  
Or chill thee with its blast.

And, Annie, dear,  
Thy parents cheer  
With loving words and kind,  
And God will bless  
With loveliness  
Thy body, soul and mind.

---

## To Rosa.

A WISH.

May Cupid's arrows in thy breast  
Ensure a calm, eternal rest ;  
A chaplet of roses may he lay  
At thy feet, ev'ry summer day.

---

## Lines

INSCRIBED TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO MADE THEIR FIRST  
COMMUNION AT ST. PETER'S ON SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1880.

"COME YE LITTLE CHILDREN UNTO ME."

"Come ye little children unto Me,  
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven ;"  
Such were the words of our Divine Lord.  
Such, dear ones, the command He has given.

Dear little soldiers of Christ you'll be,  
With wreaths and breast-knots of virginal white.  
When ye kneel at the altar God's glory  
Will surround ye, in a halo of light.

Be brave, little ones, and be pure of heart,  
For God loveth innocence such as thine ;  
Daily ask Him your past sins to forgive,  
"Yea." He will say, "ye are children of Mine."

## The Rosary of Pearls.

LINES TO MY COUSIN, MRS. M. J. LEONARD, ON RECEIVING  
FROM HER A GIFT OF A ROSARY OF PEARLS.

This rosary of priceless pearls,  
So precious to me ;  
Like fragrance from the summer flow'rs  
That grow beside the sea,  
Where sea-weed and the coral dwell  
Beneath the dark blue wave,  
And where some treasure seeker may  
Have found a watery grave.

May Heaven bless this gift of pearls  
To purify my soul,  
And spotless as a lily keep,  
While seasons onward roll ;  
And may new graces from it spring,  
That to my pen be given  
A ray of light for ev'ry eye  
To lead souls on to Heav'n.

For language is a priceless gem,  
Its rays are like the sun ;  
And he who keeps it like these pearls  
A crown above has won—  
A crown no tarnish can destroy,  
A crown no king can wear,  
Unless his soul is free from stain,  
Like jewels, rich and rare.

And now when I my beads will say :  
"Our Father, Who art in Heav'n,"  
I'll not forget thee, Lily dear,  
Who to me these beads hast giv'n  
And when I say ten Hail Marys  
I'll ask our Mother dear  
To beg her Son to send thee wealth,  
And a happy, bright New Year.

---

## Carrie and Kate.

Two merry maidens,  
The light of their home ;  
Innocent mirth flows  
Wherever they roam.

Always together  
At study or play,  
Radiant as the stars,  
Happy girls are they.

May life's shadows ne'er  
Fall upon their hearts ;  
May love's sun join them closer  
With his golden darts.

## Mamie.

There's a little maiden I love to meet,  
 With flaxen curls so trim and neat,  
 With eyes so blue, I always love to greet  
 Mamie.

She's bright as a star in the azure sky ;  
 Her voice is sweet as a lullaby ;  
 She always goes to school without a sigh ;  
 Mamie.

She's budding into beauty most rare ;  
 Her cheek its crimson with the rose might share ;  
 Her beauty will soon be without compare :  
 Mamie.

---

## To Miss Lizzie Logan.

Lizzie, thine heart is light,  
 Then keep it so ;  
 Drive sorrow from your heart  
 Where'er you go.

Be a friend good and true,  
 To those you love ;  
 O'er their path blossoms strew,  
 To bloom above

In the crown for God's own,  
 Who trust in Him,  
 And reap what He has sown,  
 Like seraphim.

Keep thou before the mast  
 On life's rude sea ;  
 Love's pilot rules the blast  
 For you and me.

---

## To Lizzie.

Like a seraph thy voice floats on the air,  
 In my memory thou hast of love a share ;  
 Zephyrs might envy its whispering tone,  
 Zephyrs at play, when the hot day is done.  
 Think of thy voice when cool breezes play ;  
 Elflike and sweet to me—it seems alway.

Beauty in thy paintings, too, I discover,  
 A woodland scene of maple trees and clover ;  
 Yellow pansies, and purple ones, too, I see,  
 Looking as bright as nature wishes them to be :  
 Every day of thine is lent thee to improve,  
 Yet only to make thee feel that God is love.

### Emma Hall.

So like a fairy,  
Thy face like the lily's white ;  
With step so airy  
And eyes like the stars at night.

Thy father's treasure,  
Busy as the honey bee ;  
Love without measure  
In his fond heart is for thee.

Long may'st thou be left  
To gild the home with earth's joy ;  
Love—the golden weft,  
Virtue—woof, without alloy.

---

### Jennie.

Ilka laddie feels thy pow'r,  
For bonny is thy e'en ;  
Thy winsome face  
Will deck wi' grace  
The hame o' which thou'rt queen.

---

### To Miss Ellen Donagh.

Ever mayst thou happy be,  
Life holds precious gifts for thee ;  
E'en if now a shadow lay  
Around thy heart—'twould pass away.  
Ne'er forget the friend you leave  
On Huron's shore, and believe  
Regretfully I part from thee ;  
Yours very sincerely.

---

### Cora.

I know a pretty glade  
Where the honeysuckle grows ;  
I know a pretty maid,  
As pretty as a rose ;  
She swings beneath the trees  
Arch'd o'er her wavy brown hair ;  
Butterflies on the breeze  
Seem to flutter round her there.

Her home is by the lake,  
Where she sees its dancing wave,  
And where the breezes make  
Her for its pleasures crave.  
And now when winter throws  
A gloom o'er lake and hill,  
Her face with pleasure glows,  
Not fearing winter's chill.

## Fragment.

IMPROMPTU LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE POEM, "ROSE-  
ARY OF PEARLS," BY ELOISE A. SKIMINGS, RECEIVER OF  
MY GIFT.

The gift, so poor when it was given,  
How rich it has become  
With prayer to her, the sinless one,  
And glory to the Son !  
The pearls beneath the ocean wave  
Send upward with the spray  
Their praise of her—the star who shines  
To light the trackless way.

And when a heart of purest gold  
Uplifts itself for me,  
O Mother Mary—deign to hear,  
You know I trust in thee ;  
And backward send to her so good  
A blessing from thy shrine,  
With rays of light to guide her feet  
Unto that home divine.  
LILLIE LEONARD, Rochester, N. Y.

---

## Ode.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. SALLOWS.

The winter moon, with placid smile,  
Looks down upon earth and sea ;  
And at our feet,  
Like magic sweet,  
Is the branch of every tree

Etched on the snow with artistic touch,  
Outskilling the painter's pow'r ;  
While high above,  
This light of love  
Falls alike on tree and tow'r.

What love divine has God for man,  
When He guards him night and day !  
While this we trace,  
For Adam's race  
Sun and moon have shone alway.

O'er forest, o'er desert, o'er plain,  
O'er mountain, valley and sea,  
Thy Heavenly light,  
So clear and bright,  
Will shine to eternity.

## To My Godchildren,

(FANNIE, FLORRIE AND GEORGE.)

May you walk in Virtue's path,  
Where knowledge and modesty dwell ;  
May you love honor and truth,  
That in beauty you may excel.

In beauty of mind and heart,  
Hurling back earth's dross temptation,  
And nobly sacrifice self  
On the altar of humiliation.

---

## Maybird.

Dear little Maybird, thou'rt like the flowers  
That bloom in the month of May ;  
Like the birds that warble their happiness  
This beautiful month of May.

Your grandmamma loves the flowers, Maybird,  
That bloom in this month of May ;  
But thou art the loveliest of them all  
This beautiful month of May.

Sing, little Maybird, dance round the May pole,  
Be happy this month of May ;  
My own birth-month, like thine, Maybird,  
This beautiful month of May.

---

## To Cousin Anna.

(MRS. JOSEPH SKINNER.)

Dear Cousin,—I'll write you a letter  
For want of something to do much better.  
It's raining so hard I cannot go out  
To get some news to write you about.  
I wish I could talk to you now and then,  
'Twould be so much nicer than using my pen :  
But, dear cousin, that pleasure, you see,  
Is, and has been, denied you and me.  
But "long roads have a turning," they say,  
If one has the patience to wait each day,  
Like me, in a dream I had last night  
Of the American shore, which came in sight,  
A mirage so lovely it haunts me yet,  
And its beauty I never will forget.  
I've stood oft on our banks, in waking hours,  
To watch the mirage, after heavy showers,  
But I've never seen it save in my dream,  
Which to you most ridiculous will seem.  
But dreams make me happy, many a time,  
When annoyance and cares oft combine  
To keep me at home, so I travel by dream  
And visit Ireland and Rome without any steam.

### Geraldine.

Thou art a friend, Geraldine,  
Thy face with goodness glows,  
And from thy true, loyal heart  
Sincere affection flows.

Thou wert a happy maiden  
In thy fond parents' home ;  
And now with thy kind consort  
In happiness thou'lt roam.  
Where'er thy lot may be cast  
No sorrow wilt thou know ;  
If earthly love can guard thee  
Thou wilt be blest, I trow.

And if my prayers can bring thee  
And thy two handsome boys  
Other blessings from above,  
Then may thy heart rejoice.

---

### To Monsignor Bruyere,

ON HIS LAST VISIT TO ST. PETER'S, GODERICH, DEC., 1887.

Thy life floweth on like a shining river,  
Clear as its depths is thy soul ;  
May thy works take root and bring forth good fruit,  
That Mary's daughters may reach the goal  
Like these flow'rs when the winter frosts have come  
To rob them of their Heaven-born beauty,  
Thy reverend face with sweet air of grace,  
Sheds over us the perfume of duty.

---

### To Sibyl.

Music and its sister song  
Hovers 'round thee all day long ;  
Modesty, with regal grace,  
Ever adorns thy sweet face.

---

### To Miss Mabel Hyde,

HAMILTON.

Thine eyes are of blue, of truth they tell,  
Of truth, Heaven's own priceless gem.  
Thy heart, whose chords of love excel  
The harp's sweet strains ; love's diadem  
Thine eyes so blue,  
So fond, so true.  
"Home, sweet home," is the chords they love,  
Home on earth and in Heaven above.

## Baby Pearl.

Baby Pearl is lovely, Baby Pearl is good,  
Face as white as snowflake in her pretty hood ;  
Threat'ning to go to Angel land, but I hope  
In the land of Womanhood her eyes will ope.

Smiling sweet and pretty, when her hand you take ;  
I love her pretty ways for her mother's sake.  
Like a daisy white when the spring time has come,  
Ever may she bloom until God calls her home.

---

## In Memoriam.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS.  
DONALD FRASER, GIBBONS STREET, GODERICH, ON THE  
DEATH OF HER ELDEST CHILD, SYDNEY.

"Abide with me," my Sydney,  
While my task seems hard to bear ;  
Hard to know that on this earth  
I'll never see thee more, ne'er  
See thy smile at my return,  
Nor hear thy fresh young voice in  
Accents fraught with filial love.  
But we will meet again, meet  
To part no more in the world  
Of Heavenly rest, of promise  
Of eternal joy. The Vine,  
The living Branch, whose tendrils  
Take root in the heart alone,  
Knew that our love was earthly,  
That our hearts clung to our child,  
And now we, with humble trust  
In God's goodness, in His word,  
"Come to Me all ye that are  
Laden, and I will refresh ye."  
We will join in the anthem  
"Abide with me."

---

## To Mrs. Malcolm Nicholson.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thy treasure was taken,  
God has willed it so,  
To draw thy heart to Heav'n  
From earthly things below.

The angel babe no more  
Earth's pains will ever feel ;  
So place thy trust in Christ,  
To His affliction kneel.



### A Reverie.

As I wander'd by the roadside  
 One glorious autumn eye,  
 I dwelt upon the beauties of the scene ;  
 Above, the clouds, like mountains,  
 Which later fell in fountains,  
 Sailed in majesty o'er Huron's sea of green.

At my feet a bed of mint grew wild,  
 With blossoms sweet, like heather,  
 And stooping, pick'd a tiny, fragrant spray.  
 I thought of all God's love and care,  
 To paint the fields with verdure rare,  
 And deck the humble mint in blossoming array.

O, guiding hand that paints the fields,  
 Gild the autumn of our lives  
 With Heavenly rays which from Thy hand proceeds,  
 That all our works will in Thy sight  
 Appear to Thee as blossoms bright,  
 Wafting sweetest perfume to where Thy glory leads.

---

### To the Misses Salkeld.

(MARY AND MARTHA.)

Sweet flow'rs of humility, your parents, I trow,  
 Prize highly your true goodness of heart. I know ;  
 Like daisies bright your hazel eyes sparkle and gleam,  
 Then like those modest flow'rs happy maidens always seem.

Martha and Mary—thy names such blessings suggest  
 For those who safely lie on their Redeemer's breast ;  
 Yes, dear Mary and Martha, your Jesus adore,  
 Like those good sisters of old, who have gone before.

---

### To Alice.

I'm thinking of thee, Alice, as you wander'd long ago,  
 With your lovely smiling face and your heart as pure as snow ;  
 Love's tender light beam'd from thine eyes, thou wert thy  
 father's pride ;  
 A beauteous, modest maiden, whom Death claimed for his bride.

How oft you watched with pleasure true for sails on Huron's  
 breast,  
 How oft you pick'd up sea-shells, which its playful waves  
 caress'd ;  
 How oft you picked the flow'rets, which on ev'ry hillside bloom,  
 And now thou'rt lying, Alice, in the cold and silent tomb.

But not alone, dear Alice, thou art with thy mother dear  
 In the home above the skies, where no parting can you fear ;  
 Thou art happy now, dear Alice, nor crown nor golden store  
 Could tempt thee to thy home again by Huron's lovely shore.

## To Mrs. M. Black.

ON RECEIVING FROM HER ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1887, A BEAUTIFUL SILVER NAPKIN RING WITH A SHAMROCK -SPRAY  
ENGRAVED THEREON.

How beautiful the shamrock traced on this napkin ring,  
If St. Patrick were here 'twould most surely make him sing ;  
This lovely silver gift makes my heart with rapture turn  
To Erin's lovely loughs, to its mountains and its burn.

Thy eyes, like Irish diamonds, shine with a happy light ;  
Thy voice is full of kindness for those who act aright ;  
Thy hands are ever doing good in some act of love  
To those who are not bless'd as thee, with gifts from Heaven  
above.

---

### Karl.

List to the whispering breezes,  
"We love thee, Karl," they say ;  
The birds that fly from bough to bough,  
The dove that coos so soft and low,  
The humming bird that fears no foe,  
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

Thy voice is sweet as nightingale's  
That sings its roundelay ;  
Thy face a Reubens would admire,  
Thine eyes his artist brush inspire,  
The poet praise thee on his lyre,  
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

---

### Sines

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES GERTIE DOYLE  
AND CARRIE SHANNON, ON PRESENTING THE RT. REV. JOHN  
WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON, AT ST. PETER'S, WITH A  
BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET AND WREATH OF SHAMROCK  
LEAVES, GODERICH, ONT., 12TH DEC., 1888, CON-  
FIRMATION DAY.

Dear little maidens, thy gifts are like incense  
To our belov'd Bishop's heart ;  
For well doth he know that innocence and love  
Their fragrance to him impart.

With thy lovely flow'rs and shamrock leaves so green,  
Emblems of our holy faith ;  
When St. Patrick in his hand a shamrock held,  
"The Godhead in One," he saith.

Then wreath thy green shamrocks 'round our Bishop's brow,  
All honor to his pure name ;  
May he be exalted while upon this earth,  
Drawing souls to Christ, his aim.

### To Mona.

Thy soft cheeks are like blush roses,  
                                   Mavourneen ;  
 A smile in thine eye reposes,  
                                   Mavourneen.  
 Thou art pretty and witty,  
 For the poor thou hast pity,  
 Fill'd with generosity,  
                                   Mavourneen.

I hope fortune will favor thee,  
                                   Mavourneen,  
 And no sorrow assail thee,  
                                   Mavourneen,  
 For to thee God has given  
 A chain by angels riven,  
 Which will lead thee to Heaven,  
                                   Mavourneen.

---

### To Allie.

MRS. FRED. PRIDHAM.

A Happy New Year to you, Allie,  
 Life has bright days for thee in store ;  
 Like stars thine eyes shine and dance with glee,  
 In joy may they sparkle evermore.  
 E'en thy sweet voice has for me a charm,  
 Singing sweetly like nightingale ;  
 May no pow'r assail thee, fraught with harm.  
 E'en for a moment thy cheek to pale.  
 Allie, if long days to thee are given,  
 Try to love all, and keep the chain riven  
 Here on earth, and forever in Heaven.

---

### Four Leaf'd Clover.

INSCRIBED TO MISS EMMA M'PHERSON ON POPLAR HILL.

How many times, dear Emma,  
 Have you wander'd o'er the meadow,  
 To pick the four leaf'd clover,  
       All for me, all for me.

How many times, dear Emma,  
 Have you prayed for good luck for me,  
 And pick'd the four leaf'd clover,  
       All for me, all for me.

Can I ever, dear Emma,  
 Forget your pretty meadow,  
 Where grows the four leaf'd clover  
       All for me, all for me.

## Amy.

LINES ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF APPLES IN DECEMBER.

Thy cheeks like the apples  
 Are red as a June rose ;  
 Thy eyes are like a fawn's  
 And black as any sloe's.

Would I were an artist,  
 For Diana I'd take  
 Thy graceful form and features  
 Her fam'd portrait to make ;

Or for bright young Hebe,  
 Crown'd amid her flowers,  
 With June's crimson roses  
 Pulled from Eden's bowers.

---

 To a friend,

ON PRESENTING ME WITH A HONEYCOMB.

May the honey that flows from these waxen cells  
 Be sweet like the mem'ry thou hast for me ;  
 And may thy life flow like chimes of magic bells,  
 And mayst thou many years of happiness see.

---

 To Sizzie.

Trust thou in the Lord, holy is His name ;  
 When life's shadows cross thy path let thy aim  
 Be to look on High, then will they depart  
 And the sunshine of gladness fill thy heart.

Thou hast done thy duty in thy own home,  
 Glory awaits thee in the world to come ;  
 Rejoice and be glad, thy care is all o'er,  
 God the Father is with thee evermore.

Thou wilt return, bright as the evening star,  
 Where now darkness reigns hope's rays seem afar ;  
 But soon they'll encircle thee, all will be bright,  
 And joy, blessed joy, will be thine morn and night.

---

 Vida Bell.

Vessel of love, Vida Bell,  
 Vessel of truth, I know well.  
 Coy little maid, Vida Bell,  
 Could I thy future foretell  
 I'd make thee happy and gay  
 As birds on this summer day.

## To Fannie.

(MRS. W. D. ALEXANDER, NIAGARA FALLS,) ON WRITING IN HER  
ALBUM ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Dear Fannie, in turning these pages o'er,  
I note the charm'd name Alexander,  
Who now, beside being a prophet true,  
Will soon be your gallant commander.

He writes, "Happy will be the little man ;"  
Yea, thrice happy, I trust, he will be,  
With the rays of love's sunshine, dear Fannie,  
Which forever will encompass thee.

---

## Essie.

What a pretty, sweet name is thine, Essie,  
As pretty as pretty can be ;  
And a pretty, sweet face to match, Essie,  
As blooming as roses to me.

---

## Miss Nettie Crabb.

Nettie, youthful Queen of Song,  
Innocent, joyous and bright ;  
Tune thy voice ever to Him,  
For in song doth He delight.

Cherubim and seraphim  
Fill Heaven with their sweet song,  
And the birds with tuneful voice  
Sing His praises all day long.

Thank Him, Nettie, morn and night,  
For this sweet gift from above ;  
May you win laurels, Nettie,  
While praising the God of Love.

---

## To Miss Minnie Strachan,

ON WRITING IN HER AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

If Willie chose the last page, yet  
I will choose the first ;  
And like fragrant mignonette,  
Or a rose just burst,  
May our memory be as sweet  
In thy loving heart ;  
May thy mind be a retreat  
For music and art ;  
May thy home with love abound,  
May innocence reign,  
That purest joy may be found,  
All pleasure—no pain.

## To Miss Huldah Whitely.

ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS-RECORD,  
CLINTON.

Bright are thine eyes, like lamps they shine,  
Fountains of purity divine,  
Whose liquid depths betray a mine  
Of virtue rare.

Then, Huldah, dear, keep pure and true,  
And Heaven will always smile on you,  
For modesty is Heaven's dew  
Without compare.

---

## To Fannie Bell.

How I love to look at thy velvet eyes,  
Whose admirer lives under sunny skies ;  
Thy voice low and sweet like a cooing dove,  
Tells the faith thou hast in him thou dost love.

---

## To a Calla Lily.

INSCRIBED TO REV. DR. AND MRS. URE, ON SEEING A CALLA  
LILY IN THEIR CONSERVATORY, 5TH MARCH, 1885.

How graceful, how stately, how fair  
Art thou in thy rare purity ;  
No flower with thee can compare,  
So grand thy virginal beauty.

Tho' storms around thee fiercely rage,  
Or the snowflakes so softly fall,  
Yet art thou pride of host and page,  
An emblem of welcome to all.

Yet not alone, thy noble leaves  
Like soldiers stand guard around thee,  
And with their love Paul's motto weaves,  
Christ's tribute—Faith, Hope, Charity.

---

## To Isie.

I'll remember thee ever, Isie dear,  
Sweet daughter of industry, may no tear  
Adown thy cheeks roll, but may roses bright  
Bloom there for aye ; and may love's holy light  
Ever beam from thine eye some heart to cheer,  
Living but for thy love, true and sincere.  
Low and soft is thy voice, like music sweet,  
As nightingale in her sylvan retreat.

### To Ina's Pet Canaries.

Dear Dicky and Dot, how proud ye are,  
To bask in the sun this autumn day ;  
Ye are young yet, but ye know the fond hand  
That feeds ye tho' the bars in your prison land.

Ye often hear the "Woodland Whispers,"  
Played by Miss Ina's nimble fingers,  
But ye sing not ; tell me the reason why.  
Must ye have a teacher, or are ye shy ?

But, perhaps, when the sun next year shines,  
Ye will warble a loving roundelay,  
Surpassing the notes of the human voice,  
And make your fluttering little hearts rejoice.

---

### To Ellie.

(MRS. CAPT. A. E. M'GREGOR), ON RECEIVING A GIFT OF EX-  
QUISITE CARDS.

Love cannot bind us more truly  
In golden or silken chain ;  
Like friends, we'll journey together,  
Love must in our bosoms remain.  
I wish you a Happy New Year,  
Ev'ry joy, no sorrow, no pain.

---

### Lines

PRESENTED TO REV. DONALD M'GILLIVRAY ON HIS LEAVING  
GODERICH, HIS HOME, FOR HO-NAN, CHINA.

Thou art going from Ontario's plains  
To the land of the Rising Sun,  
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

To the land of sweet perfume,  
Wafted from the flowers that bloom  
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

Thou art young and full of manhood's vigor :  
Thy life has been modell'd to go  
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

The rice fields whisper to the breeze,  
"God's messenger comes o'er the seas,  
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan."

God's messenger with banner unfurl'd  
To proudly float 'mong leaves of palm,  
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

May the harvest of the Word  
Fill the granaries of our Lord,  
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

### To Jennie.

Jennie, fair flower of earth,  
 Ever fill thy heart with mirth.  
 Nothing blooms where sadness reigns,  
 No fairy charms the lurking pains,  
 In life's joyous, gladsome glee,  
 Ever then let thy spirit be.  
 May those tokens of our love  
 A happiness to thee prove ;  
 Cherish in thy mem'ry dear  
 A love for those friends sincere ;  
 Reap the seed they've scattered e'er,  
 As gems to crown thee evermore.

### Bessie Beer.

When the stars shine bright in their beautiful home  
 And the moon casts a spell o'er thy face,  
 Bessie, think of the pray'rs that reach Heaven's blue dome,  
 For thee offer'd at the throne of grace—

That life may bring thee roses, to last for aye,  
 Whose fragrance will inspire thee to rise  
 Above the thorns of pride that bedeck life's pathway,  
 And a crown will gild thy sacrifice,

Which will vie with earth's gems in its beauty and pride,  
 And be thine in the Kingdom above ;  
 Its glories earth's trials could never more efface,  
 For the crown would be Heaven's own love.

### Stanza

TO R. S. CHILTON, ESQ., AMERICAN CONSUL, GÖDERICH.

A kindred spirit now greets thee  
 With poesy's magic pen ;  
 Well may thy nation admire thee,  
 Most honorable of men.

A poet's ardor fills thy soul,  
 Parental love bedecks thy brow ;  
 The brave old flag of stars and stripes  
 Floats o'er none more loved than thou.

### To Naomi.

Naomi, thou'rt a blossom rare,  
 A tender bud, divinely fair ;  
 O, may happiness be thy share,  
 My Naomi beyond compare,  
 I pray thy life be free from care.



## To Little Fred.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILSON SALKELD.

Who could not love thee, little Fred,  
Who could not love thy curly head,  
Who could not love thy lisping voice ?  
Thy bright eyes make my heart rejoice.

Bright as diamonds, Fred, are thine eyes,  
Blue as the summer's sunny skies ;  
If Heav'n spares you to manhood, Fred,  
Proud will the maid be whom you'll wed.

## To Hayden.

Like thy namesake, Hayden, thou must be  
A musician of high degree ;  
Thy clustering curls and faultless brow  
On thee regal dignity bestow.  
Never be vain—be noble and just,  
Remember, Hayden, thou art but dust.

## To Oliver Whitely.

A MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,"  
A mother's last request,  
That her boy should correctly play  
That beautiful, melodious lay,  
To song—a grand bequest.

One month later that fond mother lay  
Upon her dying bed ;  
"No earthly pow'r can save her now,  
Death's seal is on both lips and brow,"  
Her kind physician said.

Her musician boy I hope will be  
Inspired with lofty pride  
For music sweet, Heaven's chain of love,  
Twixt our souls and the choirs above,  
His soul's unerring guide.

## To Sister Stanislaus,

OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

Thy voice, O sweet sister, the angels have lent thee  
To draw to the Heavenly mansions above  
All things that are hardened with love for things earthly  
And turn their hearts' offering to the God of love.

## To Annie.

(MRS. J. ELLIOTT.)

I love to hear thy rich young voice  
When raised to give th' Almighty praise :  
To Him it belongs—lent to thee  
To sing His sacred Heavenly lays.

This gift of song, how dear to all,  
More precious far than jewels rare ;  
May your pure voice a fortune prove,  
And health be given you, is my prayer.

---

## To Ella.

MRS. W. HALE, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

These bouquets to thee and thy bridesmaid,  
To thy bridegroom and groomsman, too,  
Are laden with perfume, dear Ella,  
Heaven's fragrance to breathe upon you.

---

## Katie McLean.

Child of song, sweetest Katie,  
Thy voice seems ever near ;  
Can thy lov'd mother, Katie,  
Still whisper in thine ear

Such loving words, dear Katie,  
As from her lips did fall,  
Before death claimed her, Katie,  
And she obey'd the call.

Cherish her mem'ry, Katie,  
Her wishes hold most dear ;  
And may thy voice, dear Katie,  
All hearts have power to cheer.

And ever praise God, Katie,  
In your innocent glee ;  
"Caller Herrin," dear Katie,  
And blithe "Bonnie Dundee."

---

## To Mrs. Macara.

'Tis sweet to feel friendship's warm glow,  
When sorrow's tears from sad eyes flow ;  
When hearts with wounds are pierced by care  
God bless thee, friend, my earnest prayer.

## Only a Voice.

Only a voice, as pure and clear  
As a drop of pearly dew,  
Heard when the shades of evening  
Darken the horizon's hue.

Only a voice, with winsome pow'r  
To enrapture young and old,  
Singing songs, both joyous and grave,  
With marvellous taste untold.

Only a voice, with gladsome trill,  
Like the brook in yonder glade,  
When it sings pure, sweet songs of love  
'Neath the maples' cooling shade.

Only a voice, like a moonbeam  
Softly stealing thro' the gloom  
Of some half closed curtain'd casement,  
Where flowers of beauty bloom.

---

## Hallowe'en.

TO MISS KATE WATSON.

Hallowe'en, what a spell in thy name,  
As Burns, the immortal, portrays ;  
Lovers, all the world o'er, this e'en  
Look for omens contain'd in his lays.  
O why let the future disturb us ?  
We have problems enough to solve  
Every morning of life, for the morrow  
Exists not, let the future dissolve  
New phases which now are mysteries.

---

## Wedding Bells.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN MACARA, WHO WERE  
MARRIED AT HULL, 25TH APRIL, 1883.

Chime, merrily chime, your silvery peal  
Joins two hearts in one, with Love's mystic seal.  
Chime, merrily chime, the spring time has come  
With Hope's leaves and flowers to enwreath their home.

Chime, merrily chime, the bridegroom and bride  
Are youthful and pure, their fond parents' pride.  
Chime, merrily chime, their future foretell,  
As happy and glad as the tones of your bell.

Chime, merrily chime, and breathe as ye chime  
Orisons to Heaven, to be echoed thro' time ;  
Like sweet dulcet notes from Galilee's shore,  
With Christ at your feast to remain evermore.

### To Miss Mullin.

You have ask'd for "some lines," fair maiden,  
And I must fill some of the spaces ;  
But the kind Muse has flown, I'm afraid,  
And has left in my brain no traces.

Your sweet face in my mind oft appears  
With true Madonna-like purity,  
Which ne'er will change in the after years,  
For love's rays will be shed over thee.

Then, fair maid, when old age draws apace  
And your voyage through life at its close,  
Let your works be as pure as your face,  
That your soul with its God may repose.

### November flowers.

Hope amid despair, sweet flowers,  
Blossoming in winter bowers,  
Rare chrysanthemums ;  
Purest white, and yellow, too,  
Fresh as if the morning dew  
Had come down from Heaven on you,  
Sweet chrysanthemums.

In gold and crimson, too, ye bloom,  
Fit to bedeck a monarch's room,  
Grand chrysanthemums ;  
Clustering in profusion wild,  
Type of innocence, in winter mild,  
Which by thy presence is beguil'd,  
Lov'd chrysanthemums.

### March.

The broad lakes are breaking their ice bonds,  
Tho' the rivers their fetters retain,  
For the sun in his transcendent beauty  
Oyerrules King Lear's grand domain.

The sailor sighs for an early spring,  
For he loves the blue crested wave :  
While dearly he loves his own happy home,  
He fears not a watery grave.

So brave is the sailor, the gallant sea king,  
And true as the compass, his guide ;  
For he dreams not of peril nor danger  
To the vessel, his hope and his pride.

Month of St. Patrick, month of the shamrock,  
Inspire thy brave sons with true zeal  
For "Fair Canada's" statesmen and welfare,  
And God's blessing to them reveal.

### Francis Joseph.

Thy name is high sounding, I admit,  
Emperors have worn it before thee ;  
But thou mayst excel in Irish wit,  
If not in grandeur of royalty.

Be true to the country of thy birth,  
Be true to the good friends thou hast met :  
Be true to thy God while on this earth,  
Thou'lt win a crown by thy virtues yet.

---

### Lulu Boyne.

DEDICATED TO MRS. W. J. SMITH ON LULU BOYNE'S FIRST  
BIRTHDAY.

Like a little elf art thou,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;  
A round cheek'd little fay,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;  
A round cheek'd little fairy,  
A laughing little fairy,  
So graceful and so airy,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Why that twinkle in thine eyes,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ?  
Roguish as a little fay,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;  
Roguish as a little fay,  
Dancing like a little fay,  
Making sunshine all the day,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Little teeth of pearly white,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.  
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;  
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,  
Shining 'tween lips of coral.  
We'll crown thee with laurel,  
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

---

### Clara.

Clara, joyous, bright and gay,  
Like a sunny summer day ;  
Hair so fair and eyes so dark.  
Voice as sweet as any lark.

Clara, be sincere and true,  
Truth is sweet as Heaven's dew :  
Love thou music, art and song,  
And be winsome all day long.

## To Eleanor Bradney.

INFANT DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. MEGAW, KAM-  
LOOPS, B. C.

Sweet flow'ret, thou art fondly entwined  
Around thy parents' heart ;  
Thy fair little dimpled infant cheeks  
Their innocent love impart.

Like a bud in its tender beauty,  
Thou'lt blossom pure and true,  
With a mother's patient, faithful love,  
Pure as Heaven's own dew.

Then may this first Easter of thy birth  
Heavenly blessings bring ;  
May thy little life be spar'd by Him  
From Whom all graces spring.

---

## To Miss Carrie Smith.

Like those lilies of the valley, Carrie,  
That grace this album of thine,  
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie,  
And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty, Carrie,  
Preserved from the sun's strong light,  
May the great love of the Saviour, Carrie,  
Keep you lovely in His sight.

---

## Lines on the Wreck of the "Simcoe."

TO MISS DOLLIE PARSONS, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. PARSONS, ONE  
OF THE SURVIVORS, CAPT. HILL COMMANDER.

Madly rages the storm in wildest fury blind,  
And all without is wintry, cold and bare ;  
The poor mariner bravely battles with the gale  
To save his life and comrades—his first care.

The hissing waters surge around the doom'd craft,  
And bid defiance to the seaman's skill.  
"Lower the boats." The mandate is at once obey'd,  
But he who gave it sank—brave Captain Hill.

And one by one they sink, on earth to rise no more  
Until the sea gives up its hidden dead ;  
But five are spared, God's wondrous pow'r to feel,  
Sav'd from death's cruel chain, the doom all dread.

Sav'd to the lov'd ones, whose trusting hearts were rent  
With an agonizing, torturing fear,  
That husband and brother might never more return  
To those the seaman loves on earth so dear.

## To Maggie Proudfoot.

Maggie, pride of thy grandpa's heart,  
 Thou dost caress his loving hand ;  
 Hourly he watch'd thy little feet  
 And listen'd to thy voice so sweet,  
 Whose infant lisps his heart's flame fann'd.

---

## A Wish.

TO ROSE (MRS. C. CLUNESS, GALT.)

May Cupid's arrow in thy breast  
 Ensure a calm, eternal rest,  
 A chaplet of roses may he lay  
 At thy feet every summer day.

---

## A Wish.

TO DR. J. H. MOORE.

I thank thee kindly for thy heart-whole wish  
 That I may soon become a star,  
 And in the literary firmament shine,  
 And the scroll be seen afar.

These poems all bloom in my daily life,  
 No grand princely castle have I ;  
 No stranger am I to Death, or Life's griefs,  
 But the Great Physician is nigh.

In my humble cottage He guides my pen,  
 Where with Mozart and Moore I try  
 To fill the world with music and with song,  
 Life's most glorious melody.

And when you read these "Golden Leaves" of mine,  
 You will think that sorrow is sweet,  
 When it floods the soul with so grand a pow'r  
 In my lov'd humble home retreat.

---

## To George B. Jessup.

OF THE CHICAGO "INTER OCEAN," ON RECEIVING FROM HIM HIS  
 PORTRAIT AND CARD OF WHITE AND GOLD.

Gold is the type of all that is true,  
 Emblem of faith may it be to you ;  
 On your card I traced the lines of gold,  
 Rich edge—I trust will not grow old ;  
 George, tarnish it not with a careless aim,  
 Ever let it urge you on to fame.

## To My Cousin Tassie,

WEST VIRGINIA, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GOLDEN EAGLE.

What a fortune in a Christmas card, Tassie, dear,  
A golden eagle, with its outstretch'd wings to cheer ;  
All the way from where Virginia proudly waves  
Her flag on old Ohio's shore, pride of her braves ;  
May I this New Year pluck blossoms and leaves of gold,  
And may you ever for me true affection hold.

---

## Ora Pro Me.

SERENADE INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. T. GRIFFIN, OF ST.  
PETER'S CHOIR, GODERICH.

Long mayst thy voices blend  
In praising the Lord who gave them to thee ;  
Long mayst thy voices blend  
In one grandly solemn chord life holds for thee,  
Ora pro me.

Thy voices speak of love,  
No shadow of fear e'er mars their dulcet tone ;  
And in the Book above  
Thy names will be written, when thy work is done,  
Ora pro me.

Hosanna, hosanna ;  
Every Sunday morn thy voices I hear ;  
Hosanna, hosanna,  
And the "Agnus Dei," so sweet and clear,  
Ora pro me.

I hear St. Peter's bell,  
'Tis the "Angelus" at eventide.  
I love its tones so well,  
And I'll pray for blessings for bridegroom and bride,  
Ora pro me.

---

## Emily.

In vain have I tried, dear Emily, to write  
In your album, e'en a short line or two ;  
Then please be content with this effort tonight,  
And, believe me, 'tis decidedly true.

Were I but an artist I'd love to portray  
Thy spell-bound blue eyes and bright golden hair  
And fair, proud, oval face, yet smiling away,  
But alas ! no such gift fell to my share.

Then must pencil and brush give place to the pen,  
In my hand at least ; but I trust very soon  
Your fair face on some artist's heart be engraven,  
Which tribute to you would be the best boon.



## Golden Blossoms.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING FROM GEO. B. COX, ESQ., OF THE  
BRITISH EXCHANGE, A BUNCH OF GOLDEN BLOSSOMS FROM  
THE GRAVE OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE AT GRAND  
PRE, 1887.

Golden blossoms, didst thou woo  
The sweet September breeze,  
Where the gentle spirit lingers,  
Where the lovely maiden fingers  
Broke thy stems among the trees.

Golden blossoms, bloom for aye  
Where sleeps Evangeline ;  
Like golden stars ye point above  
Where angels weave bright chains of love,  
Yet by human eyes unseen.

Golden blossoms, did the hand  
Of Longfellow embalm  
Thy scented petals on his page,  
America's gifted poet sage,  
Whose life is one grand psalm.

---

### Lines to Miss Aggie Dickson.

Thy gift I prize highly, so pretty and bright,  
Of scarlet geraniums, and pink mix'd with white,  
And ivy so green, 'tis a lovely bouquet,  
I wish it could live and be fragrant alway.

But it must perish, like the joys of this earth,  
A type of the heart, void of pleasure and mirth ;  
Our lives should be bright while we live, like these flowers,  
And cheer our dear friends in their sad, weary hours.

---

### Lines,

DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE MRS. FRANK CAS-  
SADY, OF ISHPEMING, MICH., U. S.

Gently they laid her to rest  
By the grave of him who lov'd her in life ;  
There they lie, free from sorrow,  
The kind, loving husband, the faithful wife.

Mourn not, daughters of their love,  
For they are safe on the bright golden shore ;  
God was their refuge, their strength,  
In joy have they met, their parting is o'er.

Sweet May chimes, may ye each year  
Bring a message of love from the starry skies ;  
And may sweet Mayflowers bloom  
And birds sing o'er the grave where thy parents lie.

## To Sara.

TO MRS. JAMES A. M'LAUGHLIN, ON LEAVING GODERICH WITH  
HER HUSBAND, THE REV. J. M'LAUGHLIN, A MISSIONARY TO  
VANCOUVER.

Thou art going from us, Sara,  
Another's home to grace,  
We'll sadly miss thy sparkling eyes  
And sweetly smiling face.

And he, thy chosen one, Sara,  
Has won a fitting bride  
To assist him in his labors,  
Whether weal or woe betide.

Thy parents will bless thee, Sara,  
Though sad 'twill be to part ;  
"Whither thou goest I will go."  
Is written on thy heart.

And God will bless thee, Sara dear,  
And guard thy sweet young life  
From all the cares that may assail  
The missionary's wife.

---

## Gladys.

Happy little Gladys, love's magic crown is thine ;  
May life e'er keep it burnished, Gladys, cousin mine.

---

## The Shamrock.

TO ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

Is it thy name,  
Or is it fame,  
That sends tho' our hearts such a rapturous thrill ?  
The rose's bloom  
Lifts not from gloom  
The soul, e'en tho' its beauty the eye doth fill.

The lily white  
And violet bright  
Have a fragrance both exuberant and rare,  
But Faith's green leaf,  
The Gospel's sheaf,  
No beautiful flower can e'er with it compare.

Thou three leaf'd stem,  
Faith's starry gem,  
May the lands that bear thee forever enshrine  
St. Patrick's name,  
St. Patrick's fame,  
And three persons in One, the Godhead divine.

### Only a flower.

Only a flower, on the pavement it lay,  
Falling unseen from some beauteous bouquet ;  
Picked up by some one, and tended with care,  
It blooms now as fresh as it bloomed in the air.

How little it dreamt of the fate now in store,  
When lovingly pulled a few moments before ;  
In yonder sick chamber it sheds perfume sweet,  
And no one could know it was found in the street.

Thus with frail mortals, whose talent now is cast  
Aside, and o'erlook'd by the many who have pass'd,  
Till some noble mind sees a flash in the gem,  
And in a hero's crown it forms a diadem.

---

### October.

The flowers are drooping one by one,  
The wheat is garner'd, the work is done,  
The vines are wither'd, their race is run,  
October.

The waves are angry on Huron's breast,  
The song birds have flown to homes of rest,  
The trees in crimson and gold are drest,  
October.

The summer light is waning fast,  
The sultry winds become a blast,  
The autumn frost a blight has cast,  
October.

Let us then work for a home above,  
A haven of everlasting love.  
Where truth will find the treasure trove,  
October.

---

### Water Lilies.

Flowers of the deep, how grand in thy beauty,  
Ever floating with pride o'er Huron's pure breast  
Like cups of pure gold, luring man from his duty  
And filling his mind with a Heavenly rest !

Earth has no flower in her garden so royal,  
So queenly and grand as this queen of the wave ;  
So proudly ye look, so strong and so loyal,  
The foam crest your birthplace, the foam crest your grave.

Where are ye now, when your home is frost laden ?  
The ice king is gamboling free o'er your bed ;  
But the sun will restore thee, as hope does the maiden  
Who gathers June roses for the perfume they shed.

## St. Valentine's Day.

Young Cupid awakes,  
His arrows he takes,  
And swiftly they fly from the bow,  
And hard is the heart  
That withstands the dart  
Of the rosiest rogue I know.

He quietly steals  
One's heart for his meals,  
And cares not how he is treated ;  
If he aims in vain  
He tries it again,  
And never was yet defeated.

So here's to the health  
Of the god of wealth,  
Held within Love's golden meshes ;  
Which will never rust  
While Cupid we trust  
With the human heart so precious.

---

## To Infant

OF MRS. DEVESEY DETLOR.

Little bud of tender mould,  
Angels' wings doth thee enfold ;  
Death on earth has closed thine eyes,  
To ope again in Paradise.

---

## Evening.

When the autumn evening sky is blue and clear,  
And the stars like bright gems are shining,  
I think of absent friends, friends both true and dear,  
Friends I have not met for many a long year,  
Friends who often sent loving words of cheer  
When my cloud had no silver lining.

I love at dewy eve to watch the falling star,  
'Tis like a brilliant volume to me  
From the friends who have gone to the beautiful shore,  
Where the life-toss'd mariner's struggle is o'er,  
Where'll be no parting for evermore  
On that side of eternity's sea.

The October moon is rising in the East  
Like a golden orb—night's autumn sun—  
To me Hope's Anchor, a royal love feast ;  
No cloud in my sky—no fears in the least,  
The joy of my heart has returned—I'm released  
From life's shadows that fell one by one.

## Tribute of Love.

ELLEN RALPH.

Truth governs thy actions, Ellen,  
Its pure rays encompass thee ;  
Meet guardian of young hearts, Ellen,  
In knowledge and piety.

Science, too, makes thy bright eyes kindle  
With an all-powerful flame ;  
May it burn still brighter, dear Ellen,  
On its scroll enroll thy name.

---

## To My Cousin May,

TORONTO, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET ON  
THE NIGHT OF THE BENEFIT CONCERT IN HONOR OF PRO-  
FESSOR DE PEUDRY, 1885.

Such blossoms, dear May,  
Only true love can send,  
A tribute to song  
Which will to my voice lend  
A sweet thrill of gladness,  
To sing "Waiting" tonight ;  
And I'll thank you sometime  
For this bouquet so bright.

---

## To Mrs. Joseph Logan.

JOSIE'S CHRISTMAS DOLL.

"Mamma, pease dess iss doll  
For Santa Kaus to teep  
For me when Kismas comes,  
An' when Ise fass asleep."

"Yes, Josie, I'll dress it  
In this pretty lace dress  
You wore in the summer,  
And longer, too, I guess.

"I'll make it with two puffs  
Upon its pretty sleeve,  
And trim it with blue bows  
For Santa Claus to leave

"In your dollie's hammock,  
That hangs in yonder room ;  
If she looks like a bride  
We'll buy a nice bridegroom.

"Now, don't tease Kyfoodle,  
He'll tear the doll's lace dress,  
And Santa Claus won't come  
Where dogs tear clothes, I guess."

## Sunset.

The sunset tints the western sky  
 With its mantle of gold ;  
 The day's work o'er, the village bell  
 Peals the fond tale oft told—

That the husband to his lov'd home  
 Returns from labor's mart ;  
 Returns from toil, from worldly care,  
 Joy flowing from his heart.

For in his home, his home of bliss,  
 Some lov'd one weaves the chain  
 Whose links are pure, a woman's love,  
 Without which life is vain.

O happy, happy sunset hour,  
 Fountain of untold love,  
 Gladden the hearts, when night's angel Death  
 Calls them to the home above.

---

## Pentecost—1884.

“If anyone love Me  
 He will keep My word,”  
 Truths from the lips of Christ,  
 Our Sovereign Lord.  
 If we love Him? Ah, me,  
 Are we in His grace?  
 Are we standard bearers  
 In this earthly race?

Love, the faithful loadstone  
 Which draws soul to soul,  
 Essence of power divine,  
 Under God's control.  
 Love of Christ, the pillar  
 To which our souls cling ;  
 Love of Christ, the anthem  
 Which the angels sing.

Love, the sinner's pardon,  
 The atonement true ;  
 In sin's night of darkness  
 Falls like morning dew.  
 And the worn and weary  
 Find a place of rest  
 Mid the storms of envy  
 On the Saviour's breast.

Love, the soldier's watchword  
 On the battlefield  
 Of Queen, of home, and country,  
 God's power revealed.  
 “Peace I leave, peace I give,”  
 Thus the Paraclete  
 With tongues of living fire  
 Descending doth greet.

### Omniscience.

How glorious is Thy name, O God !  
None know Thee but to praise ;  
None can deny Thy wondrous power,  
Inscrutable Thy ways.

And man beneath thy chastening rod  
Aims at a change of heart ;  
He knows the world has won His love,  
The world, oft Satan's mart.

And oft the seed that Death doth sow  
Like a mighty tree doth soar  
(Strong as the tow'ring forest oak,  
With a heart sound to the core)—

To the Heavenly home above,  
With branch and root from earth,  
Which death had blossomed into life,  
The Christian's second birth.

---

### To Kate.

Stately and fair,  
A queen might envy thy tresses  
Of red-gold hair.

Thy modest face  
Is saintly in its purity,  
Type of God's grace.

Long mayst thou live  
In thy fair home, that thou mayst love  
And counsel give.

---

### Tribute

TO JUDGE F. W. JOHNSTON, ON PRESENTING ME WITH A LOVE-  
LY BOUQUET OF RED GERANIUMS AFTER SINGING "JOCK O'  
HAZELDEAN" AT A GARDEN PARTY AT THE RESIDENCE  
OF MRS. R. B. SMITH, IN AID OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

With pen of gold, a fair bride's gift,  
I'll woo the Muse, for gold she craves  
And diamonds rare—but none have I,  
Save Heaven's gift of poesy,  
Pure as the ocean crested waves.

And now to-night, when Music reigns,  
Thy lovely bouquet charms my eyes ;  
Its blooming red, a type I wean,  
Was worn by "Jock o' Hazeldean,"  
Whose song won me thy floral prize.

## To Tenie,

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Mayst thou be the guiding star  
Of him who woo'd thee from afar ;  
And may he shine with virtues rare,  
To keep thee free from worldly care.

## Oxbowbend.

One lovely July morning,  
In company with a friend,  
I wander'd o'er the meadows  
Which grace the Oxbowbend.

At last we reached a grove  
Where clust'ring grape vines twin'd  
Around the oak and hickory,  
And lofty pine combined ;

We stoop'd to pick the lilies  
Which o'er the grove were strewn,  
And soon we had a bouquet  
Of lilies and daisies in bloom.

The lovely morning glories  
In wild profusion stray  
Over the blackberry bushes  
Which skirt the narrow way.

A blackbird carroll'd merrily  
Upon a neighboring tree,  
And pour'd forth his warbling praise  
In soft ton'd melody.

The skies were blue and beautiful,  
The air with fragrance fill'd ;  
'Twas luncheon time, well known hour  
In the reaper's scythe instill'd.

My friend and I return'd to dine,  
Yet could we loiter long ;  
For the grove possess'd such beauty  
I've written it in song.

## October—1876.

Oh why dost thou come in such angry mood,  
Chasing our songsters from meadow and wood ?  
The autumn leaves no golden beauty wear.  
Or gorgeous crimson, which should now appear.  
Be not eager to feign November's wrath,  
Encircling with storm the mariner's path ;  
Restore them calm weather, save them from death.



## May.

How fragrant the balin laden air !  
 All nature seems glad and gay ;  
 The birds warble their notes of praise  
 This glorious month of May.

The trees, flower-crowned, rejoice  
 Since winter has lost his sway ;  
 Emblem of the resurrection,  
 This flowery month of May.

Then let us the Almighty praise,  
 Who will wash our sins away,  
 And clothe us with garbs of purity  
 Like the trees this month of May.



## Easter.

The clouds break—light thro' the darkness  
 Penetrates the gloom with its effulgence,  
 And from on high soft Alleluias float  
 Like angels' whisperings—full of hope  
 To the hopeless mortal, whose web of life,  
 Both warp and weft, are spun of sin ;  
 But now the God man, who died to save  
 And bring sinners to repentance,  
 Is risen today, as he said,  
 And lo, their faces are illumin'd  
 And their souls once more purified.  
 The old leaven is purg'd away  
 And the tarnish on their armor  
 Is removed—may it keep burnish'd  
 With constant use in God's armory,  
 This world, which Satan strives to rule ;  
 And at the final resurrection  
 May we all swell the grand chorus,  
 "Resurrexit Sicut Dixit"—"Alleluia."



## April.

April, sweet April, has tears in her eyes,  
 With gladness her soul overflows ;  
 For dear to her heart are the blue sunny skies,  
 And the robins 'mong the hedgerows.

But, April, thou'rt wilful, well may'st thou weep,  
 Old Winter woo'd thee in vain ;  
 With smiles thou caress'd his storms to sleep,  
 And melted his frosts to rain.

Smile on, sweet April, among thy fair flowers,  
 Thy heart is pure and true ;  
 The frost king has return'd to his bow'rs,  
 No other fair maid he'll woo.

## Harvest Time.

How sorrowful it is to watch  
 The noisy reaping machine  
 Parting the grain from its mother bed,  
 While it gracefully bent its stately head  
 As the breeze swept o'er the green.

The binders follow in their train  
 To bind the golden grain ;  
 And when their hard day's work is o'er  
 They merrily dance, as in days of yore,  
 To the sweet sounding violin.

How glorious the harvest moon  
 Peeps thro' the maple leaves  
 And beams upon the merry throng  
 As they sing the beautiful harvest song  
 In the shade of the lofty trees.

---

## To Miss Platt,

OF LONDON, ON VIEWING SOME OF HER BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED  
 FLOWERS, LILY AND HOLLY, IN AN ALBUM.

This page I choose which thy hand has graced,  
 The type of joy and of innocence ;  
 Shewing thy heart on love's page is traced,  
 Traced by the hand of Omnipotence.

Let beautiful thoughts ever fill thy mind,  
 And thy soul no grief can ever know ;  
 And Heaven will be the haven thou'lt find  
 When thy good works are finished below.

---

## May flowers.

May flowers are shedding their beauty  
 Over meadow and hill,  
 And the bright, golden dandelion  
 Is queen among them still.

Ever studding our path with glory,  
 Where'er we wander,  
 A golden flow'r, whose modest duty  
 Makes the heart grow fonder

Of this fair earth, man's home, man's kingdom,  
 His to hold while life lasts,  
 And like the flow'rs, this virginal May,  
 Has outliv'd winter's blasts.

Blossoming May, hope's flowery banner,  
 Crown thou the harvest field  
 With flowers, fruit and ripe, golden wheat,  
 A truly bounteous yield.

### Parody.

Ye bangs and braids o' bonnie blondes,  
 How can ye look sae fresh and fair ?  
 How can ye friz, ye little curls,  
 And ye sae mock'd and treated sair ?  
 Ye'll friz an' mair, ye little curls  
 That cluster round the foreheads high ;  
 Ye'll surely change your minds, my dears,  
 And be persuaded smooth to lie.

Oft hae I wondered, pretty blondes,  
 To see ye sae regardless feel,  
 When ilka printer on ye writes,  
 Sae mighty vex'd, with pen o' steel.  
 Now friz na mair, my boony blondes,  
 And leave your bonny foreheads free.  
 Ye'll surely ease the printer's mind,  
 Sae burden'd wi cares, poor soul, is he.

---

### Good-night.

How softly the words fall  
 From lips we love,  
 Like angel's whisperings  
 From realms above,  
 Like a message wafted  
 By swift winged dove.

When the day's work is done  
 And night comes on,  
 After the sunset glory  
 Has come and gone,  
 The "Good-night" so loving sounds  
 To dwell upon.

List to the whispering trees  
 At dewy eve ;  
 Songs are wafted on the breeze,  
 And fairies weave  
 Dreams of love o'er mortals,  
 And we believe

Oft are they Death's love seal,  
 The last "Good-night,"  
 For the dark rob'd angel  
 Wafts to the light  
 Of an eternal day  
 Before God's sight.

---

### Sephie.

Were Juno here  
 The glint of the sunshine in thy hair  
 Would dazzle her goddess-born blue orbs  
 When thou wert by.

## The Trumpet Flower.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. M'LEAN.

Grand in its beauty the trumpet flower climbs  
 O'er trellis'd wall  
 Its flame-color'd blossoms, so strong and so lofty,  
 Charm great and small ;  
 Its leaves of ever-green beauty fill the heart  
 With beauty rare,  
 Welcom'd by the August sun, which on them shines  
 With tender care.

---

## Sweet Sixteen.

With love for the artist's brush  
 May the muse inspire thee ;  
 For Art in its loveliness  
 Is thy idol, Jennie.  
 May music, too, have pow'r  
 To charm thy youthful breast  
 With its magical wand,  
 Where love lies now caress'd.  
 Cupid with his arrow,  
 Like Mars, sends Art earthward ;  
 So, with Phœbus early,  
 Be always on thy guard.  
 And if the little god  
 Is bent on mischief still,  
 Forget not my advice  
 For fear he'll get his will ;  
 And then he'll get his way,  
 And you may bid adieu  
 To everything save love,  
 And that will never do.  
 For sweet sixteen is early  
 To load one'sself with care ;  
 So send Cupid's arrow  
 Maitland's icy breath to share.

---

## Faded flowers.

Faded flowers, what sad memories arise  
 As we daily look on your withered leaves,  
 Like the strength of gay youth we so highly prize,  
 Gather'd for the garland Death silently weaves.  
 Faded flowers, where is all thy bright beauty ?  
 Where now is the life-giving perfume shed ?  
 Gone, like frail mortals, from the path of duty,  
 Gone from the parent stem, faded, scentless, dead.

## Glory be to God on High.

INSCRIBED TO REV. FATHER LOTZ, CHRISTMAS, 1887.

The angels are fluttering their beautiful wings  
O'er Jesus, the Infant, the mighty King of Kings,  
While on the wintry air the joyful welcome rings,  
Glory be to God on high.

'Tis Christmas Day, fond hearts are fill'd with emotion,  
Thanking God for this hallow'd day of devotion,  
While Christmas lays rejoice from ocean to ocean,  
Glory be to God on high.

Sadden'd hearts rejoice, tho' tears from fond eyes stream.  
Golden hair and blue eyes, of his coming dream ;  
Raven locks and black orbs, with their gladness beam,  
Glory be to God on high.

Then let us all rejoice this merry Christmas Day ;  
Those who have gone before would now no longer stay,  
They are around the throne, singing this joyous lay,  
Glory be to God on high.

---

## April Violets.

O violets, sweet violets, ye heralds of spring,  
What fond recollections to my heart ye bring !  
So sweet is your perfume, ye whisper of hope  
When your scented blue leaves, five petall'd, ye ope.

O violets, sweet violets, wait ye to Heaven  
The pure joys of life, which to mortals are giv'n ;  
Speak not of the shadows which oft round us lie,  
But of the warm sunshine that comes from on high.

---

## Twilight.

The lightning flashes and the thunders roll,  
While I of lov'd ones am dreaming ;  
The heavens above are cloudy and gray,  
The rain o'er earth's fair face streaming.

My heart, so lonely, seems ready to break,  
But the Ruler of All is nigh ;  
His voice in the tempest speaks thro' the rain,  
"I will cast from thine heart the sigh.

"For tomorrow the sun in new beauty  
Will shine o'er mountain and plain,  
And thy face will be glad with the knowledge,  
Who loves Me loves not in vain."

## Easter Violets.

The sweet Easter violets,  
 How fragrant they grew !  
 In the bright Easter sunshine,  
 Their purple heads drew  
 My thoughts from the sermon,  
 Of Magdalene's love.  
 For they 'mid the grasses  
 Were looking above.

The sweet Easter violets,  
 Alone at my feet,  
 No other flower near them  
 On the pebbly street,  
 To show that the risen Lord  
 Sends joy to the heart,  
 Which life's trials oft pierce  
 With their keenest dart.

---

## Song of May.

We greet thee, May,  
 Thou Queen of Flowers,  
 The poet's hope  
 In Winter hours ;  
 And we praise Christ, the God of Love,  
 Who sends May's blessings from above.

The husbandman  
 Now scatters the seed,  
 Joyous and bright  
 His lay indeed.  
 I praise Thee, Christ, the God of Love,  
 Who sends May's blessings from above.

The sailor's hope  
 After Winter's reign,  
 His heart beats high  
 On the bounding main,  
 And sings praise to the God of Love  
 Who sends May's blessings from above.

The maiden's dream  
 Of sweetest joy,  
 To find a crown  
 Without alloy ;  
 And she prays to the God of Love  
 Who sends May's blessings from above.

We greet thee, May,  
 Thou Queen of Flowers,  
 The poet's dream  
 In Winter hours ;  
 And we praise Christ, the God of Love,  
 Who sends May's blessings from above.

## Wedding Bells.

DEDICATED TO CAPT. AND MRS. GREGOR M'GREGOR.

Peal on, wedding bells, right merrily peal,  
Two hearts to your chimes love's secrets reveal ;  
Two hearts united, come weal or come woe,  
Peal merrily on, as churchward they go.

Join with the organ in love's mystic chords,  
A prelude of joy, intoning the words,  
"In Christ ye are one, sin's briers remove,  
Go plant in your home the roses of love."

Peal merrily on, as homeward they go,  
Their hearts all sunshine, no sorrow to flow ;  
With firm faith in God, their Saviour divine,  
Who at Cana's feast changed water to wine.

---

## Gallie.

Thy rosebud mouth,  
How sweet its smile !  
Thy sparkling eyes,  
Free from all guile.

Thy heart so pure,  
And gentle voice,  
In Heaven thou'lt make  
The saints rejoice.

---

## Caed Mille Failthe.

IN MEMORIAM, PROFESSOR CHARLES FERGUSON, THE BLIND  
IRISH PIPER.

Ah, Erin, my country, my joy was unbounded  
When thy rapturous music flow'd from my soul  
Thro' thy dear Irish pipes, the pride of my childhood,  
The passion no power on earth could control.

Ah, Erin, I lov'd thee, Green Isle of St. Patrick,  
The land of brilliant wit, land of my birth ;  
O how could I leave thee, land of my boyhood,  
When my heart beat but for thee, gem of the earth !

Ah, Erin, 'twas for thee I cross'd the seas over,  
'Twas for thee I dwelt by Huron's sounding shore—  
To inspire true Canadians with love for the grandeur  
Of my dear Irish pipes, of the land I adore.

But, Erin, I must leave thee, my pipes must lie mute  
Like the minstrel boy's harp, Death's chord soundeth not ;  
But in Heaven my eyes will behold the Grand Harper,  
The source of all music, whose strains I have taught.

1884.

One, two, three, from the Court House tower,  
 Four, five, six, I'm counting ev'ry hour ;  
 Seven, eight, nine, in a moment more  
 Ten, eleven, twelve—welcome Eighty-Four.

The bell from the Old Kirk is ringing,  
 And merry young voices are singing,  
 "Happy New Year," "A Happy New Year,"  
 On wings of gladness hovering near.

A right happy New Year may it be,  
 Let the Old Year sink in time's vast sea ;  
 May its cares and trials be forgot  
 And each of us happy with his lot.

Let friend meet friend with words of truth,  
 Let the old motto each learns in youth,  
 The helm that guides while life's barque we steer,  
 "Dieu et mon droit," words plain and clear.

"Dieu et mon droit," our country's command,  
 "Dieu et mon droit," the magical wand ;  
 This New Year on the banners of fame  
 Enroll Canada's sons worthy her name.

### To the Blue Ontario.

DEDICATED TO MR. S. NORDHEIMER, GERMAN CONSUL.

On thy bosom a mist is descending,  
 Blue Ontario !  
 Enshrouding the masts of thy gallant barques,  
 Blue Ontario !  
 Humility reigns in temple and hall ;  
 The rain falls in torrents on great and small,  
 Washing the dross from the hearts of us all,  
 Blue Ontario !

I love thy Queen City, now in its pride,  
 Blue Ontario !  
 Green are its parks as the emerald's hue,  
 Blue Ontario !  
 Genius and art are fostered with care,  
 Progress takes root in thy pure, buoyant air,  
 Thy youths and maidens are gallant and fair,  
 Blue Ontario !

And now while I write the sun in his glory  
 Is shining again, filling hearts with His love ;  
 The blue to thy breast is calmly returning ;  
 The sails of thy craft look like wings of a dove.

Thy waters are dancing with purest delight ;  
 The mass from thy temples look joyous and bright ;  
 And I from my heart this fond prayer indite,  
 Forget me not, blue Ontario.



### Corpus Christi.

O Jesu Eternal,  
The Father and the Son  
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,  
The sacred Three in One.

O Thee we here adore,  
And humbly bow the knee  
Before thy bless'd altar,  
'Mid incense burnt to Thee.

Thy blood for us was shed,  
Thy body to us given,  
Blessed sacramental food  
To prepare us for Heaven.

Thou art the living Vine,  
To Thee, to Thee we cling ;  
Give us the Wine of Life  
To heal our suffering.

Loving, trusting Jesus,  
The Father and the Son  
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,  
The Sacred Three in One.

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### To Miss Mary Graham.

May prosperity attend you,  
And matrimonial bliss surround you ;  
Radiant with charms may your suitor be,  
Your guide in the path of integrity.

---

### To Miss Jennie Macara.

Would that the ardent living fire  
Of poesy filled my heart,  
Then would my pen like magic charm  
The friends who from me part.

The raging storm disturbs my thoughts,  
Which now should tranquil be  
To write some earnest parting word,  
Love's offering from me.

May thy young life be crown'd with joy,  
No sorrow cloud thy brow ;  
May Hope paint roses on thy cheek  
Where lilies blossom now.

Then fare thee well, my dear young friend.  
May God guard thee from harm ;  
And may'st thou golden honors win,  
Thy parents' hearts to charm.

## New Year's Day.

TO MISS EMMA HARDY.

Emma, black-eyed senora,  
No heart can stand thy witching power ;  
Emma, black-eyed senora,  
Thou'rt growing more lovely every hour.

Emma, black-eyed senora,  
Could I but thy fortune foretell  
I'd fill it with golden treasure  
And round thee throw love's magic spell.

Emma, black-eyed senora,  
May sorrow ne'er encompass thee more ;  
May joys sweetly bloom in Hope's garland  
Which the future for thee has in store.

---

## Silence.

"Silence is golden," Seneca spoke most truly :  
When envy and discord are borne on the stream,  
Pour oil on the waters when the waves prove unruly,  
And joy and contentment will rule there supreme.

"Bless'd are the peacemakers," 'tis the Lord who has spoken,  
"For they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven ;"  
Then strew seeds of forgiveness, of silence mute token,  
And to him who requires most let much be given.

---

## Thoughts at Eve.

How brightly shine the twinkling stars,  
In Heaven's vaulted sky ;  
Teaching us God's wondrous power  
That we may know thereby

That if we study to do right  
And keep from evil ways  
Our lives will be a stream of joy,  
Our thoughts be thoughts of praise

To Him Who came and died for us,  
Our precious souls to save,  
And hourly watches over us  
From the cradle to the grave.

---

## Maude T.

Dear Maude, thy heart is as true as steel,  
Faithful to friends thro' woe or weal,  
Bright as Aurora's break of day ;  
May Heaven keep thy heart true alway.

### To Miss Emma Platt.

Emma, thou art true, love,  
 With thy golden hair,  
 And thy eyes of blue, love,  
 Thou art beauteous fair.

Busy as the birds in Spring,  
 Warbling all the day :  
 Emma, thou art enchanting,  
 Like some merry fay.

Come when the daisies peep  
 From under the snow ;  
 And be sure the promise keep  
 Which you make me now.

You may win laurels, Emma,  
 If they're to be won,  
 With your JEU D'ESPRIT, Emma,  
 While in Palmerston.

### The New Moon.

Like a silver bow in the starlit sky  
 The moon in her grandeur rides ;  
 So glittering and cold she appears to us,  
 But love in her light confides.

Woe to the maiden who sees her pale face  
 Through the glass of the window pane ;  
 Her lover will surely prove himself false,  
 She'll ne'er see his face again.

But if she stands under Heaven's blue dome,  
 Where the moon's rays o'er her fall,  
 Then will she be bless'd with a happy love,  
 For love is the crown of all.

Sail on, silvery moon, with thy witching grace,  
 Send good luck to small and great ;  
 Those who saw thee tonight forget them not.  
 Let Christmas joys them await.

### To Miss Fannie Rothwell.

How glorious this outburst of May,  
 With its balmy summer-like breeze :  
 And birds caroling sweetly each day  
 While building their nests in the trees !  
 So, Fanny, may their gladdening song  
 Awaken fond hopes in thy heart,  
 And bring to thee joy untold ere long,  
 Which while life lasts cannot depart.

## Corpus Christi.

O Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Give praise unto His holy name,  
For the Lord of Hosts this day  
Our Life and our Saviour became.  
Lift your voices in glad hosannas,  
All ye choirs upon earth ;  
Sing the song of Christ triumphant,  
The song of Thy Heavenly birth.

"I am the life, the living host,"  
Sent from the Father's holy Throne ;  
"He that eateth of this bread  
Shall live forever by Me alone."  
Fragrant flowers perfume thy altar,  
Floral offerings children bring,  
With their white robes of innocence,  
While choirs "Pange Lingua" sing.

"Tantum Ergo," the host is laid  
Upon the altar, Faith's resting place ;  
While the congregation's prayers,  
Like incense sweet, invoke God's grace.  
Our souls inhale Heaven's fragrance,  
Our lives in innocence bloom ;  
The angels who sang at our birth  
Hosannas will sing o'er our tomb.

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## Ode to Spring.

TO MISS N. C. M., BY REQUEST.

The spring time is coming upon us,  
And cold, chilly winter has gone.  
The robin sings loud from the maple  
His carol at coming of dawn.

The meadows have wak'd from their slumbers,  
And flow'rets have sprung into light,  
And southern breezes are laden  
With odors of wild flowers bright.

The hawthorn will soon be in blossom,  
The valley will soon be in bloom  
And snows from the woodlands will vanish  
For lilies more pure to make room.

The brooklet now freed from its fetters  
Goes murmuring on through the dell,  
With sound as of tinkling cymbals  
Or voice of a silvery bell.

The Graces their locks are adorning,  
The Naiades are walking abroad,  
And the woodnymph and song bird united  
Are singing the praises of God.

### To Miss Sara Hardy.

Thy fond heart has been sadden'd, Sara,  
By the loss of a mother's love ;  
Then may it soon be gladden'd, Sara,  
With Hope's choicest boon from above.

May love warm and true e'er be thine, Sara,  
So long as thy life here doth last ;  
May no regret make thee repine, Sara,  
No new sorrow thy brow to o'ercast.

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### To Miss Minnie Kernighan,

SUNNYSIDE.

Sing sweetly, Minnie, Christmas-tide draweth near,  
Usher in joyously the Happy New Year ;  
Nothing charms the heart like music's magic strain,  
None can list to song and undisturbed remain.  
Yea, every nation beneath the starlit sky  
Sings its songs of love or war, or baby's lullaby ;  
I know the power it wields, on the battle plain—  
Dauntlessly the soldiers march e'en to be slain,  
E'en as the bud unfolds after summer's rain.

---

### Tribute

TO MY LOVED SISTER, EMMA JANE, AGED 2 YEARS AND 7  
MONTHS.

My lovely sister now is gone,  
Her spirit soars on high,  
She's gone to meet the God she lov'd  
Beyond the azure sky.

No more her little hand I'll take,  
No more her sparkling eyes I'll see,  
No more her little cheeks I'll kiss,  
She's in the grave and lost to me.

Yet not lost, her beautiful head  
Was pillow'd on the Saviour's breast ;  
When the sun in its glory rose  
Her angel soul had gone to rest.

---

And now long years have wing'd their flight,  
My gifted poet brother lies  
Beside her, and our father fond  
Is with them, too, in Paradise.

Beside the Maitland's banks they're laid,  
Where its murmurings waters flow  
Into Lake Huron's song-wreath'd waves,  
And where fragrant breezes blow.

## Christmas Morn.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes  
On this our holy Christmas morn,  
And glad Hosannas reach the throne  
Because Jesus today was born ;  
Children, raise your hearts above  
For the blessing of his love.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes,  
While children's voices shout in glee  
As they count the myriad presents  
Growing on the Christmas tree ;  
Grateful for the Christmas cheer  
Santa Claus brings them ev'ry year.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes  
From the old cathedral's tower,  
And the organ's glorious anthems  
Show the great Redeemer's power,  
As Christians wend their way to pray  
On this merry Christmas Day.

---

## Christmas.

Softly fall the virgin snowflakes  
From their high home above,  
On this earth of sin and sorrow,  
As tokens of Christ's love.

The Christ Who with His Mother lay  
In Bethlehem's manger cold,  
But with the halo round His brow,  
The promised Son of old.

The Son for Whom a nation longed  
With faith in Israel's God ;  
And now He's come in innocence,  
His outstretched arm, the rod—

The Heavenly rod, that rules mankind  
With hope instead of fear ;  
The rod that smites the rock of sin,  
Whence jets of love appear.

Then let us glad hosannas sing,  
Let's hasten to adore  
The new-born King, our God and King,  
Our joy for evermore.

Let "Gloria in Excelsis" rise  
From lips of old and young,  
And on the merry Christmas Day  
Be glad Hosannas sung.

As one voice from a nation's heart,  
To spread from sea to sea  
The joyful news that Bethlehem's Babe  
Is born again to thee.

## Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
Burning with love divine,  
In the garden of my soul  
Plant this Heart of Thine.

Thou art like a red, red rose  
Blooming 'mid lilies fair ;  
What upon this beauteous earth  
With thy love can compare ?

Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
Calm Thou my troubled soul  
When the tempest rages  
And angry surges roll.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
Bleeding for this world's sin,  
Fill us with contrition,  
Thy forgiveness to win.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
Golden vessel of love,  
Cleanse us from earthly dross  
To dwell with saints above.

## Tribute To Canada's Loved Queen.

LINES RECEIVED BY PRINCESS LOUISE ON HER MAJESTY'S  
BIRTHDAY DURING HER ROYAL HIGHNESS' VISIT IN CAN-  
ADA, AND WHICH H. R. H. WAS PLEASED TO TERM  
"GRACEFUL POETRY."

(AIR, "NATIONAL MARCH.")

On this our belov'd Queen's natal day,  
Let Canada's sons and daughters pray  
That long our Queen may her sceptre sway  
O'er sea and land.  
Let Scotia from her highland glen,  
And from lowland, mountain, field and fen,  
Tune her pibroch for the gallant men  
At her Queen's command.

Let Erin's harp, with its heart strings torn,  
Rejoice like the sunburst, on this happy morn,  
And the brow of Erin's Queen adorn  
With Faith's diadem.  
Let Albion's halls with mirth resound,  
And "India's coral strand" abound  
With love that in loyal hearts is found,  
The Christian's gem.

May the sunset of her life be calm,  
And the memory of her works a psalm  
When the nation's heart will need a balm ;  
God bless our Queen.

## Hail, Glorious Easter Morn.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,  
Herald the soul's true innocence ;  
The winter of sin has pass'd,  
Frail blossoms have stood its blast,  
The pure blossoms of repentance.

Salvation, Heavenly word,  
Ever echoed around the throne ;  
Salvation's reign has begun,  
To serve the Sanctified One,  
Whose forgiveness melts hearts of stone.

The birds sing their notes of praise,  
Omnipotence, Omnipotence ;  
The lakes and rivers are free,  
All nature is fill'd with glee,  
Satan's breastworks have no defense.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,  
Herald the soul's true innocence ;  
The winter of sin has pass'd,  
Frail blossoms have stood its blast,  
The pure blossoms of repentance.

---

## Christmas Wishes.

Pit, pat, patter, patter, down comes the rain  
Against my cosy parlor window pane,  
And I am wishing that it may soon snow,  
So old Santa Claus may know where to go.

But then he'll never dream, kind, dear old man,  
That we've had no snow since winter began ;  
He'll come heavy laden with bonbons sweet  
And gifts of all kinds, your fond hearts to greet.

Nice gifts for mammas, as well as the boys,  
And for papas, too, who love pretty toys ;  
The girls and the babies will get their share,  
For Santa Claus loves all under his care.

And when Christmas comes be kind to the poor,  
Send them rejoicing away from your door ;  
Christ then will love you, my little darlings,  
Who was born in a manger—King of Kings.

And now let me wish you a right good cheer  
For Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,  
With huge piles of snow and nice sleighs and skates,  
And raisins and figs, mince pie, cake and dates.



## In Memoriam,

VIOLET, CARRIE, NELL. LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND  
MRS. WATTIE WATSON.

Why dost thou weep, mother ? Why dost thou weep ?  
Thy babes are with Jesus but not asleep ;  
In their hands are His harps, where all is bright,  
Where day is unending, where there's no night.

Why dost thou weep, father ? Why dost thou weep ?  
When thy little Nell, awake and asleep,  
Cried for her sister, who had gone before,  
And smiled a sweet smile as she left this shore.

What a lesson to man ! Death to that child  
Was a joy to her heart, pure, undefiled ;  
She was going to her sister, her pride,  
And to her Redeemer, the Sanctified.

---

## Charity.

Charity, sweet sister of Faith and Hope,  
Heaven's greatest boon to us below,  
Thy flowing mantle gently o'er us falls  
And soothes the unutterable woe.

Ye sons of Fortune, ye who cannot know  
How dire Temptation calmly can await  
At Misery's door, until the victim  
In the pitfall sinks—Hope comes too late.

Then Charity, sweet music of the soul,  
Let thy glorious chords strike our hearts  
With love for all ; "Love thine enemy,"  
The Holy Scripture to us imparts.

---

## Maggie.

Spring, gay spring, is coming, she longs to be here :  
Trefail and yellow primrose soon will appear,  
Valentine's Day wearies us of winter's snow,  
A lovely blossoming spring 'twill be, I trow.  
Lilies and crocuses will soon lift their heads,  
Eager to escape from their prison-bound beds ;  
Narcissus comes, too, urging us to aspire  
To Fame's pinnacle, each day higher and higher.  
I vainly imagine why people alway,  
Notwithstanding this fete of Valentine's Day,  
Ever try to vex someone, where love should reign,  
Surely malice and frosts should be on the wane.  
Do unto others as they should do to you,  
A happy heart you will always have, and true  
Your friends will be, old serving ones and new.

## To Miss Kate Hardy,

TORONTO.

Could I forget thy laughing eyes  
Which chase all care away,  
Or sunny gleams of burnish'd gold  
Which 'mid thy tresses stray !

Thy thoughtful brow of study tells,  
With perseverance rare,  
Which fits thee for the guide of those  
Committed to thy care.

Then cull the flowers of toil, dear Kate,  
To scatter by the way,  
That all their fragrance must inhale  
And thou with praise repay.

---

## Resignation and Contentment.

Resignation, sweet word of faith in Heaven above,  
And contentment, richest treasure of all earthly love ; ~  
In the homes where they dwell joy most pure will e'er be found,  
And sorrow will take wing at their talismanic sound.

In the cot of the peasant contentment charms the heart,  
And many a noble wishes in vain he had a part,  
For ambition rudely spurs him on, and God is forgot  
Until he passes under the rod, the sinner's lot.

Riches oft to mortal are temptation's greatest snare,  
Filling them with vanity, obliterating care ;  
Forgetting that to Him above, Who hears sorrow's moan,  
Alone belongs their riches, to help the needy one.

---

## An Easter Gift.

DEDICATED TO MISS LIZZIE SEEGMILLER.

Only a tender snowdrop  
Springing from the darken'd mould,  
With no leaf to protect it  
From the April evening's cold.

But like the Easter gladness  
It needs only the sun's warm ray ;  
Like hearts, warm with contrition,  
To offer the God-man today.

Then, like the pure white snowdrop,  
Let us fear not surrounding sin ;  
When called to the Heavenly mansion  
Be prepared to "enter in."

## To Mary.

(MRS. DAVE M'KAY.)

Mary, thy name is sweeter far  
Than all other names to me ;  
Mayst thou be filled with virtues rare,  
Like the Marys of Galilee.

## Kindness.

Kindness is akin to love,  
Melting hearts of stone ;  
Its flame ascends to Heaven,  
To the holy One.  
Its flame doth warm the ember,  
Kindling it to life,  
When it lay all blacken'd  
By life's daily strife ;  
Throwing its heat around us  
Like the noonday sun,  
Strengthening us for the work  
Kindness has begun.

Kindness is the ruby red  
Among jewels rare,  
Polished by a master hand  
And cherish'd with care ;  
No flaw upon its surface,  
'Tis red through and through.  
Breathing of the Heav'nly love,  
Ever pure and true.  
Then fill the world with kindness,  
Set sad hearts aglow,  
And fit them for the treasure  
Hid from eyes below.

Kindness is the red, red rose  
Growing 'mid the thorns,  
Filling with richest fragrance  
Whate'er it adorns ;  
Worn by the modest maiden,  
Worn by royal queen,  
It loseth not its beauty  
Where'er it is seen.  
By the lonely forest path,  
With perfume so rare,  
Is found the rose of kindness,  
Crushing out despair.

## To a Dark-eyed Maiden.

May joys without number  
Be thine for aye,  
And may'st thou ne'er repent  
Thy wedding day.

## Girls, be Kind to Mother.

Girls, be kind to mother,  
For you her life is spent ;  
From the early morning  
She prays that grace be lent

To her loving daughters,  
Whose lives to her belong,  
Who tuned their rosy lips  
To words of sweetest song,

Praising their Creator,  
Lisping His holy name ;  
"Good God, bless our mamma,"  
Their first and highest aim.

Girls, be kind to mother,  
And help her on her way  
With little acts of kindness  
Along her household way.

Prepare the morning meal,  
That she may rest awhile ;  
With little acts of kindness  
Her work with love beguile,

That at the sunset hour  
Her work may be complete ;  
While on her bended knees  
Her thoughts are pure and sweet.

Born of a holy love  
That, like a star of peace,  
Illumines that happy home  
With joys that cannot cease.

Girls, be kind to mother,  
Let not the bridal veil  
Take from her the glory  
That crowns her face so pale.

A mother's love is thine  
Till death doth chill her heart  
And close the loving eyes  
That wept with joy to part

From you, when other eyes  
Brought blushes to your cheek,  
Whose loving words are heard,  
"Thou art the one I seek."

Girls, be kind to mother,  
Smooth with love her way  
When pain, Death's messenger,  
Bids her no longer stay

In this world of sadness,  
Where shadows cast their gloom,  
To a land of sunlight,  
The land beyond the tomb.

## "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani."

GOOD FRIDAY.

Christian reader, ponder deeply,  
 Today the Saviour died ;  
 With cruel thorns his head is crown'd,  
 Then Sinai quakes with awful sound—  
 The Man-God is crucified.

Yet man goes on his path of sin,  
 Forgetting Calvary's tree,  
 Forgetting that our sins He bore  
 That we might live for evermore,  
 From every sorrow free.

With cruel spears His side they pierce,  
 Yet sweet smiles His face adorn ;  
 "Eloi, Eloi," the Saviour's cry,  
 "Eloi Lama Sabacthani,"  
 With fierce pain His heart is torn.

O may we meet Him face to face,  
 When our race on earth is run ;  
 O may sweet buds of promise bloom  
 In ev'ry heart, where sin finds room,  
 To praise Israel's holy One.

How can we wound Him day by day,  
 When we know He bore our pain ?  
 Then let contrition's fount o'erflow  
 And sin-stain'd souls made white as snow,  
 A Heavenly crown to gain.

And like spring blossoms let our hearts  
 Rise to Him Who died today ;  
 Let Heavenly rays our actions gild,  
 That Christ's promise may be fulfill'd,  
 To dwell with His saints always.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,"  
 Let thy prayers like incense rise ;  
 And let the Easter sun shine o'er  
 A land where the redeem'd adore  
 Christ, the living Sacrifice.

~~~~~  
 To \* \* \*

May a sunny sky greet thee  
 On thy wedding morn ;  
 May roses of health and beauty  
 Thy twin cheeks adorn.  
 May love's light shine in thine eyes  
 And sparkle with fun,  
 And may God's Heavenly grace  
 Rest on thy chosen one.

### To Mary Ellen Farr.

Thy friendship is like Heavenly dew,  
Thy love like Heaven's sun.

---

### Sines

ON RECEIVING THANKS FROM THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF  
THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

'Tis sweet to be thanked,  
But sweeter, sweeter far  
To know that one's acts  
Meritorious are.

---

### To Nellie.

May your dark eyes know no sorrow,  
May they shine with pure delight ;  
May you know no sad tomorrow,  
May you praise God day and night.

---

### To Aeneas Joseph.

Little boy, thy parents' first-born,  
Canst thou lisp thy name ?  
Canst thou ask the good St. Joseph  
For one spark of flame  
To inspire thee in thy boyhood  
With devotion true  
For God and His holy altar,  
Life's sweet Heavenly dew ?

---

### The Star of Bethlehem.

And now again 'tis Christmas Day,  
And Bethlehem's star shines bright,  
That star of old, that star of fame,  
That star that crown'd a Heavenly name,  
Jesus, the Infant King ;  
And now again its silvery ray  
Sends hope and love, the soul's delight,  
While angels anthems sing.

Can man desire a greater proof  
Of Christ's all-protecting power,  
Than see again this star of love,  
The shepherds' guiding star, above,  
To Jesus, Mary's Son ?  
Can any Christian stand aloof  
From praising, at this hour,  
Jesus, the Holy One ?  
Let ev'ry heart, this Christmas Day,  
Rejoice and be exceeding gay.

## A. Grant.

May Heaven bless thee with health and give thee grace  
To keep life's joyous glow on thy tranquil face.

## Katie.

How deftly thy fingers touch the ivory keys,  
Playing "Rosseau's Dream" with the most perfect ease ;  
Thy face like a sunbeam, crown'd with hair of gold,  
Thou'lt be a star, Katie, when years thy gifts unfold.

## Canada's Farewell to Louise and Lord Lorne.

(AIR, "ST. PATRICK'S DAY.")

Farewell to thee, Princess ; a nation's devotion  
We owe to thee, daughter of Albion's Queen ;  
The high and the lowly are fill'd with emotion,  
In all hearts thou'rt mirror'd where'er thou hast been.

Then fare thee well, Princess,  
'Round thy heart enwreath us ;

Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,  
Of which love's the binding ;  
The gem thou'lt be finding

As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then  
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,  
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then  
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

Fare thee well, Princess, and fare thee well, Lorne,  
May thy lives end as nobly as they have begun ;  
May art and the muses thy minds' chambers adorn,  
That thou mayst in poesy live "second to none."

Then fare thee well, Princess,  
'Round thy heart enwreath us ;

Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee ;  
May gladness unbroken,  
The soul's joyous token,

Be thine while Britannia rules over land and sea. Then  
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams ;  
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then  
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

Let "Hold Fast" be thy guerdon—Hope's starry banner  
To keep thy lives filled with God's Heavenly love,  
That virtues may flourish where life is a burden,  
And draw souls from earth's Eden to the palace above.

Then fare thee well, Princess,  
'Round thy heart enwreath us ;

Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,  
Of which love's the binding ;  
The gem thou'lt be finding,

As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then  
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,  
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then  
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

To Mrs. J. A. Wieland,

DETROIT.

E'en keep thy voice attun'd to His praise above,  
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty Father of all love.

Zeda.

Gazelle-eyed Zeda, thy black eyes flash and flame  
Like diamonds in the sun, wild like thy gypsy name ;  
Cheeks as red as roses, ebony black thy hair,  
Lips of coral redness, some bright youth to ensnare.

In Memoriam.

EVA WEATHERALD.

I know I'm going, dear papa, to the home above ;  
Tell not mamma, it will pain her heart so full of love.  
Tell my little classmates at St. George's that I know  
We'll meet again. Tho' now I'm weak, yet I'm glad to go  
To join the angels who surround the Almighty's throne,  
And weep not, papa darling, rejoice when I am gone.

My Queen.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. EDWARDS.

The moonlight falls upon the sea,  
While my barque rides o'er the wave ;  
The heav'ns are bright  
With stars of night,  
And my crew are firm and brave.  
The heav'ns are bright  
With stars of night,  
And my crew are firm and brave.

They sing Auld Scotia's bonnie sangs,  
O' pibrochs wild and sweet,  
While Erin's woes,  
And England's rose  
Make my heart with devotion beat.  
While Erin's woes,  
And England's rose  
Make my heart with devotion beat,

For you, my bonnie dark-eyed queen,  
I'll roam the seas no more,  
But at thy side,  
While time doth glide,  
I'll stay until life is o'er.  
But at thy side,  
While time doth glide,  
I'll stay until life is o'er.



## To Mrs. H. Dennis,

BRUSSELS.

May your future be crown'd with strength and health  
And a preponderance of this world's wealth.

## Blanche.

Dear Blanche, thy name bespeaks a stately maid,  
A loving, trusting heart, like unto thine ;  
A budding flow'r to whom homage is paid,  
A flower whose beauty will ne'er decline.

## To Lizzie C.

Lizzie, lov'd one, with een of blue,  
Well I know thou'lt ever be true ;  
Cherish for me a loving thought  
Which for treasure can ne'er be bought.

Lizzie, thou'rt gentle, pure and good,  
Like flow'et budding in the wild wood ;  
Then be gay, Lizzie, while you may,  
And for good fortune ever pray.

## To Maude.

Maude, so airy and bright,  
Skipping along to skate ;  
I'm sure her heart is light,  
It should be at any rate.

Skate, Maude, it's jolly fun,  
And dance, too, gay and bright ;  
But mind your "scales" to run  
One half-hour every night.

## Maggie Mackay.

Like the roses that bloom in the June time,  
Didst thou pass from our fond loving eyes,  
Leaving our hearts filled with sorrow's deep grief,  
Whilst the angels bore thee to the skies.

The merry light in thy joyous blue een  
Endeared thee to the friends of thy youth,  
And the bloom on thy cheek, so rich and rare,  
Spoke of innocence, virtue and truth.

Thy fresh young voice, Maggie, we'll ne'er forget,  
The pure music of love filled each tone ;  
But no voice is too pure for Beulah land  
To praise the Lord on the Great White Throne.

### Lillian.

Forget me not, Lillian, when Love throws his spell  
O'er thy young trusting heart by Brechan's famous well ;  
If fairy tales you write, be sure to find a king  
Who'll woo the "Forest Maiden" with Love's offering.

### Canada's Tribute to the Poet Longfellow.

The gifted poet breathes no more,  
Undisturbed his pen. The sweet voice  
That children lov'd to hear is mute,  
But yet he speaks : His songs live  
In the fond hearts of his people.  
His grand "Psalm of Life" will be sung  
When this generation has pass'd  
Beyond the ken of mortal man—  
Genius never dies, it must live  
Like leaven, to fulfil man's ends ;  
For as leaven leaveneth the loaf  
So doth genius inspire the soul ;  
Man's soul must be set in motion,  
Else the animal creation  
Would soon approach his normal state.  
Man's soul is made in God's image,  
Grand in its conception, grander  
Than all the mighty works of Heaven.  
The poet has his daily task  
As well as the philosopher.  
All noble minds, like the planets,  
Have each their place in life's orbit,  
With God for their Eternal Sun.  
Then let us pay sincere homage  
To the aged Poet of the North,  
Whose "Day is Done," whose work is o'er ;  
Let Canada twine maple leaves  
With the wreath of laurel and cypress  
Chiselled by the sculptor Time,  
A lasting crown, a monument  
To America's poet laureate,  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### To Miss Eva Smith,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER THE GIFT OF A BASKET OF BEAUTIFUL PEACHES.

Many thanks, Eva, dear, for the luscious peach,  
With its crimson and golden, downy skin ;  
'Tis a tempting gift to put in one's reach,  
To taste them I'm really afraid to begin,  
For I love to look at them—not even rich cream  
Would tempt me to try them, so pretty they are ;  
But eat them I must, for there's no use to dream  
Of putting them into a bottle or jar.

## In Memoriam.

JOHN DONAGH, MUSICIAN.

Pulseless the buoyant heart, silent the kindly voice  
That filled the homes with music, making hearts rejoice.  
Erin's sons may mourn him—to Erin he was true,  
Her music was his glory, pure as Heavenly dew.

Lay the Shamrock on his breast—'twas his darlin' pride,  
No other flower for him in all this world so wide ;  
It spoke to him of grandeur, of hope in Heaven's love,  
Where the Three in One doth reign in the courts above.

---

### Should I Never See Thee More.

TO MISS MAGGIE FULTON, BROWNSVILLE, ONT.

Should I never see thee more  
Thy face is on my heart's core  
Imprinted. Thou hast a store  
Of wisdom all must adore.

---

### Tribute

TO MRS. (REV. DR.) COOKE, 'ON HEARING HER SING IN VICTORIA  
STREET CHURCH THE BEAUTIFUL SACRED SOLO, "GOD  
KNOWS ALL." LINES DEDICATED TO THE W. F. M. S.

Thou hast a beautiful voice and a beautiful face,  
And well I know a beautiful soul ;  
And I know that Jesus will fill thee always with grace,  
While the waves of Eternity roll.

---

### To Jean Beck,

A LITTLE EIGHTEEN MONTHS' OLD SINGER.

Wonderful, lovely little child,  
With golden locks and e'en so mild,  
How "Jesus loves me, that I know"  
Threw round my heart a radiant glow.  
For thou art but a babe—not e'en  
Two short years hast thou seen.

---

# POEMS

BY THE LATE

LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS,

OF

GODERICH GARRISON ARTILLERY.

(SECOND EDITION.)

## NOTE.

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**T**HE subjoined poems of the late Lieut. Richard Skimings, of the Goderich Garrison Artillery, are given to the public. He was a promising young lawyer, full of love for his profession and his beloved Canada, and during the Fenian raid took cold on duty. Having recovered sufficiently to take part in a rifle match at London, Ont., on the 5th Nov., 1867, between the regulars and volunteers, the severity of the season brought on an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which prostrated him for that winter. In the spring of 1868 he sailed for Lima, Peru, South America, and on reaching that city the plague was raging: so he returned to his home at Goderich, much benefitted by the sea trip. But later, when the autumn fruit was ripe in his garden, pulling his prized peaches, the hemorrhage again attacked him, and as soon as possible he sailed for Bermuda, in order to regain his strength. But although he could wield his pen with manly grace in poetry and prose, and kept his travels beautifully written, the hand of Death was waiting in that lovely land to chill his aspiration. He left Bermuda on the 3rd April, 1869, and died beloved by all who knew him for his honor and Christian integrity, at his home, Goderich, Ont., Canada, on 12th May, 1869. Requiescat in pace.





LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS.

# POEMS

THE FIVE FIFTH

## THE FIVE FIFTH SKIMMINGS.

THE FIVE FIFTH

THE FIVE FIFTH

I've roamed the world's wide sea,  
 From the North Pole to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,

I've roamed the world's wide sea,  
 Where the sun and moon are seen,  
 Where the stars and planets are,  
 Where the winds and waves are,  
 Where the birds and beasts are,  
 Where the flowers and fruits are,  
 Where the trees and plants are,  
 Where the mountains and hills are,

I've roamed the world's wide sea,  
 From the North to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,  
 From the East to the West,  
 From the North to the South,

I've roamed the world's wide sea,  
 And the world's wide sea is  
 The world's wide sea of the South,  
 And the world's wide sea is  
 And the world's wide sea is  
 And the world's wide sea is  
 And the world's wide sea is  
 And the world's wide sea is

I've seen beneath the crystal wave  
 The coral insects' houses,  
 Bright flowers that with the rainbow  
 And beauteous shells that scattered are  
 Beneath the ocean's base.

I've watched the molten ocean sun  
 Go down beneath the sea,  
 Where the mountains are  
 Ablaze with many a starry light  
 Reflected on our bay.

I've watched the purple clouds of dawn  
 In Southern seas at night,  
 I've watched the Chinese  
 To towering crags, where the  
 Proclaims the dawn of day.





LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS.

# POEMS

BY THE LATE

LIEUT. R. SKIMMINGS.

## To Canada.

I love the land that gave me birth,  
 'Tho' cold her north wind blows;  
 I love her ice-bound winter lakes,  
 I claim a kinship to the flakes  
 That form her virgin snows.

I've roamed in many a Southern clime  
 Where orange blossoms wave;  
 Where broad bananas fan the air—  
 Where flourishes the citron fair,  
 Beside the azure wave.

I've lain beneath the myrtle shade,  
 Beneath the waving palm,  
 Amid the oleander groves,  
 Where summer perfume ever roves  
 With many a fragrant balin.

I've pulled the luscious, fragrant pine  
 And culled pomegranates fair;  
 The sugar-apple of the South,  
 And dates—those conquerors of the drouth,  
 And chirimoyas rare.

I've seen beneath the crystal wave  
 The coral insects' home,  
 Bright flowers that with the rainbow vie,  
 And beauteous shells that scattered lie  
 Beneath the ocean's foam.

I've watched the molten tropic's sun  
 Go down beneath the sea,  
 Where Chimborazo cleaves the sky,  
 Ablaze with many a sunset die,  
 Reflected on our lea.

I've watched the ponderous sport of whales  
 In Southern seas at play,  
 I've watched the Chilean condor's flight  
 To tow'ring crags, where first the light  
 Proclaims the dawning day.

I've seen the lightning flash from eyes  
 Where midnight shadows lie ;  
 When Spain's proud daughters met my view,  
 With locks that mock the raven's hue,  
 Whose pinions cleave the sky.

Bermuda's daughters, too, I've seen,  
 Whose beauties Moore has sung ;  
 And friendship's warm right hand I've met  
 (I feel the tingling pulses yet)  
 From strangers roved among.

But ever turns my heart to thee,  
 My bright Canadian home !  
 And dearer grow thy broad blue lakes,  
 Thy silver streams, thy woodland brakes,  
 With every step I roam.

The proud magnolia's bloom I love,  
 The myrtle's perfumed shades ;  
 But oh ! how dear above them all  
 A single crimson leaf let fall  
 From Huron's maple glades !

By Huron's sounding shores I've left  
 My dearest friends on earth ;  
 May God's own mantle from above  
 Enfold them and the land I love—  
 The land that gave me birth.

---

### Canada.

O ! why will ye roam in foreign lands  
 In search of the golden store,  
 When the God of Canada places it  
 At the poor man's cottage door ?

There's naught in this second Paradise  
 Which cannot be earned by worth,  
 Tho' our commerce tells in other lands  
 Of a mighty nation's birth.

How bright looks the prospect here to those  
 Once crushed 'neath a tyrant's heel,  
 Who are proud to point to the maple leaf  
 With a glow of patriot zeal.

Then haste to the land of the golden sheaf,  
 And calm your awaken'd fears ;  
 We're protected here by our British Queen  
 And our noble volunteers.

Our name in the future standeth forth,  
 A sun midst the smaller lights ;  
 While a trump that's swell'd by a nation's voice  
 Bears the words, "Our God and rights."

### To the River Maitland.

O river Maitland, fringed with trees,  
Mid banks stupendous to behold,  
Thou flowest on from year to year  
Upon thy stony bed.

The Indian o'er thy silvery crest  
Sometimes prepar'd for deadly strife ;  
Or on more peaceful quest of game  
With silence strict did glide.

The mills which grace thy tree-clad banks  
And turn'd by thy onrolling stream  
Are pass'd by thee, unmindful all  
Of man's unceasing toil.

Thy bell-shap'd mouth, with waters dark,  
Is refuge sure for sea birds tossed  
Upon thy father's angry crest,  
Which God ordain'd should be.

---

### To Lake Huron.

In summer on thy placid breast  
The graceful sea bird rides ;  
The Indian in his birch canoe  
Swiftly o'er thy bosom glides.

Thy rippling waves with silvery crest  
Soft murmur on the strand,  
Are guided all the live long year  
By God's unerring hand.

In winter winds upheave thee, once  
So placid and so calm.  
And raise thy waves to mountains' heights,  
Once playful as a lamb.

Thy waves now wear a sombre veil,  
No sun to make them bright,  
For clouds have hidden him from view  
And robb'd you of his light.

---

### The Southern Soldier's Death.

I'm going, boys, to leave you,  
Alas ! for evermore ;  
I've one request to make you,  
And then the struggle's o'er.

Pray bear me to the field, boys,  
And lay me by the side  
Of yonder oak, neath which, boys,  
My noble brother died.

O lay me tow'ards the South, boys,  
 Upon that velvet moss,  
 And round my body wrap, boys,  
 The glittering Southern Cross.

There, comrades, I'm now happy.  
 Why should I wish to stay,  
 But firmly strike for freedom  
 When I am called away.

---

### Lines Inscribed To \* \* \*

Forget thee ! aye, then ask the sun  
 To shade its molten orb, and at  
 A tangent ever rampant roam  
 In devious courses, tho' all space ;  
 The moon to hide her silv'ry disc  
 In dim oblivion, and the stars  
 To pale their lamps, o'er sea and land.  
 Forget thee ! might these bid the deep  
 To calm its ever throbbing breast  
 And silent, like old Lethe's waye,  
 To glide beyond eternity ;  
 Then ask the mighty streams that roll  
 With struggling waves their sinuous lengths  
 Thro' hill and dale, to backward turn  
 And seek their natal founts among  
 The pathless hills and wastes untrod  
 Save by the bear and deep tongu'd wolf.  
 Yet e'en if this and more should be  
 My heart should fondly breathe thy name.  
 And ask in turn, "Forget me not."

---

### On the Approach of Winter.

O boys, resume your dreadnaught coats,  
 Your gauntlets, furs and skates,  
 For winter comes with rapid strides  
 And time for no man waits.

The leaves lie wither'd on the ground,  
 Beneath the mother tree ;  
 And boisterous winds from nor'-west rage  
 Uncheck'd with boisterous glee.

The wild birds seek their southern homes,  
 And silent are our woods  
 Where naught was heard but merry lays  
 Of birds in merry moods.

Around the hearthstone blazing warm,  
 The pleasant tale is told,  
 That in the cheerful room we may  
 Forget the biting cold.

## A Plea for Bachelors.

FOR THE "ROYAL GAZETTE," BERMUDA.

Who would not be a bachelor, with no tormenting wife  
To wheedle you, and cozen you and plague you all your life ;  
Who votes tobacco poison, who hates the sight of wine,  
Whose heart is wholly centered in the millinery line !

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be forced to go  
And stare thro' all the windows of the shops upon the row,  
At ribbons mauve and violet, at bonnets large and small,  
And then be made—for there's the rub—to buy one after all !

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be called a brute  
Because to cries for largess you still continue mute ;  
Because you see no music in darling baby's roar,  
And frown to see her pile your books upon your study floor !

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to ask a friend  
A quiet hour o'er pipe and glass at eventide to spend,  
Without being curtain-lectured by a snappish being in white,  
For sitting up to smoke and drink through half the blessed  
night !

Who would not be a bachelor, with dog upon the rug.  
And kettle singing on the hob, and all serene and snug.  
Without a shrill, reproachful voice to din into your ear.  
"I wish you'd shut that nasty book, and talk to me, my dear !"

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to cast an eye  
Upon each pretty lassie who may chance to hurry by.  
Without being brought to book for, and pretty sharply, too,  
By a jealous little termagant in lavender and blue !

'Tis I who'd be a bachelor, and will be till I die,  
No snow white hand will forge the chain to snap my liberty ;  
I'll flirt with all who'll let me, but when the Church draws near,  
Why then I'll make my conge, and politely disappear.

CÆLEBS.

Bermuda, Jan., 1860.

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## Replication to "A Plea for Bachelors."

FOR THE BERMUDA "ROYAL GAZETTE."

I would not be a bachelor, and live without a wife,  
For he's no more than HALF A MAN who leads that stupid life ;  
I'd sooner marry twenty girls than go through life alone,  
Like that lively fossil gentleman, a toad within a stone.

I'd rather go through twenty towns, with forty shops in each,  
And buy the bonnets in them all, and ribbons, too, to match,  
Than live a snuffy bachelor, and never know the bliss  
Of a man who's got what's better than a cutty pipe to kiss.

I'd like to say in Cæleb's ear a thing he can't dispute,  
 You need not be a BENEDICT to earn the name of "brute."  
 I don't believe in half he says about the baby's roar,  
 And it's only at a bachelor's you'll find a dirty floor.

The bachelor has airs enough, looks happy now and then,  
 But if you'd know just how he lives you've got to see his den.  
 Where pots and pans, old hats and boots, and platters none too  
     clean  
 Are collected round the cream jug, with a boot-jack stuck be-  
     tween.

It's here he entertains his friend, another "bach," of course,  
 Who scruples not at what he sees, he knows his own is worse ;  
 They smoke their pipes, and drink their punch, and praise that  
     kind of life,  
 Though each KNOWS right well (the hypocrite) he'd sooner have  
     a wife.

I'd like to know the good he gets by ogling the girls,  
 Who turn their noses up at him, and shake their saucy curls ;  
 For MY part I would rather have a life estate in ONE  
 Than be thought a spoon by all the girls for running after ten.

How pleasant it must seem to him, on going home to tea,  
 (He BOILS IT IN THE COFFEE POT to make it strong, d'ye see)  
 To find both fire and lamp unlit, the matches gone astray,  
 And his favorite cat rehearsing—with his dog—"The Devil to  
     Pay."

Then let him live a bachelor, and die one if he choose,  
 Perhaps the girl that was meant for him may not have much to  
     lose,  
 For one who'd rather hug his pipe than an angel dressed in blue  
 Would make ANY girl a termagant, a veritable shrew.

### Inscribed to R. G. and J. C.

They're gone again for a southern sun  
 Their manly brows to tan ;  
 They're gone again, for they could not rest  
     While absent from the van.

They've left their homes for a soldier's life  
 Of toil, of strife, of pain ;  
 They've left their homes to endure once more  
     The scorching sun, and rain.

And when afar on some hard-fought field  
 They wade thro' smoke and dust,  
 May prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace  
     For mercy from the Just.

And once again may our hearts grow warm  
 Our soldier friends to meet,  
 And once again let our hands go forth  
     Their honest palms to greet.

## Hark ! I Hear the Sad Wind Sighing.

Hark ! I hear the sad wind sighing  
Through the grand old forest trees ;  
'Tis the voice of autumn dying,  
Borne upon the wintry breeze ;  
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets  
Left by summer's breath to die  
In their modest little dwellings  
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

O'er our deep and broad Lake Huron  
Comes the North King in his wrath ;  
Far and wide he spreads destruction,  
Like Rome's ancient foe, his path.  
Neither spareth he the meadows,  
Nor the lily's drooping head,  
And the lowly blue-eyed violet  
E'en is number'd with the dead.

Far away have flown our songsters,  
To the sunny south they hie,  
Each forewarn'd by the Omniscient  
That the winter draweth nigh ;  
But they'll come again in springtime,  
When old winter melts away,  
When the odor-laden breezes  
From the south resume their sway.

List ! I hear the wild winds sighing  
As my head they hasten o'er ;  
'Tis the voice of someone dying,  
Of departing Sixty-Four ;  
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets  
Left by summer's breath to die  
In their modest little dwellings  
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

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## Reverie of an Indian Maiden.

By the broad and blue Lake Huron,  
Many fleeting years ago,  
When the twilight shadows gather'd  
And the winds were hush'd and low,  
I beheld an Indian maiden  
'Neath a proud old forest tree, •  
And the balmy breath of evening  
Brought her sighing voice to me.

Round her brow was bound a chaplet  
Of the simple autumn flowers  
She had gather'd as she wander'd  
Through the leafy forest bowers ;  
And the careless flowing tresses  
Of her glossy raven hair  
Hid a form a queen might envy,  
Tho' the dusky blood was there.



On her arms were massy circlets  
 Of the purest virgin gold,  
 While the precious wampum girdle  
 Of her royal kinship told.  
 Oft the vision stands before me  
 And I hear that voice again,  
 Sweet, tho' sadden'd, thro' the gloaming,  
 Like the voice of one in pain.

"Ere the paleface came amongst us  
 From his home beyond the sun,  
 Like the leaves our braves were number'd,  
 When the leafy month is come ;  
 Darken'd were the broad, blue waters  
 With the swift canoe of birch,  
 When our chief sped forth to battle  
 Like an eagle from his perch.

"Every tree conceal'd a hunter,  
 Every thicket held a deer,  
 And the rivers teem'd with fatness  
 Thro' each onward rolling year ;  
 Sweetly sang each forest songster  
 To the chieftain's dusky bride  
 As she wander'd in the shadows  
 With her lover by her side.

"When the council fires were lighted  
 And the calumet went round,  
 Words arose from ancient sachems  
 From the mossy cushion'd ground ;  
 Then the winds forgot to whisper,  
 And the maples, bending low,  
 Drank the words of wisdom spoken  
 By the sage old men below.

"Everywhere was joy and gladness,  
 And the mighty Manito  
 Walk'd among his brave red children,  
 For their hearts were good and true ;  
 And the whispers of the spirits  
 As they wander'd through the trees,  
 Sweetly blended with the music  
 Of the sighing summer breeze.

"We were lords of lake and river,  
 From the rising of the sun  
 To the broad and deep sea water,  
 Where his wigwam floats alone ;  
 But the paleface came among us  
 With his crooked, wily tongue,  
 And his deadly firewater,  
 To destroy both old and young.

"And we faded like the forest  
 In the moon of falling leaves,  
 And where once our hunters tarried  
 Are the palefac'd brothers' sheaves.  
 We are strangers by the river  
 And the white man claims the mounds-

Where our braves await the summons  
To the happy hunting grounds.

"Soon my people will have vanish'd,  
And their songs be heard no more,  
And their light canoes lie rotten  
By the silent river shore.  
Like the bitter frosts of winter  
When the summer sun is come,  
Will the red man be forgotten  
In the land he knew as home."

### In Memoriam.

R. B. REYNOLDS.

Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !  
And the solemn footsteps fall ;  
'Tis the speechless dirge of a comrade gone  
From an earthly trust to a Heavenly crown,  
A tribute earn'd by a heart as brave  
As e'er was claim'd by the soldier's grave.

Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !  
And the honor'd corpse is borne  
To its narrow house in the shrouded earth  
To repay the debt of its joyous birth,  
And leaves a blank in each manly breast  
That lingering gazes on his place of rest.

Mourn ! Mourn ! Mourn !  
For the voice now hushed in death ;  
In vain we'll look for the friendly smile  
And the harmless joke, which, free from guile,  
Was always sure to provoke the mirth  
Of all who sat at the cheerful hearth.

Sad ! Sad ! Sad !  
And lone is the widow'd heart,  
And the hot tears fall on each orphan'd head,  
For her thoughts are still with the cherish'd dead,  
And oft she'll look to the skies above  
To meet his gaze from a throne of love.

### To My Sister.

Tho' the summer winds sigh o'er this Garden of Roses,  
And never inconstantly stray from her groves,  
Tho' each hill and each valley new beauty discloses,  
More bright than the last to the eye as it roves,  
Tho' the myrtle around me its fragrance is throwing,  
As playfully o'er it the light zephyr moves,  
Yet my heart is but light, and my pulses set glowing  
By thoughts of the bright native land that it loves.

Tho' the naiades of ocean have here built their bowers  
 In coralline cells 'neath the bright crystal wave,  
 And the sea-shell lies hid among bright ocean flowers  
 That curtain with beauty the mermaiden's cave,  
 Tho' no flow'ret here dreads that a ruthless December  
 Will crush the sweet life that a bright April gave,  
 And tho' each cutting breath of the North I remember,  
 I sigh for my home o'er the blue crested wave.

Tho' the fierce winter King of the North now assembles  
 In far away caves by the grim Polar Sea  
 All his veteran troopers whose wrath now resembles  
 The voice of a storm o'er the frost-bitten lea,  
 Tho' his footsteps resound thro' the home of my childhood,  
 And wild shrieks his voice thro' each grim forest tree,  
 As he scatters the bright crimson wealth of his wildwood,  
 His mirth and his madness are music to me.

Berinda, November, 1863.

### The Fall of Alhambra.

Alhambra was an almost impregnable fortress in the heart of Spain, taken possession of and held by the infidel Moor, who on occasion sallied forth into the surrounding country, preying on the undefended Spanish peasantry, driving off their herds from the plains, despoiling the vineyards of the fruits of their labor, and retreating, on the approach of a superior force, into their strongholds, to issue forth as their necessities demanded and the occasion offered.

High o'er Alhambra's frowning walls  
 The Moorish standard wav'd ;  
 And golden beams from L'Orient  
 The Moslem crescent lav'd.

Whilst turrets grim on every side  
 The spear-clad ramparts crown'd,  
 A mountain torrent seeth'd and foam'd  
 Their granite base around.

Within the keep, at every point  
 The Moorish armor shone ;  
 Ensanguine fell the morning rays  
 Each scimeter upon.

Far o'er the plains in serri'd ranks,  
 To crush the Infidel,  
 Were stretch'd the hosts of Ferdinand  
 And fearless Isabel.

And loud above the torrent's roar,  
 Throughout that vast array,  
 Was heard the clash of arms  
 Full many a weary day.

Then foot by foot the Spaniard clos'd  
Alhambra's walls around,  
Whilst in his armor slept each knight  
Upon the bloody ground.

In vain the leaguer'd garrison,  
With battle axe in hand,  
In midnight sallies sought to pierce  
The mail-clad Christian band.

Within the walls another foe  
Appear'd, 'twas Famine grim,  
Who fill'd their cup of wretchedness,  
And fill'd it to the brim.

Upon the shudd'ring breezes came  
A wail of terror wild ;  
For food the husband slew his wife,  
The mother slew her child.

At length the Moorish chieftain's pride  
At mercy's call gave way,  
And prone besought Queen Isabel  
Her royal hand to stay.

At once the noble Queen, appeas'd,  
Commands the strife to cease,  
And turning towards her foeman said,  
"Brave Moor, depart in peace."

Wide op'd the massive, brass-bound gates,  
And, like a surging wave,  
A mighty living tide rolled forth  
From out the living grave.

With tear-fill'd eyes Queen Isabel  
Gave to the Moorish band  
Her guard to pass thro' watch and ward,  
To reach their native land.

---

### Lines.

'Twas a lovely summer's evening  
In the leafy month of June,  
And I wander'd by the Maitland  
'Neath the bright refulgent moon ;  
O'er my head the stars were shining  
On both hill and valley green,  
And transforming our red Maitland  
Into belts of silver sheen.

And I questioned the river  
'Bout the days of long ago,  
Ere old Time had grown so feeble  
And his locks had changed to snow ;  
When the stalwart Indian chieftain,  
With his conscious look of pride,  
O'er thy murmuring ruby waters  
In his birchen bark did glide.

Then arose from out the waters  
 As it were a wreath of mist,  
 And I heard a sad voice crying,  
 "Fleeting mortal, will you list?  
 From the depth thou hast invok'd me  
 To unfold to you a tale,  
 When my brave and true red children  
 Were the lords of hill and dale.

"Ere the paleface came among them  
 With the poison on his tongue,  
 And his deadly fire water  
 To destroy both old and young,  
 Every valley teem'd with fatness,  
 Every tree was full of song,  
 Everywhere was joy and gladness  
 Where unchain'd I roll'd along.

"And beneath the mighty arches  
 Of the maple and the ash,  
 Where the cool and sparkling waters  
 Of the Maitland used to dash.  
 Have I listen'd in the gloaming,  
 Through the calm, clear summer air,  
 To the wisdom of the Sachem  
 And the Indian maiden's pray'r.

"But the days have sadly alter'd  
 Since the chaste, tho' dusky bride  
 Us'd to wander with her chieftain,  
 Hand in hand, along my side;  
 And you gaze upon the ashes,  
 As you wander in your rounds.  
 Of my children, pass'd forever  
 To the happy hunting grounds."

As I rose and hurried homeward  
 There were whispers 'mong the trees  
 Like the soft and gentle sighing  
 Of a mild, warm summer breeze;  
 And beyond was filled with sadness,  
 On my heart was placed a weight,  
 As I pondered in silence  
 O'er the Indian and his fate.

---

### Autumn.

Hail, glorious autumn, fraught with fruit  
 And golden leaves from high tree tops;  
 The leaves have turn'd from green to gold,  
 And summer's verdure is no more;  
 Thy coat of arms more welcome is  
 Than that which winter bears with it.

## The Storm Off Cape Hatteras.

WRITTEN WHILE ROUNDING THE CAPE.

The storm king rides on the driving gale,  
And his steeds are wild and free ;  
His storm drawn ploughs thro' the ocean roam,  
And he sows his crops on the windward foam  
But reaps them on the lea.

The lightnings flash and the thunders roll,  
'Tis a fearful storm at sea ;  
The petrel screams in his circling flight,  
And day gives place to a murky night,  
With Hatteras on our lea.

Our brave ship rides o'er the mountain waves,  
Tho' she groans in every knee ;  
She shakes the foam from her angry prow,  
Like a wild war horse she is plunging now  
Thro' the heaving Alpine sea.

Whilst I'm the sport of the wild, wild waves,  
Far over the ocean's foam ;  
I love to think of the love that flows  
To the wanderer's heart where'er he goes  
From his loved Canadian home.

---

### Eppie.

With busy feet,  
Like patt'ring rain,  
She hastens on,  
Uncheck'd by pain.

Soft flaxen curls,  
Deep orbs of blue  
That seem to mock  
Heaven's azure hue.

Her dimpl'd chin,  
Her dimpl'd cheek,  
And ruby lips  
Just taught to speak.

Hold ! pow'rless pen ;  
Why seek to trace  
A woodnymph's form,  
An angel's face.

Why seek to paint  
The budding rose  
In colors dim,  
Obscure like those.

### The Doomed Merchantman.

At morning's dawn upon the sea  
A peaceful vessel rode,  
Careering o'er its heaving breast  
To reach her destined port.

With tapering yards and lofty mast  
She flies before the breeze,  
And proudly cleaves the billows blue  
With graceful curving prow.

But lo ! upon the distant main  
Another sail appears,  
And well the fated mariners  
Her deadly errand know.

Hand over hand, the pirate craft  
Approaches to the doom'd,  
And the sound of battle brief  
Is heard upon the sea.

"Death tells no tales," the pirate cries,  
"So let no man survive !"  
And then the sullen plunges tell  
The fate of those on board.

But lo ! the pirates leave their work  
And haste to trim their sails,  
For coming down before the wind  
A man-of-war appears.

The pirate sees that strife is vain,  
And fires the magazine.  
And then the crash of falling spars  
Proclaims the pirate's doom.

---

### The Thunder Storm.

A sultry calm the air pervades,  
Forerunner of the storm ;  
The forest songster seeks his nest,  
The wild beast seeks his lair.

At length the gleaming lightning darts  
Like Hydra's tenfold tongues,  
And dreadful thunders rend the air,  
Like warnings from above.

The forest streamlets, once so calm,  
Soft murmuring in the shade,  
Are turn'd to foaming cataracts  
Which drown the tempest's voice.

But lo, the sun breaks thro' the clouds,  
And birds resume their praise  
To Him Who sends the wild winds forth  
And calms the raging waves.

## The Mystic Warning.

### ON THE COMING OF WINTER.

The other night 'bout twelve o'clock,  
As by the cosy grate I sat  
With Huron's "Signal" 'fore me spread,  
Methought I heard a timid knock  
Without my cheerful cottage door,  
And hastily rose to usher in  
A fancied half-clad, hungry child.

The door unbarr'd and open'd wide  
Disclosed a glowing fairy form  
Envelop'd in a spotless robe  
Of ermine, caught in northern snows,  
Which, springing lightly inward, cried  
In silvery accents, "Close your doors  
Against my heedless, blustering lord."

And none too soon the order came,  
For while I yet stood by the door,  
A wierd, unearthly whistle came  
Across the hilly common bare,  
And howling fierce, as from the throat  
Of yelling demons just let loose  
From Pandemonium's drear abode.

With hair on end I turn'd to see  
If still the sylph-like form was there ;  
She stood all smiling at my fears,  
Her regal form convuls'd with mirth,  
And beckoning me, "Approach," she said,  
"I have not flown from crystal halls  
So long a flight for no good ends.

"I'm Queen of Greenland's frozen zone,  
And hearing that the Lord my King  
(Who half the year is staring mad)  
Had vow'd by all the Gods above  
That, for a fancied wrong sustain'd,  
With marshall'd hosts he'd waste the plains  
Of his warm-hearted rival king.

"In haste I fled with lightning speed  
To warn his unsuspecting foe,  
'Fore he, with all the cunning art  
Of mania's victims, had set out  
With scouts out-chosen from his hosts  
To spy your sunny southern forts ;  
You know the rest," and as she spoke

Her image faded from my sight,  
And as in haste I cross'd the floor  
To catch a distant view,  
I stumbled, tripp'd, and fell at length  
Across my cushion'd easy chair ;  
The shock awoke me (for I slept)  
And prov'd the vision but a dream.



The light was low, the fire was out,  
 My room was cheerless, cold and still,  
 And morning's pale refracted rays  
 Were struggling through the weighty gloom,  
 Whilst fiercely shriek'd the North'rn blast,  
 As fierce it hurl'd its frozen darts  
 Against the trembling window pane.

---

### To The Memory of Eliza Nolan.

No more thy gentle voice we'll hear,  
 No more the buoyant footsteps dear,  
 But oft we'll think, with many a tear,  
 Of our belov'd Eliza.

Her silken locks, like softest down,  
 Her sparkling eyes of mildest brown,  
 Her radiant face, without a frown,  
 Caus'd us to love Eliza.

No more contagion's poison'd dart  
 Shall pierce the pure unsullied heart,  
 Nor shall the mem'ry e'er depart  
 Of our endear'd Eliza.

This tender bud of earth shall bloom  
 In Heaven, a rose of sweet perfume ;  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb  
 The angels bore Eliza.

---

### The Spanish Armada.

A mighty armament from Spain  
 Intent on slaughter, bent their way  
 To Britain's lofty cliffs.

But the All-seeing Providence  
 Upon them laid His angry hand  
 And drove them far apart.

Some found their graves beneath the sea,  
 And others on some hostile coast  
 To pieces soon were dash'd.

The last of Spain's proud armament,  
 Encounter'd by the British fleet,  
 Were conquer'd soon, and fled.

Thus perish'd that great enterprise,  
 Destroy'd by angry elements,  
 To show the will of God.

## To Polly.

Tripping lightly o'er the lawn,  
Is it angel, nymph or fairy ?  
Surely it can't mortal be,  
How could mortal be so airy ?

Skippping like a sportive lamb,  
Eyes so dark and hair so curly ;  
Surely such a face as that  
Never would or could be surly.

Graceful as the bounding fawn,  
Dimpled chin, and arm well rounded,  
Happy may you live on earth  
And in death to God be folded.

---

## Sines

INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAMP.

O ! where are the friends  
Of my boyhood's dream ?  
O ! where are they now  
I implore ?  
Alas ! they are gone  
To the land of shade,  
And left me to pine  
Evermore.

O ! why is the form  
Of each lov'd one now  
Enshrouded in night  
And in gloom ?  
Alas ! they are gone  
To the spirit land,  
Their glee is now hush'd  
In the tomb.

---

## Hurrah for the Ice.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,  
And its rosy, roystering crew ;  
Whilst the pale moon sails  
On her pathless course  
And the bright rays fall  
From their silvery course  
Afar in the vaulted blue.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,  
And its games so wild and free ;  
When the spurning steel  
In its graceful flight,  
As it glances bright,  
Resounds on the frozen lea.

Then hie to the ice, the magic ice,  
 'Tis the foe of gloom and care ;  
 For the warm blood bounds  
 Thro' the swollen veins  
 Like a stream renew'd  
 By the frequent rains  
 Discharg'd from their cloudy lair.

---

### To H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

A prize was offered by John Haldane, Esq., Head Master of the Goderich High School, for the best poem on the coming of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Edward to Canada in 1861 ; the subjoined was awarded the prize, the poet then being 15 years of age.

Hail, youthful prince, from England's strand,  
 Welcome to the Canadian land ;  
 Honor'd are we by a visit from thee.  
 Who hast risk'd a passage across the sea  
 To see a race as loyal and brave  
 As any that cross the ocean's way.  
 If any are found to do thee harm  
 None will be from Canadian soil,  
 Except some few of morbid minds,  
 "Who are so few and far between ;"  
 And when you turn your steps again  
 May our Lord guide you from all harm  
 And safely land you at your home,  
 From which we hope you'll soon return  
 And view Canadian lakes again.  
 But now I must bid my adieu,  
 And hope that God will favor you.  
 May thy troubles be short, and thy joys be long :  
 May the world be bright as it bears thee along.



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